THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

VOL. I.

THE

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OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq;

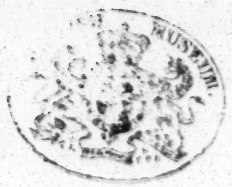
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. BECKET AND P. A. DE HONDT IN THE STRAND,
AND SOLD ALSO BY T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND; J. ROBSON,
IN BONDSTREET; BROTHERTON AND SEWELL, IN CORN-
HILL; AND E. AND C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

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PREFACE.

THE ſelf-conceit, which is ſo diſguſtful in individuals, riſes into a kind of virtue in nations. In the firſt, when not carefully concealed, it becomes an invariable mark of folly: In the latter, it is frequently an incentive to the more noble exertions of the human mind. Though the envy, which is almoſt inſeparable from the nature of mankind, throws ever a cloud on the merit of their cotemporaries: There is ſcarce any people, that have not placed among their anceſtors, perſons who aſcend in every human excellence, above the reſt of the world. In the cabinet, in arms, in arts, in philoſophy, in all the branches of literature, the petty ſtate, as well as the potent empire, has, in its annals, a man who excels all other nations, and MUST not be equalled by his own.

In the department of poetry, there ſeems to be an exception from this general rule. The leaſt impartial nations have contented themſelves, with giving the ſecond place, to the moſt favoured of their native poets: And to allow the firſt ſeat to Homer. He has deſcended, through three thouſand years, the almoſt undiſputed monarch of verſe: And mankind, who ſcarce ever agree in any thing elſe, have always vied with one another, to keep the laurel freſh, on his brows. The extinction of the numerous ſtates of Greece, who were intereſted in his fame, affected, in nothing, his renown. Mankind adopted him for their own: And every poliſhed nation ſeemed, as fond of his memory, as the ſeven petty cities, who, with ſo much warmth and ſo little efficacy, contended of old for his birth.

The merit of Homer, though very great, was not the ſole cauſe of this unrivaled deſpotiſm,

tiſm, which he has eſtabliſhed, in the regions of poetry. The impenetrable cloud, which covered his life, contributed to his fame. The honour, which one ſtate of Greece might acquire from his birth, would inevitably have leſſened the veneration of the reſt. Envy, the never-abſent attendant of merit, would ſtep in, and men would affect to deſpiſe, what added no reputation, in particular, to themſelves. His ſilence concerning himſelf is a ſort of proof, that he foreſaw the benefit, which an uncertainty of this kind, might bring to his fame. His judicious flattery of all the ſtates of Greece induced them to join, in his praiſe: And prevented thoſe local prejudices, againſt his perſon, which might make the Iliad itſelf to be coldly received.

THE Romans, though the greateſt, the moſt imitative of all nations, received Homer, with his laurels, from the little communities of

Greece, which their arms had ſubdued. Prudent in all their policy, they not only adopted the uſeful knowlege, but the very gods, and ſuperſtitions of their vaſſals. The conqueſts, which filled Rome with arts, filled alſo the vacant niches of their pantheon, with powers divine. When they deprived the conquered of their liberty, they flattered their vanity, by receiving their very prejudices: But by enriching themſelves, with the literature of Greece, they deſtroyed that originality of compoſition, for which even their own native force and elegance have ſcarcely made amends. Unlimited in their admiration of Homer and the dramatic writers of Greece, even Virgil himſelf ſunk into an imitator; and their drama, excepting a few pieces, which their uncommon elegance of language has preſerved, vaniſhed into that oblivion, which ought ever to be the fate of imitative compoſition.

HOMER,

HOMER, with all the weight of Greece and Rome, came down, through time, on the nations of modern Europe. With a natural gratitude to thoſe, to whom they owed their literature, they placed the ancients at the head of every branch of polite learning. Their merit deſerved the diſtinction: And the implicit admiration, which is paid to their excellence, is the moſt certain means of continuing to them the ſuperiority, which, it is to be feared, they ſtill poſſeſs. A happy imitation, eſpecially in the department of the Epopœa, ſeems to have been the utmoſt ambition of the moderns. Impreſſed in youth, with a high idea of Homer, they wiſhed to make his beauties their own: And, with a weakneſs, inſeparable from exceſſive admiration, they endeavoured to adorn their works, with his very errors. This is one other cauſe of the unrivaled pre-eminence, which that great writer ſtill enjoys. A Poet, like Cæſar, ought to own no ſuperior. The mo-

ment, he acts a ſecondary part, he ſinks into a ſlave. His genius, as from reſentment, deſerts him, in all his efforts. His compoſitions become vapid and mean: And his very beauties, by being miſplaced, offend the eye.

THE ancient critics have been a ſource of error to modern epic poets. Forming their rules of excellence of compoſition, on the works of Homer; to imitate him and to write well, were thought the ſame thing. He was the great original, from which they drew; and though the copies were ſeldom ſtrikingly like, they bore too great a reſemblance, to entitle their authors to the firſt palm of fame. Though, in ſome parts, they might even excel, or at leaſt equal their maſter: They were unhappy in the ſum of their work. The purple patch appeared, on the tattered garment; and, inſtead of adorning it, rendered more conſpicuous its meanneſs. The monſter, which is mentioned by Horace,

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was too often realized in their compoſitions. The beauteous woman terminated frequently, in a hideous fiſh.

THE poets, who, imitating Homer, have attempted the Epic, ſeem all, excepting ONE, to be much more deficient in judgment than in fancy. When they looſed themſelves, from the chariot-wheels of this triumphant lord of the Epopœa, ſome of them ſhewed a ſtrength and genius, which makes us regret, that they were marked out by deſtiny for ſlaves. The very high reputation of Homer, among the ancients, made him appear in the eyes of ſome of their beſt critics, as almoſt exempted from faults. They formed their rules upon his work: And, only through his medium, approached to Nature. The poet ſpread his warp, on the frame, which the critic had made: And the chief excellence, at which he aimed, was the abſence of daring tranſgreſſions, upon the eſtabliſhed rules.

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THIS minute attention to the laws eſtabliſhed, upon the works of Homer, muſt have neceſſarily given birth to an imitation, which could never approach to the excellence of the original. The greateſt genius, when employed merely in copying, muſt be unhinged: The fancy, which ſhould animate genuine poetry, is curbed and depraved; and the judgment, which ought to preconcert the whole frame of a perfect work, becomes languid, from want of employment. The neceſſary conſequence was, that though they never loſt ſight of their original, not one of them attained to even his moſt obvious excellences; the unity of action, and the preſervation of character. In a few flights of poetry ſome of them, as has been already obſerved, have equalled, if not ſurpaſſed their maſter: But none of them ſeems previouſly to have meaſured, in his own mind, the ground over which he was to travel: Or to have graſpt, in one thought, the whole fabric of his deſign. In compoſition

poſition they fail more than in language. The building has its beauties, if ſeparately viewed: But the whole frame comes forward, with monſtrous diſproportions, upon the eye.

THIS want of a comprehenſion of the whole fabric of their works, in the ſucceſſors of Homer, muſt, in the nature of things, have left him unrivaled, in the epic walk. In vain a poet crowds his work, with beauteous imagery, or elevates it with diction, if propriety is wanting and that undeviating attention to compoſition, without which genuine taſte is never pleaſed. If judgment draws not the outlines, Fancy's gaudy colouring may dazzle, but can never charm. The beauteous ſymmetry, which alone can engage the ſoul, is loſt: A maſs of bright confuſion remains, which hurts the eye and fatigues the mind. To drop the metaphor: It is in compoſition, the moſt of modern poets have failed. Their works, for the moſt part,

are a ſtring of inequalities: Which they have, in vain, endeavoured to adorn with language. The diſtorted frame appears, through the cloathing: And a reader of taſte, with a degree of regret, is obliged to return to the ancients, for that ſatisfactory elegance, which the moderns fail to afford.

BUT the chief cauſe, which ſtill keeps Homer, on the throne of epic poetry, lies in the judgment of his compoſition, and in the maſterly preſervation of his characters. He ſeems to have comprehended, at one view, his whole ſubject, before he entered, upon his narration. He plunged not headlong into his work: Nor did he leave the great outlines of its conduct to chance. He ſaw, beforehand, the line, which he was to tread: But he ſeems to have truſted to the immediate reſources of his genius, for the means of carrying him, through his journey. He advances, with apparent eaſe: Nor ſeems

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he ever to exert all his ſtrength. He never deviates from his courſe, in ſearch of ornament. He is not anxious about his language: Nor laborious, in his verſification. When he is himſelf warmed, with his ſubject, his diction glows: Common tranſactions he expreſſes, in common words. He mixes the gravity of the hiſtorian with the dignity of the poet: And the orator's arguments, with his figures of rhetoric. When he deviates, from narration to ſimile, he brings forward Nature, rather characteriſtically, than adorned: And when he aſcends to the ſublime, he chuſes to ſhine, with an aſſemblage of great ideas, rather than with pictureſque attitudes of magnificent objects.

In ſublimity of expreſſion and language he may be equalled: In ſimplicity and eaſe, it is difficult to aſcend to his ſphere. In luxuriance of imagery, he is not inimitable: But in eloquence and preciſion, he, hitherto, ſtands unri-

valled. Others may have arrived at the ſame point of excellence in repreſenting natural objects, in glowing and ſtriking colours: But in the ſtrict juſtneſs of his pictures, to come up to his merit, is a taſk, that is hard. In his moſt ſublime paſſages, you are convinced that he could, if he choſe, riſe higher ſtill: And you aſcribe his worſt parts to a pardonable careleſſneſs, rather than to a want of either judgment or genius. He, in ſhort, joins the force of the orator to the livelineſs of the poet: And his fancy, though very great, is ſtill leſs than his good ſenſe and judgment.

NOTWITHSTANDING excellencies, in which he remains unrivalled, even Homer has his faults. He is ſometimes too minute and talkative: His language is unequal; and his periods, though ſeldom involved, become often languid, from their length. His battles, though varied, are too long: And from his dwelling

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ſo much on wounds, he ſeems to have had no averſion to blood. Though he ſeldom paſſes cruelty in the extreme, without ſome animadverſion: The ferocity of his heroes raiſes not the moſt amiable idea of his own mind. His gods are frequently introduced, without a ſufficient cauſe: And they ſeem, ſometimes, to be employed only to deliver the poet himſelf, from difficulties, into which he had inadvertently fallen.

AFTER raiſing our expectations, concerning his hero, to the higheſt pitch, he diſappoints us, when he comes to the field, by the languor of a tedious ſingle combat; which neither forwards the action, nor amuſes, with its ſingularity and fancy. He is throughout evidently partial to Achilles, yet Hector has been ever the favourite of the reader. In raiſing the valour of his hero, he diſgraces it, with the cowardice of his foe: And, for once, commits

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an outrage on character, by making Hector fly round the walls of Troy. In his general actions, we ſcarce have any complete view of the whole field. Achilles would ſeem to be the only perſon preſent, on the ſide of Greece, in the laſt battle: And this circumſtance, by impreſſing on the whole, the idea of improbability, prevents his hero, from leaving on the mind of the reader, the very high opinion of his valour, which the poet evidently intended. But we ought to remember, that our Author was only a man: Had he committed no errors, we ſhould ceaſe to admire.

THE high reputation, which Homer brought down, from antiquity, rendered the leſs learned part of mankind, anxious to know ſomething of an original, ſo much admired. To gratify their curioſity, tranſlations have repeatedly been made of his works, eſpecially of the Iliad, into moſt of the languages of modern Europe. Theſe

verſions

verſions were rather paraphraſes, than faithful tranſlations: Attempts to give the ſpirit of Homer, without the character and peculiarities of his poetry and diction. Few ſucceeded even in the line, which they had avowedly choſen: And thoſe, who have diſplayed the moſt animation, ſtrength, and elegance, have left a regret, in the minds of many, that they have not been more attentive to the magnificent ſimplicity, if the epithet may be uſed, of an original, which can never be characteriſtically expreſſed in the antithetical quaintneſs of modern fine writing.

THE fetters, which the prevailing taſte of modern Europe, has impoſed on poetry, may well be admitted, as an excuſe, for a man of the beſt genius, for not ſucceeding in the characteriſtical ſimplicity of Homer. The ſame taſte may likewiſe be permitted to ſeduce him into thoſe modernized turns of language, which, however pleaſing they may be in themſelves,

are utterly inconſiſtent, with the ſolemn gravity of an ancient epic poem. The beſt tranſlators have not, in ſhort, occupied the whole ground. The ſimplicity, the gravity, the characteriſtical diction, and, perhaps, a great part of the dignity of Homer, are left untouched. They have rendered the father of poetry, in a great meaſure, their own: And, in ſtripping him of his ancient weeds, they have made him too much of a modern beau.

MEN of taſte, who had long given into this opinion, communicated it, ſeveral years ago, to the preſent Tranſlator. With a partiality to him, which, he fears, his abilities did not deſerve, they preſſed him to undertake a verſion of the Iliad; which might preſerve the ſimplicity and retain as much as poſſible of the gravity and dignity of the original. He declined, for the time, the work: Both from its magnitude and from, perhaps, a well-founded

opinion of his own want of powers. He even, he will candidly confeſs the truth, was afraid, that, notwithſtanding the great force of Homer, he was too diffuſe in his diction, and too minute in his circumſtances, to bear a literal tranſlation: Where vigour and elegance muſt neceſſarily be joined, with ſimplicity and dignity. They dropt their ſolicitations at his requeſt: And he thought no more of the ſubject.

Not very long ago, a friend, for whoſe judgment and taſte, the Tranſlator has a high reſpect, mentioned accidentally, in converſation, the deſire, which he and others had before expreſſed, of ſeeing ſome parts of the Iliad, tranſlated in the manner, in which the whole is now offered to the Public. To pleaſe him, more than from any hopes of ſucceſs, the trial was made. He approved of the ſpecimen: And the Tranſlator, finding that he had been too raſh, in his prior judgment of the diffuſiveneſs of Homer, continued his verſion: And

he hopes he is not ſo partial to himſelf, as to ſuppoſe without reaſon, that it may convey ſome new idea of the original to readers of real taſte.

THOUGH nothing can be more diſagreeable to the Tranſlator, than even to mention either himſelf or his works, before the Public, he muſt beg their indulgence, for a moment. He will, he owns, be much diſappointed, if his readers will take the following verſion for MERE PROSE. Though he has avoided, with great attention, to fall into the cadence of the Engliſh heroic verſe, a fault ſcarce ever ſeparated from poetical proſe, he has meaſured the whole in his ear: Which he finds has been, in ſome degree, guided by the ſound of the original Greek. To bring the eye of the reader to the aſſiſtance of his ear, where the pointing does not occaſion a ſtop, the fall of the cadence is frequently marked, with a ſhort line.

NEXT to the giving, with undiminiſhed force, the fire and vigour of his original, the Tranſlator

has ſtudied ſimplicity of expreſſion and ſmoothneſs of language. He has the vanity to think, that, with the expence of a little more time, than he has employed, in his preſent verſion, he might have been able to have preſented the Iliad to the Public, in Engliſh blank verſe. He preferred this mode, as preſenting fewer fetters; and, he truſts, a greater variety of cadence and even more harmony of ſound. To do all the juſtice, in his power, to his Author, as well, as to render his verſion uſeful to ſuch, as may wiſh to ſtudy the original, through an Engliſh medium, he has tranſlated the Greek VERBATIM: Even to a minute attention to the very arrangement of the words, where the different idioms of the two languages required not a freedom of expreſſion, to preſerve the ſtrength and elegance of the thought. Almoſt all Homer's compound epithets are rendered into Engliſh; and his characteriſtical modes of expreſſion are imitated, if not retained, throughout the Tranſlation.

THE Tranſlator has not crowded his pages with notes: Nor ſwelled his work, with critical diſſertations. Homer, he apprehends, is ſufficiently clear without the firſt; and the latter have been already exhauſted, by other Writers. His opinion of his Author's genius, he has already conveyed: His thoughts, concerning his perſon and the age, in which he lived, are ſo ſingular in themſelves, that, without a more minute examination of the ſubject, he ſhall not venture to lay them before the Public. The extent of his deſign has been, to give Homer as he really is: And to endeavour, as much as poſſible, to make him ſpeak Engliſh, with his own dignified ſimplicity and energy. How far he has ſucceeded, he leaves to the candour and judgment of the impartial Public: Who, he hopes, will not attribute either to ſelf-ſufficiency or vanity, what he meant only for explanation.

THE

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK I.

THE wrath of the ſon of Peleus,—O goddeſs of ſong, unfold! The deadly wrath of Achilles; To Greece the ſource of many woes! Which peopled the regions of death,—with ſhades of heroes untimely ſlain: While pale they lay along the ſhore: Torn by beaſts and birds of prey: But ſuch was the will of Jove! Begin the verſe, from the ſource of rage,—between Achilles and the ſovereign of men.

WHO of the gods was HE? Who kindled rage between the chiefs? Who, but the ſon of Latona and high-thundering Jove? HE—rouzed to wrath againſt the king,—threw death and diſeaſe, among the hoſt. The people periſhed

before him. The ſon of Atreus had diſhonoured his prieſt. White-haired, the aged Chryſes came—to the ſwift ſhips of the Argive powers. He came to redeem his daughter. The high-prized ranſom is borne before. In his hands is the wreath of the god,—the golden ſcepter of far-ſhooting Phœbus. The aged ſuppliant, Greece addreſſed,—but moſt addreſſed the ſons of Atreus: The two leaders of the nations in war!

"Sons of Atreus!" he ſaid: "Other warriors of Achaia, hear! May the gods crown all your deſires! May the deathleſs dwellers of heaven give ear,—and grant to you, the city of Priam: With a ſafe return to your native land. But releaſe my much-loved daughter. Receive her ranſom from theſe hands. Revere the ſon of thundering Jove: Apollo, who ſhoots from afar!"

Applauding Greece aroſe around. The holy man they all revered. They wiſhed to take the ſplendid prize. But the ſoul of Agamemnon refuſed. Him he diſmiſſed with contempt,—and thus added threats to his rage:—"Take heed, old man, leſt in my wrath,—while here thou loiter'ſt, —while hereafter thou preſum'ſt to return. Take heed, I ſay, old man! Leſt that ſcepter, that wreath of thy god, —ſhould not in ought avail. Her I will never releaſe,—till age her lovely form invades,—within our lofty halls in Argos,—

Argos,—far from her native land: While ſhe runs o'er the web—and aſcends the bed of her lord. Hence! Provoke me not—that ſafe thou may'ſt ſtill retire."

He, frowning, ſpoke: The old man feared,—and ſhrunk from his high commands. Sad, ſilent, ſlow, he took his way,—along the wide-reſounding main. Apart and diſtant from the hoſt,—he poured his mournful ſoul in prayer: He poured it forth to bowyer Phœbus,—whom the long-haired Latöna bore.

"Hear, bearer of the ſplendid bow! Guardian of Chryſa, of Cilla, the divine! Thou that o'er Tenedos reign'ſt with fame! O Smintheus, hear my prayer! If ever with wreaths I adorned,—O Phœbus! thy beauteous fane: If ever thine altars ſmoked with offerings—from the flocks and herds of Chryſes: If me thou regardeſt in ought—O Phœbus, hear my prayer! Puniſh Greece for theſe tears of mine. Send thy deadly arrow abroad."

He praying ſpoke. Apollo heard. He deſcended, from heaven, enraged in ſoul. On his ſhoulders his bow is hung: His quiver filled with deadly ſhafts: Which harſhly rattled, as he ſtrode in his wrath. Like Night he is borne along: Then darkly-ſitting, apart from the hoſt,—he ſends an arrow abroad. The bright bow emits a dreadful ſound,—as the

ſhaft flies, unſeen, from the ſtring. Mules, firſt, the angry god invades: Then fleetly-bounding dogs are ſlain: Soon, on the heroes themſelves,—the death-devoting arrow falls. The frequent piles are flaming to heaven. Nine days ruſh the ſhafts of the god. But when the tenth aroſe in light,—Achilles called to council the hoſt. A goddeſs raiſed the thought within: The white-armed ſpouſe of thundering Jove. Her favoured Argives command her care: Whom devoted to death ſhe beheld. When the hoſt were all convened: Tall, in the midſt, Achilles roſe. They liſtened forward, as he ſpoke:

"Now, ſon of Atreus, I now perceive,—that fortune has left our ſide. Now, we muſt return, diſgraced,—ſhould death permit us to return. A double ruin invades the hoſt. Diſeaſe has joined its rage to war. The times demand a ſudden aid. Let us conſult ſome holy ſeer:—Some prieſt, ſome diviner of dreams: For dreams, they ſay, deſcend from Jove! Let us learn the ſource of our woes: The ſecret cauſe of Apollo's rage. Whether vows unpaid provoke his wrath. Or ſolemn ſacrifice denied. Let us learn the cauſe of grief;—and with choſen victims, avert the rage of the god."

He ſpoke and ſat. Old Calchas aroſe,—the ſon of Theſtor, beſt of ſeers! The preſent, future, and the paſt—lay pictured within his ſoul. He led the Argive fleet to Troy: Skilled

Skilled in thoſe prophet-arts, which great Apollo gave. With ſoul devoted to the hoſt,—the ſeer aroſe, and thus began:

"O Achilles, beloved of Jove! At thy command I will unfold—the dreadful wrath of Phœbus: The king who ſhoots from afar! I will lay open the cauſe of wrath: But thou muſt plight thy faith and ſwear: With words, with deeds to protect the ſeer,—whom thy high commands have raiſed. Much, ſon of Peleus, much I ſuſpect,—that the rage of a chief will ariſe: The rage of him who reigns o'er all: Whom Greece, o'er her nations, obeys. Dreadful is the wrath of a king,—when rouzed on men of low degree: Though ſuppreſſed, for the day, it may reſt,—it grows in ſilence, in his breaſt,—then burſts, with redoubled force. Pledge then thy faith, ſon of Peleus,—to defend Calchas from harm."

"With boldneſs ſpeak," Achilles ſaid: "Speak all, reveal the fates! By great Apollo, beloved of Jove! By him to whom thy vows were paid,—when Greece was lightened by thy prophetic voice: By him I ſwear, that none: While yet I view this heaven's fair light,—or tread this earth below: Of all the Argives none—ſhall dare to ſtretch his hand to Calchas: Should he even accuſe Atreus' ſon: Who boaſts, o'er our armies, the ſupreme command."

Confirmed

Confirmed in ſoul, the prophet ſpoke: "Nor for vows unpaid rages Apollo: Nor ſolemn ſacrifice denied. His wrath flames for his prieſt,—diſhonoured by Agamemnon. The king refuſed to releaſe his daughter: The ſplendid price of her freedom refuſed. From this aroſe our ſorrows paſt;—for this they ſhall ſtill ariſe;—from him, who ſhoots from afar! Nor ſhall his deadly hand be removed; till to her father's aged arms,—the king ſhall reſtore the black-eyed maid. Till he ſhall reſtore her, unbought, without ranſom—and ſend an offering to Chryſa. Then the God, perhaps, may deign—to incline his ear to our prayers."

He ſcarce had ſpoke, when Atrides aroſe: The far-commanding Agamemnon. Troubled the hero aroſe: Darkneſs involved his wrathful ſoul, as it ſwelled. His eyes ſeemed two ſuddenly kindled flames. Sidelong he firſt looked fiercely on Calchas:—"Prophet of diſaſters!" he ſaid: "Thy voice has ever been ungrateful to me. In miſchief delights thy ſoul: In omens of dire portent. Good never iſſued from thy words: No virtuous deed aroſe from thy hands. Now, foreboding wonted ill—thou raiſeſt thy voice amid the hoſt. The god, who ſhoots from afar,—ſo Calchas wills! builds woes on woes,—as I refuſed the price of freedom,—for the daughter of aged Chryſes; As I have

have retained in my arms,—Chryſeis of dark eyes! For her I hold more dear to my ſoul,—than Clytemneſtra's glowing charms: The virgin ſpouſe of my youth. Nor to the queen yields the maid of Chryſa,—in ſtature, in face, in ſoul, in female arts. But loved as ſhe is, let her go hence: If hence to go is beſt for Greece. I chuſe rather my people ſhould live,—than thus to periſh before my ſight. But ſtraight prepare ſome prize for ME: That I, alone, of the Greeks, may not want: A ſtate ill-ſuiting to your king. Straight prepare ſome prize for ME: Mine, you ſee, for the army is loſt."

To him the mighty Achilles replied: "Vain-glorious ſon of Atreus! Thou lover of ſpoil above all! Who, of the Argive hoſt,—ſhall yield to THEE his prize? No common hoard of booty is ours: The ſpoil of cities is divided to all. Nor becomes it the hoſt to reſign,—the well-earned price of toil. But ſend thou the maid to the god. Thy loſs ſhall be thrice repaid, by the Argives: Should Jove ſubmit the high-walled Troy,—a reward to our many toils."

"DECEIVE thee not!" ſaid the king: "Though brave thou art, and like a god: Deceive not thyſelf, Achilles, —ME thou ſhalt neither prevent nor perſuade. Would'ſt

THOU, great as THOU art! Would'ſt THOU retain thy ſpoils,—and bid the king ſit down deprived? Doſt THOU command to reſtore the maid?—And reſtored the maid ſhall BE: But Greece ſhall give a prize to me,—or ſuiting to my mind, or equal to my loſs. Should Greece refuſe, I will right myſelf. I will take THY prize, even THINE: Or that of Ajax, or that of great Ulyſſes. HE, to whom I ſhall come, ſhall tremblingly obey. Of this, hereafter. Another care demands our thoughts. Launch the dark ſhip to the main: With ſkilful rowers man her ſides. Within, place an offering for Phœbus: Let the fair daughter of Chryſes aſcend. Some chief ſhall command the ſhip: Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, or the noble Ulyſſes: Or even THOU, ſon of Peleus! Thou the moſt dreadful of men! ſhalt, with ſacred rites, appeaſe—the god, who ſhoots from afar!"

ROLLING his wrathful eyes on the king,—Achilles thus replied: "Ha! loſt to ſhame! as ſtudious of paltry gain! Who of the Argives unjuſt as thou art! Who henceforth ſhall obey thy commands? Who ſhall move afar at thy nod? Who here face thy foes in fight? Nor have I come to war with Troy: To ſlay her gallant ſons! THEY never injured Achilles: Never drove away his herds,—never ſeized his warlike ſteeds. They trod not the harveſts of Pthia,—fertile

tile in fruits and valiant men. Many are the ſhady mountains that lie between. Many the hoarſe-reſounding waves! Thee, O loſt to decency and ſhame! Thee we have followed to gladden thy ſoul: To puniſh the Trojans, for thy brother,—and for thee, thou laſt of men!—But on thee our favours are loſt. No value thou haſt placed on our toil. To be ungrateful thou art unjuſt. Even now thou threateneſt to take my prize. The prize, for which I laboured in bloody fields! The prize which applauding Greece beſtowed. Nor ſhared I ever equal with thee: When the populous towns of the Trojans—lay ſmoking beneath our ſwords. The greater portion of fight is mine. The ſhock of battle falls moſt on my hands. But when the diviſion of plunder comes,—the largeſt portion is thine. Content with my ſcanty lot,—I ſilently retire to my ſhips,—and feel, o'er my limbs, the fatigues of war. Theſe I ſhall feel no more! This inſtant, I return to Phthia: And point my dark ſhips to my native land. Nor, if my ſoul deceive me not, —while I am gone, or here diſhonoured remain,—will the mighty ſon of Atreus—add much to his hoard of ſpoil."

"Fly then," replied the king, "if ſuch thy deſire to fly. Thee I requeſt not to remain. Defer not thy return for me. Others will honour Agamemnon: But chief he relies on preſcient Jove. To me thou art hateful the moſt—of kings

deſcended from the gods. Strife is grateful to thy ſoul. In wars, in battles, thy ſole delight. If brave thou art,—the gift is from God, and not thine. Go—return to thy native land. Launch thy ſhips. Man them with thy friends. Go, return. Reign o'er thy Myrmidons in Phthia. Thee I detain not. I diſdain thine aid: And know thou, from my threats,—how little I value thy rage. Since then Apollo demands Chryſëis: Her I will return, in my ſhip, and with my friends. Her I will return: But I myſelf will come. I will come to thy very tent,—and ſeize the fair Briſëis: Thy loved Briſëis, thy valued prize,—and take her to my arms: That the proud Achilles may know,—how much my power tranſcends his own: That others, trembling, may avoid—to match themſelves with the king of men."

Dark in the breaſt of Achilles,—grief, blended with wrath, aroſe. His ſoul hung in troubled ſuſpence,—within his boſom, heaving with rage: Whether, ruſhing through the chiefs,—to transfix the king, with his ſword: Or to appeaſe the furies within,—and allay the riſing ſtorm. Whilſt thus he weighed a doubt in his ſoul;—his hand, unconſcious, half-drew the blade. Sudden from heaven, Minerva came,—ſent by the white-armed ſpouſe of Jove: For both the chiefs were her equal care. Behind Achilles ſhe ſtood. She ſeized him by the yellow hair: To him alone diſcloſed;

diſcloſed; by other eyes unſeen. Starting, he turned round with awe. He knew the daughter of Jove: For the dreadful glory of her eyes was diſplayed. Her he ſuddenly addreſſed:

"Daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Why comeſt thou thus to my ſight? Is it to behold my wrongs,—from the unjuſt ſon of Atreus? But this to thee I avow,—the firm reſolve of my ſoul: That ſuddenly his life ſhall pay,—for the wounds which his pride has made."

"I come," replied the blue-eyed maid, "from heaven I come to appeaſe thy rage,—ſhould'ſt thou attend to my voice. From the white-armed ſpouſe of Jove, I come: For both the chiefs are her equal care. But thou allay thy ſwelling ſoul,—nor unſheath that ſword, with thy hand. Abſtain from death, ſon of Peleus! And give a looſe to words. For this to thee, I foretel: And what Pallas foretels is fate: That thrice ſhall be repaid, with ſplendid gifts,—the loſs which thy wrongs ſuſtain. But thou, allay thy ſwelling ſoul. Reſtrain thyſelf. Obey the gods."

"It is but juſt," ſaid Achilles, "O goddeſs! to hear thy words. It becomes me to obey. Though wrath flames o'er all my ſoul. It is beſt to obey: For to him, who liſtens to the gods,—the gods will incline their ear."

Thus, as he ſpoke, with his broad hand,—he preſſed the ſilver head of his ſword,—and returned the huge blade in the ſheath:—Obſervant of the words of Minerva. She aroſe, from view, to heaven,—to the halls of Ægis-bearing Jove: And ſat among the gods. Achilles again reſumed his rage: He poured theſe bitter words on Atrides:

"Thou, given to debauch and riot! Fierce as the hound in looks;—but timid in heart as the hind!—When didſt thou arm, with thy people, in open war?—When aid, in ambuſh, the chiefs of Argos? Battle ſuits not thy ſoul:—Danger is death in thine eyes. 'Tis ſafer to be unjuſt than to fight: To rob the army, than to plunder the foe. O people-devouring king! A tyrant only from knowing thy ſlaves! Elſe this thy injuſtice had been thy laſt. But here I pledge my faith,—and bind, with an oath, my ſolemn vow. By this ſcepter, I ſwear,—which never more ſhall bear, or bloſſom, or branch: Which never ſhall flouriſh more: Since on the mountains, it has been torn from its tree:—Since, round it the ſteel has moved,—and ſhorn it of its leaf and rind. I ſwear, by this ſcepter,—which the kings of Argos bear: A ſacred enſign of power! A mark, that the laws are protected by Jove! By this ſcepter, I ſay, I ſwear—and great and binding is the oath! That when the loſs of Achilles ſhall be felt by all: When thy

feeble arm ſhall fail: When grief ſhall overwhelm thy ſoul;—when dreadful Hector ſhall riot in blood and death: That THOU, with bitter anguiſh torn,—ſhalt, when too late, lament—that thus thou haſt preſumed to diſhonour—the braveſt of the Argive powers."

THUS ſpoke the ſon of Peleus: On the ground he threw his ſcepter,—diſtinct with ſtuds of gold. In ſullen ſilence he ſat. On the other ſide, the ſon of Atreus raged. To them aroſe the ſoft-voiced Neſtor,—the pleaſing ſpeaker of ſandy Pylos: While flow from his lips,—words ſweeter than honey flowed. Two ages had paſſed o'er the chief. Twice had mankind ſhrunk to death from his ſide—in the beauteous limits of Pylos. Now o'er the third race he reigned.

"O GODS!" the aged chief began: "What mighty woe invades our land! How would Priam rejoice! how his ſons! how all our foes exult in their ſouls! Should ever the news of your ſtrife—aſcend o'er the walls of Troy! But liſten to the voice of Neſtor: The years of both are much fewer than mine. To other chiefs I once was known: To braver chiefs than YOU, though brave. I was known in early youth, to kings; and then they liſtened to my voice. Such heroes I never beheld: And never ſhall theſe eyes behold: As Perithöus great in fight,—Dryas the leader of armies,—Ceneus afar renowned,—Polyphemus the divine,

—and

—and Theſeus like the immortal gods. Theſe were the braveſt of earth-born men: The braveſt theſe, and with the braveſt fought: When, driven from their ſhaggy hills, —the Centaurs fell by their ſwords. To theſe in youth I was known,—remote from Pylos, far from my native land. By theſe called forth to war,—I fought proportioned to my ſtrength: For who of thoſe, that now tread the earth,—could equal ſuch heroes in fight?"

"Yet my advice the heroes heard. They always liſtened to my voice. Liſten then, O chiefs! and obey: For to obey is beſt for both. Nor thou, though like the gods in power,—tear the loved maid from his arms: But let his prize remain;—as firſt the ſons of Greece beſtowed. Nor thou, O ſon of Peleus,—contend in rage, with Agamemnon: As never equal honours before,—fell to the lot of ſcepter-bearing king: Whom Jove delights to cover with glory round. If thou excelleſt him in fight: If of a goddeſs thou art born: He is greater far in power, and over many reigns. Thou, ſon of Atreus, allay thy wrath. It ſuits thy place and years. But I will beſeech Achilles—to lay his rage aſide. I will beſeech Achilles,—the great bulwark of Greece, in diſaſtrous war!"

"Wise are thy words, O aged chief!" The ſon of Atreus then began: "Wiſe are thy words, O chief! and

ſuited to the times. Yet this man would be placed above ALL,—would ALL command, would reign o'er ALL,—of ALL the tyrant would be! But mankind, if right I judge,—will ſcarce ever yield to his power. What! if the gods, who always live,—have made him brave and great in war,—have they therefore permitted Achilles—to throw reproach on his king?

INTERRUPTING, the hero ſpoke: "Timid I ought to be called: Of ſpirit deſtitute and vile;—ſhould I yield in ALL to thee. Reign o'er other ſlaves: Preſume not ME to command: Sure of being never obeyed. Another thing I will tell thee,—and thou record it in thy ſoul! For a WOMAN, theſe hands ſhall never fight: With thee nor with thy foes. Come, ſeize Briſêis: Ye Argives take the prize ye gave! But beware of other ſpoil—which lies ſtowed in my ſhips on the ſhore. I WILL NOT be plundered farther. If otherwiſe thy thoughts, Atrides! come in arms, a trial make: And theſe very ſlaves of thine—ſhall behold thy blood pouring around my ſpear."

THE contending chiefs, frowning, aroſe: And the council diſſolved at the hollow ſhips. Achilles moved to his tents. The ſon of Menœtius attends, with a faithful train. But the king launched a ſhip to the deep: With twenty rowers

rowers manned her ſides,—and ſtowed within a holy offering to Phœbus. Then he led forth Chriſëis,—in the glow of her radiant charms. Her he placed aloft on the deck: Which Ulyſſes, as commander, aſcends. The ſails are ſpread to the wind. They ruſh through the watery way. The ſon of Atreus commands. They purify the heaven-infected hoſt. The luſtration is made in his preſence. The ablutions are thrown in the main. They offer to far-ſhooting Apollo—a perfect ſacrifice of bulls and goats: Along the ſhore of the ſterile main. The ſavour aſcends to heaven,—involved in curling ſmoke.

Thus they through the hoſt of Greece: Nor Agamemnon forgot his ſtrife—nor threatened vengeance on Achilles. Eurybates and Talthybius he called,—the ſacred heralds and ſervants of his commands: "Go to the tent of the ſon of Peleus: Bring hither, by the beauteous hand,—the bluſhing daughter of aged Briſes. Should the chief refuſe the maid,—tell him, that I myſelf will come: That I will come, with many in arms;—and join diſgrace to his haughty rage."

Thus ſpeaking, he ſent them forth: Adding harſh words to his high commands. Unwilling the heralds took their way,—along the ſhore of the ſterile main. They came, at length,

length, to the tents,—the hollow ſhips of the ſon of Peleus. Him they found ſitting alone—near the ſtern of his own dark ſhip. Nor when they came in view,—rejoiced Achilles in ſoul. They, trembling, at diſtance ſtood,—revering the awful preſence of the king. Silent they ſtood, nor ſpoke—the high commands of their lord. He knew their meſſage in his ſoul,—and mildly thus began:

"Hail, ſacred heralds! Hail meſſengers of Jove as of men: Approach. I blame you not: Agamemnon I only blame;—who ſent you, for the daughter of Briſes. But thou ariſe, Patroclus divine! Ariſe! Bring forth the maid: Give her to theſe—let them bear her hence, to their lord. But let theſe alſo witneſs for me;—before the gods that live in bliſs: Before men devoted to death,—before their inhuman king! I never more will lend mine aid: Nor from others avert the ſtorm. He ſurely rages in pernicious counſels: He views not the preſent with the paſt,—to judge of the future from both—to ſave the hoſt of the Argives,—when at this fleet they engage, in fight."

Patroclus, as the hero ſpoke,—obeyed his friend beloved. He led forth from her tent Briſeïs,—in the glow of her charms,—and to the heralds gave her hand. They returned to the ſhips of Greece. The maid, unwilling, moved ſlowly along. Weeping, the hero diſtant ſat,—in

ſadneſs apart from his friends: On the ſhore of the foamy main he ſat,—bending on dark Ocean his eyes. Much to his mother he prayed,—ſtretching his broad hand o'er the wave.

"O mother Thetis," he ſaid, "ſince ſhort of life thy ſon was born: His ſpan ſhould have been crowded, with honours,—by high-thundering Jove. But my fame he regards not in aught: Nor pays my loſs of years with renown. Inſulted I am by Atrides,—by far-commanding Agamemnon: Who holds the prize he ſeized,—and profits from my wrongs."

Dissolved in tears, the hero ſpoke. His mother heard the voice of her ſon: As ſhe ſat in the depth of Ocean, by her aged ſire. Sudden, and like a miſt,—ſhe roſe from the foamy ſea. Sitting confeſſed before him,—ſhe ſeized his hand as he wept,—and ſoothed, with tender words, his grief: "Why weepeſt thou, my ſon? What ſorrow hath invaded thy ſoul? Speak, conceal not aught from Thetis. Let her ſhare in the woes of her ſon."

Deeply-sighing Achilles replied:—"Thou knoweſt all: Why ſhould I repeat my woes? We moved againſt the high-walled Thebè,—the ſacred city of great Eëtion. It ſunk beneath our arms. To theſe ſhores its rich ſpoils were borne;—and ſhared among the Argive hoſt. The lovely

daughter

daughter of Chryſes,—was choſen by great Atrides. Chryſes came to the fleet: The prieſt of far-ſhooting Phœbus. He came to redeem his daughter. The high-prized ranſom is borne before. In his hand is the wreath of the god,—the golden crown of the far-ſhooting king. The aged ſuppliant Greece addreſſed: But moſt addreſſed the ſons of Atreus,—the two leaders of the nations in war."

"Applauding the hoſt aroſe around. The holy man they revered,—and wiſhed to take the ſplendid gifts for the maid. But the ſoul of Agamemnon refuſed. The prieſt he diſmiſſed,—and added threats to his rage. In wrath the hoary ſeer retired. Apollo heard his ſuppliant voice: For beloved by the god was the ſeer. He ſent a deadly arrow abroad. Heaps on heaps, the people died. Wide flew the ſhafts of Apollo—through the Argive hoſt. A holy prophet then aroſe. He declared the will of the god: And I, the firſt, adviſed the chiefs—to appeaſe the far-ſhooting Phœbus. Wrath ſeized the ſoul of Atrides. Sudden he aroſe with threats: And what he threatened performed. In a dark ſhip to Chryſa,—the black-eyed Argives ſent the maid: They have ſent her with offerings to the king,—whoſe arrows fly from afar:—And now, this inſtant, from my tent—the ſacred heralds have borne Briſeïs: The lovely prize, which the Argives gave."

"But thou, if ſuch thy power, aſſiſt: O Thetis, aſſiſt thy ſon. Aſcend to heaven: A ſuppliant become to Jove: If ever thou, with word or deed,—haſt aided the firſt of the gods. Often have I heard thee, with pride,—boaſting in the halls of Peleus,—that thou alone, of all the immortal powers: That thou alone avertedſt diſgrace—from the ſtorm-ruling offspring of Saturn: When Juno, Neptune, and blue-eyed Pallas,—with other dwellers of heaven, conſpired—to throw the father of gods in chains. But thou, with timely aid, O goddeſs!—cam'ſt to the relief of Jove. To lofty Olympus, at thy voice,—the hundred-handed giant roſe,—Briareus named by the gods,—by mortal men the dreadful Ægeon. He, ſurpaſſing his father in ſtrength,—ſat proud of the honour, on the right-hand of Jove. The ſhuddering gods ſhrunk away from his eyes. They gave their deſigns to the wind.—To this recal the mind of Jove. Bend before him. Seize his knees. Let him aid the Trojan arms: Let Argos leave the field to her foes;—and, cloſed between the ſword and the main,—enjoy, o'er heaps of dead, her king. Let the ſon of Atreus his folly behold,—the far-commanding Agamemnon his error lament;—that he has not honoured in aught,—the firſt of the Argives in arms."

"Alas, my ſon!" ſaid Thetis, burſting into tears. "Alas! why have I bred thee to grief? Why brought thee forth devoted

devoted to woe? Would! thou had'ſt remained at thy ſhips,—unbathed in tears, remote from war: Since ſhort is thy portion of life: Since the gloomy point of thy departure is near. But now death approaches apace: And ſorrow fills the ſpace between. Alas! to what an untoward fate,—have I born a ſon in our halls! But I, my ſon, will aſcend;—and bear thy words to the thunder-delighted Jove. I will aſcend the ſnow-crowned Olympus: And he, perhaps, will incline his ear. But THOU, in ſullen ſilence ſit. Indulge at thy ſhips, thy wrath: And wholly abſtain from war. Jove, yeſterday, to Ocean went;—to feaſt, with the blameleſs Æthiopians afar. The gods have followed their king: On the twelfth day, they return to their ſkies. Then will I aſcend to Olympus: To the golden halls of high-thundering Jove. I will embrace his knees, for Achilles. My ſuit, I deem, will prevail with the god."

SHE ended and failed on the ſight. Him ſhe left wrathful in ſoul,—for the loſs of the graceful maid,—juſt torn by force from his arms.—Now had Ulyſſes arrived at Chryſa,—bearing the ſacred offering to Phœbus. Entering the deep port with the ſhip,—they furled the ſails and ſtowed them away. The maſt is removed from its place. The ſlackened cordage ſounds as it falls. With oars they drive her to her place. The anchor is thrown: The cable is tied to the

ſhore.

ſhore. They iſſue forth on the ſtrand: Diſplaying the ſacred hecatomb,—to Apollo, who ſhoots from afar. Laſt from the ſea-dividing ſhip,—deſcended the daughter of Chryſes. To the altar, Ulyſſes led the maid. He placed her in the hands of her ſire; And, thus the chief began:

"O Chryses! I come from the Argives—hither ſent by the king of men,—to bear thy daughter to thee: A ſacred hecatomb to Phœbus: To ſacrifice for the army,—to appeaſe the wrath of the god: Who poured his bittereſt woes on the Argives."

Thus ſpeaking, he gave the maid. With joy the aged took his daughter beloved. Sudden they around the altar, —the ſplendid offerings in order diſplayed. Their hands they waſhed,—and raiſed aloft the ſacred flour before the god. Chryſes reared his voice in prayer,—with hands ſtretched forth to the ſkies:

"Hear, bearer of the ſilver bow! Guardian of Chryſa and Cilla, the divine! Thou who reigneſt over Tenedos, —attend to the voice of Chryſes. Thou, heretofore, haſt heard my voice: Thou haſt honoured thy aged prieſt: And, whelmed the Argive hoſt in woes. Hear me, far-ſhooting Phœbus!—Liſten again to my prayer!—Remove this dreadful plague away,—from the Argives aſſembled in arms."

Thus

Thus praying, ſpoke the aged prieſt: Apollo liſtened and forgave. The reſt raiſed their voice to the god: And, on the offering they ſtrewed the flour. Then turning back the necks of the victims,—they ſlay and flea them, before the god. The thighs cut off they double all;—wrapt twice in a caul of fat: And, on theſe, the choiceſt morſels, in order, they laid. Chryſes placed them on the fire. He poured, o'er the offering, the ruddy wine. Near him ſtood the Argive youths—and held the pronged ſpits in their hands. But when the fire had conſumed the thighs,—the ſacred entrails were taſted by all. The reſt in pieces minutely cut,—were transfixed with the ſpits,—and roaſted againſt the flame. Then ceaſing from their toil, they ſat down. They feaſted before the altar of Phœbus: Each mind content with the allotted ſhare. When thirſt and hunger were both removed,—the youths crowned their goblets with wine. The bowl is handed round to all. With ſongs they appeaſe the god. Holy Pæans from morn to night, aſcend. With ſong they praiſe the far-ſhooting king. He hears from heaven, and is pleaſed as he hears.

When the ſun ſunk from ſight in the weſt: When darkneſs aroſe o'er the world;—they lay, near their ſhip, on the ſhore: Till the daughter of morning,—the roſy-fingered Aurora appeared. Then, looſing at once from the ſtrand, they

they haſtened to divide the waves,—to the wide camp of the Argive powers. A favouring gale ſprang from heaven, —ſent by Apollo, who ſhoots afar. They raiſe aloft the maſt. The white ſail is ſpread to the breeze: And bellying, bears forward the ſhip. The dark wave, divided in foam,—hoarſely ſounds as the veſſel moves. She ruſhes along the billows,—ſhortening her courſe, as ſhe yields to the winds. But when they came to the wide camp of Argos, —they dragged the dark veſſel aſhore: And, on long rollers, placed her high on the ſand: Then, diſperſing each to his place,—they are loſt, through the ſhips and tents.

The ſon of Jove-deſcended Peleus,—Achilles, ſat, retired in his ſhips in grief,—indulging the wrath of his ſoul. Nor in council is the warrior ſeen: Nor in aſſemblies which cover men with renown. In battle he fights no more. He ſits, moping, and waſtes his ſoul. Yet, in ſecret, he ſighs for the field: He longs for battle and the tumult of arms.

Now when the twelfth day aroſe in light,—the deathleſs gods, return to the ſkies. They return to lofty Olympus,—preceded by Jove in his might. Nor Thetis forgot her ſon. She roſe from the wave of the main. Early ſhe mounts the heavens,—the broad top of ſnow-clad Olympus. There, ſitting apart from the gods,—ſhe found the far-reſounding Jove. He ſat on the higheſt point

of

of Olympus, whoſe hundred ſummits aſcend to the ſkies. Suppliant ſhe ſtood before him. With her left hand ſhe ſeized the knees of the god,—with her right, held his ſacred beard.

"O FATHER, Jove," ſhe thus began, "if ever among the immortal gods, with word, with deed I aided thee: O hear and grant my prayer. Honour her ſon, for Thetis. Give in glory, what in years is denied. Diſgraced as he is by the king of men, by Agamemnon wronged; who holds the prize he ſeized, and profits from his crimes!—Honour thou her ſon for Thetis,—king of Olympus, firſt in wiſdom, Jove!—Honour the injured Achilles. Give victory to Troy, till Greece ſhall make amends for his wrongs, and add glory to his renown."

SHE ſpoke: Nor aught replied, the ruler of tempeſts, Jove. Dark in ſilence long he ſat. Thetis holding his knees, ſtill hung on the god: And thus again renewed her prayer.—"Now promiſe," ſhe ſaid,—"refuſe or grant my requeſt. Fear dwells not in the breaſt of Jove. Speak,—let me know, how little honoured is Thetis—among the gods."

PROFOUNDLY ſighing from his breaſt, the cloud-compelling Jove replied: "Ha! what deſtructive requeſt is this?

Thus to involve me in ſtrife with Juno:—To draw a torrent of reproach on mine ear? For ſhe, in the preſence of the immortal gods, ever contends raſhly with Jove,—and ſays that in battle I favour Troy. But depart from hence, leſt here thou ſhouldſt meet her eyes. Depart: To grant thy requeſt is mine. But firſt behold!—With my ſacred nod, I confirm thy faith: The certain ſign, among the gods, of the unchanging decrees of Jove:—For what I grant, with my ſacred head, ſhall never be recalled. The promiſe deceives not;—nor ſhall it be left unperformed."

He ſaid; and with his dark, ſhaggy brows, the ſon of Saturn nodded above. His ſacred locks flew ſtreaming round the immortal head of the king: And broad Olympus ſhook to its baſe. This done: From the ſplendid ſkies the goddeſs plunged in the deep profound. Jove returned to his heavenly halls. The gods at once, roſe from their ſeats, before him: And moved toward the approach of their ſire. None durſt, ſitting, await his approach:—They all ſtood forward, with awe, as he came.—Thus Jove aſcended his throne. Nor unconſcious of his promiſe was Juno: For, at his knees, ſhe had ſeen the ſilver-footed daughter of aged Nereus. With reproaches, ſhe thus began to Jove the ruler of ſtorms:

"Who

"Who was that a ſuppliant before thee,—O artful manager of all? Who was that of the gods, who now thy counſels partakes?—Thou ever delighteſt, apart from me to plan thy ſecret deſigns: Nor ever, willing, to mine ears, did Jove his counſels convey."

To her replied the father of gods and of men: "Hope not thou, O Juno, to know all my great deſigns. The weight were too heavy for thee;—though thou art the ſpouſe of Jove. But what ſuits thy powers to know; nor god, nor man ſhall ſooner hear. But what apart from the gods, I darkly conceive within my ſoul:—Nor thou ſearch, O Juno! nor narrowly enquire."

Majestic Juno then replied, turning her large eyes on Jove:—"Severe ſon of Saturn!—What words have eſcaped, from thy lips? When did I queſtion Jove before? When ſearch into his high deſigns? Undiſturbed thou planneſt them all;—whatever ſeems good to thy ſoul. But now my fears ariſe; leſt thy councils are led aſtray,—by the ſilver-footed Thetis,—the daughter of aged Nereus. Early ſhe ſat before thy feet; holding thy knees in her embrace. Thou haſt granted, much I dread,—thou haſt granted her requeſt;—to honour enraged Achilles;—to ſlay the Greeks along the ſhore."

To her in wrath replied, the tempeſt-collecting Jove. "Ha! ever ſuſpicious!—reſtleſs pryer into all my deſigns! yet thou never ſhalt profit aught:—But become more ungrateful to my ſoul:—A thought to be dreaded by Juno. If, what thou ſuſpecteſt is true;—me it pleaſes, and it ſhall be done. Sit thou, in ſilence, in thy place:—Obey the commands of Jove. Should I approach thee, in my wrath, not all the gods on Olympus ſhall ſtop my rage,—when I ſhall throw upon thee, theſe invincible hands."

Thus he ſpoke in his wrath:—Shuddering the goddeſs ſat down; and rolled, in awful ſilence, her large majeſtic eyes. Her heart ſhrinks in her breaſt;—and, through the halls of Jove, the dwellers of heaven are heard to ſigh. Vulcan aroſe in the midſt, and thus the artiſt renowned, began;—ſoothing his mother beloved,—ſoothing Juno graceful, with ſnow-white arms:

"What dreadful deeds are theſe?—Or how in heaven to be borne? If thus ye contend for mortal men: and kindle tumult among the gods? The joys of the feaſt will fly away; as the gloom of conteſt prevails. But thee I adviſe, O mother!—though Juno needs not the advice of her ſon,—thee I adviſe to obey the commands of our father Jove;—leſt his wrath ſhould again diſturb the feaſt of the gods. Should the high thunderer of Olympus incline,—from our

ſeats

ſeats he may hurl us all—for than all he is far greater in power. But thou ſoothe him, with relenting voice;—and the ruler of heaven will ſmile again on the gods."

He ſaid; and riſing before them, placed the double bowl in the hands of Juno: And thus addreſſed his mother beloved:—"Bear with the god, my mother,—bear with patience, though ſad in thy ſoul. Let not theſe eyes behold thee,—dear as thou art, beneath the wrathful hand of Jove;—when I cannot aid a parent, though grieving for her fate. For dreadful is the king of heaven!—who can reſiſt his wrath? When, heretofore, I ſtrove to aid thee;—ſeized by the foot, he threw me from the threſhold divine. All day, borne down through the air; on Lemnos I fell with the ſetting ſun. Little remained of my ſoul; when the Sintians received me below."

He ſaid. The white-armed goddeſs ſmiled; and, ſmiling, received the bowl. He,—beginning at the right,—bore round the nectar to all the gods; and, from the urns, repleniſhed the bowl. Loud laughter aroſe among the bleſt,—as eager Vulcan ſerved all, in the halls of Jove. Thus they, through the day, to the ſetting ſun, ſat feaſting, replete with joy. Nor wanting was the lovely harp, which Apollo held in his hand: While the alternate muſes ſung, with inchanting voice. But when the ſplendid light of the ſun

had failed, each retired to his halls to reſt. Each to his halls retired, built by Vulcan, renowned in arts. To his own lofty bed aſcends, the high-thunderer of heaven, Jove: Where he was wont to recline, when pleaſing ſleep invaded his lids. There, aſcending, lay the god. The golden-throned Juno lay, by his ſide.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK II.

THE other gods are ſunk in ſleep. Men reſign the night to repoſe. But pleaſing ſlumber reſted not, —on the eye-lids of wakeful Jove. He anxiouſly revolved in his mind; how ſooneſt he could honour Achilles, and ſlay the Greeks along the ſhore. At length it ſeemed beſt to his ſoul,—to ſend a deluding dream to Atrides. He called the ſhade to his preſence; and thus, with winged words, began:

"HENCE—go, diſaſtrous dream,—to the ſwift ſhips of Achaia, go. Enter the tent of Agamemnon. Pour, with care, my commands in his ear. Bid him to arm the long-haired Greeks;—to call all his force to the field:—For now into his hands muſt fall, the wide-ſtreeted city of Troy.

Troy. Diſſention has ceaſed among the gods. The immortal dwellers of heaven are agreed. Juno has bent all to her ſide:—O'er the Trojans diſaſters impend."

He ſpoke. Obedient to his voice, the ſhade deſcended through night. He lighted, ſudden, amid the ſhips. He held his dark way to Atrides. The king in his tent he found reclined,—with pleaſing ſleep involved around. Bent o'er his head the phantom ſtood, in form like the ſon of Neleus;—like Neſtor,—whom among the aged, Agamemnon honoured the moſt.—Reſembling the chief in his form, thus ſpoke the dream divine:

"Sleeps the ſon of warlike Atreus? Dwells the breaker of ſteeds in reſt?—It ill-fits a chief in high command,—to ſlumber the night away. Him it ill-fits the night to ſleep,—to whom nations are given, in charge: And o'er whoſe boſom hover ſo many cares. But now incline thy ſoul to me. I am the meſſenger of Jove; who though from thee ſo far remote, employs for Greece his heavenly care, and pities thy untoward fate. He commands thee to arm the long-haired Greeks:—To call all thy force to the field:—For now into thy hands muſt fall the wide-ſtreeted city of Troy. Diſſention has ceaſed among the gods. The immortal dwellers of heaven are agreed. Juno has bent all to her ſide: O'er the Trojans diſaſters impend from Jove. But thou,

thou, retain this in thy ſoul,—nor let oblivion prevail, when pleaſing ſleep ſhall deſert thine eyes."

This ſaying the phantom mixed with night. He left the king revolving, in ſoul, things never to be fulfilled. He vainly thought, that on that day, Priam's ample city ſhould fall. Imprudent man! unconſcious of Jove's deſigns!—for he prepared, through bloody fields, to cover both Greece and Troy, with mighty woes. The hero ſtarted from ſleep. The voice divine ſtill involves him around. He ſits erect; and round him draws a ſlender veſt, both beauteous and new; and on his broad ſhoulders the regal mantle throws. The ſtately buſkins are bound on his feet. The ſilver-ſtudded ſword hangs looſe, by his ſide. His hand graſps the ſcepter of Atreus,—the immortal gift of a line of kings.

Now Aurora aſcends broad Olympus,—diſplaying light to the gods and to Jove. Atrides came to the ſhips, and ſent his loud-voiced heralds abroad;—to call the long-haired Greeks to council,—along the wide-reſounding ſhore. The voice of the heralds is heard. The warriors pour from every ſide. In the ſhip of Neſtor the ſenate ſate;—an awful council of magnanimous kings. To them aſſembled in ſtate, aroſe the far-commanding Agamemnon.

"Listen, my friends," he ſaid, "a dream divine came, through night, to mine eyes. A ſhade ſtood dimly before me, like Neſtor in form,—in ſtature,—in gait. He hovered a while o'er my head: And poured theſe words in mine ears.—Sleeps the ſon of warlike Atreus? Dwells the breaker of ſteeds in reſt? It ill-fits a chief in high command to ſlumber the night away. Him it ill-fits to ſleep the night,—to whom nations are given in charge: And o'er whoſe boſom hover ſo many cares!—But thou incline to me thy ſoul. I am the meſſenger of Jove; who, though from thee ſo far remote, employs for Greece his heavenly care; and pities thy diſtreſs. He commands thee to arm the long-haired Greeks:—To call all thy force to the field;—for now into thy hands muſt fall, the wide-ſtreeted city of Troy. Diſſenſion has ceaſed among the gods. The immortal dwellers of heaven are agreed. Juno has bent all to her ſide:—O'er the Trojans diſaſters impend from Jove. But thou retain this in thy ſoul.—Thus ſaying the ſhade failed on my ſight: And pleaſing ſleep deſerted mine eyes. But let us conſult the means,—O chiefs!—to rouze the hoſt to arms. Firſt, I will try their ſpirit with art,—and bid them to turn their ſhips to their native land. Be yours with ſoothing words to exhort them here to remain."

This having ſaid, the hero ſat. To them the aged Neſtor aroſe; the grey-haired monarch of ſandy Pylos. With prudence, as was wont, he began:—"O friends!—Ye leaders and ſovereigns of Greece!—Had any other, among the hoſt, brought to our councils a dream:—We might have called it deceit, and ſpurned him from our ſide. But the heavenly viſion came to the chief,—who boaſts, o'er the army, the ſupreme command. Haſte then, O warriors!—Rouze the ſons of Greece to arms."

He ſaid, and moved onward as he ſpoke. At once the ſenate aroſe: And all the ſcepter-bearing kings obeyed the leader of armies. The people came pouring abroad:—As when, from the cleft of a rock,—iſſue forth whole nations of bees. Succeſſive the ſwarms come abroad: And fly, in cluſters, over the vernal flowers. Now this, now that way, they move: Various murmurs fill the valleys around. Thus, from their tents and ſhips, the many nations of Greece come abroad. Succeſſive, in troops, they move, to council,—along the wide ſhore of the main. Fame in the midſt appears,—the meſſenger of Jove inflames their ſouls, and urges them to proceed. The huge aſſembly grows apace:—Earth groans as the nations ſit down. Clamour and tumult ſpread around. Nine heralds aloud for ſilence call, and bid the hoſt to attend to the kings,—the ſacred children of thundering Jove.

Scarce had the nations ſat down:—Scarce ceaſed the murmur along their lines; when Agamemnon roſe in the midſt, holding his ſcepter in his hand. The ſcepter, which the labour of Vulcan formed;—which Vulcan gave to the ſovereign of heaven, Jove;—Jove preſented it to Hermes;—far-ruling Hermes to Pelops, the breaker of ſteeds. Pelops the ſacred gift reſigned, to the ſhepherd of nations, Atreus. Atreus bequeathed it to Thyeſtes, rich in flocks and herds. From him it fell to Agamemnon, to rule Greece and her thouſand iſles. On this the hero leaned his hand; and thus addreſſed his feigned words to the hoſt:

"O friends! O heroes of Greece!—Fierce followers of Mars in arms! ſore am I ſmote in my fame—by the hand of Saturnian Jove. He cruel, heretofore, his promiſe gave; that, after the fall of high-walled Troy,—I ſhould return home with renown. But now he deceives all my hopes. He ſends me diſhonoured to Argos;—after loſing my people in war. But ſuch is the heavenly will of almighty Jove;—who many proud cities has bent to the duſt,—who many hereafter will bend:—For he is unrivaled in power!—Our tale ſhall be recorded with ſhame,—that ſuch an army of Greeks warred in vain:—That with ſo few in number they fought,—yet found no happy period to toil. Should the Trojans and Greeks agree,—to ſtrike a truce, to number their hoſts:—Should the Trojans be numbered each one:

one :—And we the Greeks be ranked by tens. Should our decades ſit down to the feaſt,—and to each, a ſon of Troy pour the wine ;—many decades a cup-bearer would want ; —ſo much out-numbered by our hoſt, are the warriors, who dwell in Troy. But then the aids of Troy are near,—wielding their ſpears from a hundred ſtates. Theſe break my meaſures all : And prop the well-peopled town from its fall. Nine years of great Jove are rolled away. The timbers of our ſhips are decayed. The cordage falls torn from the maſt. Our wives, our children ſit in grief. They languiſh for our return, in their halls. But our deſigns unfiniſhed remain :—The work for which we came from afar. Then haſten all. Obey my words :—Obey the preſſure of the times. Let us fly in our ſhips, to the loved ſhore of our native land :—For never ſhall we take, in arms, the wide-ſtreeted city of Troy."

He ſpoke. The ſouls of the crowd are moved ;—the minds of all, who knew not the king's deſign. O'er its lines the aſſembly heaves :—Like the huge billows of the Icarian main :—When the eaſt and ſouth come by turns on the deep,—loud-ruſhing from the clouds of their father Jove. Or as when the weſtern wind,—collecting all its force from above, deſcends at once on a wide field of corn,—bearing forward the yellow ears :—So to one ſide the aſſembly leaned.

leaned. They ruſh with loud ſhouts to the fleet. The rouzed duſt is gathered behind their ſteps. They urge one another with words,—to fit the ſhips,—to launch them into the main. The canals are cleared away:—On their rollers the veſſels move; and the noiſe of the departing hoſt, to heaven itſelf aſcends. Then had the Greeks returned to their land,—againſt the will of fate and Jove: If Juno had not addreſſed to Minerva, ſudden words like theſe:

"O INVINCIBLE daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove!—Shall thus the Argives return to the loved ſhore of their native land?—Shall they thus return, o'er the wide boſom of the main?—Shall they leave ſuch glory to Priam?—Or Argive Helen to the warriors of Troy?—Shall they leave HER, in whoſe cauſe ſo many heroes fell?—So many fell before theſe walls,—ſo far remote from their native home? But thou to the ſons of Greece deſcend.—Retain each with thy ſoothing words:—Nor ſuffer their many-oared ſhips to cleave the foamy main."

SHE ſpoke. The blue-eyed daughter of Jove obeyed. Rouzed from the tops of high Olympus, ſhe ſuddenly deſcends to the ſwift ſhips of the Grecian powers. Ulyſſes, equal in prudence to Jove, ſhe found ſtanding,—ſullen,—alone. Nor he his dark ſhip had launched to the main;—

for

for grief had invaded the hero's ſoul. Near him ſtood the blue-eyed Minerva, and thus addreſſed the chief:

"O GENEROUS ſon of Laërtes!—Ulyſſes, moſt prudent of men!—Thus do ye fly, ſons of Greece,—to the loved ſhore of your native land? Thus do ye fly, in your many-oared ſhips, along the heaving ſeas? Shall ye leave ſuch glory to Priam? Or Argive Helen to the warriors of Troy?—Shall ye leave Helen, in whoſe cauſe ſo many heroes fell?—So many fell before Troy,—ſo far remote from their native home? But thou to the ſons of Greece repair. Retain each with thy ſoothing words:—Nor ſuffer their many-oared ſhips to cleave the foamy main."

SHE ſaid. The hero knew the voice of the ſpeaking power. He haſtened his ſteps along. He threw his royal mantle on earth. Eurybates, the herald, received the cloak; as he trod in the path of his native king. The ſon of Atreus he met, as he ſtrode; and received, from his hands, the ſcepter,—the immortal gift of the hero's race. With the ſcepter he ruſhed to the ſhips; and as he met, or king or chief, he thus detained him, with ſoothing words:

"O BEST of men!—It ſuits thee ill, to tremble like the timid in ſoul. But thou thyſelf remain;—and with thy courage detain the hoſt. To thee is ſtill unknown the ſecret ſoul

of the great Atrides. He now but ſounds,—hereafter he will puniſh the Greeks. His firm reſolves, in council, have not yet come to all our ears. Beware:—Leſt in his wrath he plunge the hoſt in ills;—for dreadful is the wrath of the king,—the ſacred offspring of thundering Jove. His glory he derives from Jove;—and much he is loved by the preſcient father of gods."

But when any of the people he ſaw,—kindling ſedition with noiſe. Him with his ſcepter he ſmote; and reproached with bitter words.—" Reſt quiet,—thou wretch," he ſaid, —" of others hear the voice. Liſten to thy betters, ſlave, —unfit for aught but ſedition and noiſe. Thou little eſteemed in council,—unequal to the toils of the field!—Here we all muſt not reign as kings. The command of the many is never good in war. Let one prince,—one leader rule all;—one monarch, to whom the great ſon of Saturn, gives his ſcepter,—his laws to govern mankind."

Thus he, as commander, appeaſed the hoſt. To the council they ruſh again from the tents and ſhips, and fill with loud tumult the ſhore:—As when the billows of the reſounding main roll, large, on ſome echoing coaſt, and ocean murmurs o'er all its waves. The reſt took their ſeats on the plain. Silence deepened o'er all their lines. Therſites alone is babbling heard, diſtinguiſhed for reproaches and

and noiſe:—A ſhameleſs railer againſt all,—but moſt againſt the kings of men. A promoter of laughter among the Greeks:—The vileſt figure that came to Troy. Clump-footed, lame of one leg, with mountain-ſhoulders, contracted breaſt. Above, his long, lean head aroſe, ſpread with a few torn, ragged hairs. The foe profeſſed of great Achilles,—of Ulyſſes the mortal foe. On them he was wont to vent the rage,—which now he turns on the noble Atrides. He,—ſhrilly loud,—poured forth abuſe: Incenſed the Argives heard his voice; and felt it trembling through their indignant ſouls. But thus the loud brawler began, and threw reproach on the king of men:

"Why complain'ſt thou, ſon of Atreus? Whence are thy new demands? Thy tents are filled with heaps of gold,—thy tents with choſen women are thronged; whom we, the Greeks, beſtow on thee, the firſt; when we take a town with our arms. Still doſt thou thirſt for gold? Wouldſt thou, that ſome father may deſcend from Troy,—with a rich ranſom for a ſon,—whom, either I ſhall bring thee bound,—or ſome other warrior of Greece?—Or is ſome buxom maid thy choice, with whom the king may mix in love?—Whom, apart in his tents, he may by force detain?—It fits thee ill,—it ill becomes a prince,—who boaſts command o'er all,—to cover his hoſt with wrongs. O cowards! diſgrace to men! Greek women! not Argive warriors!—

Let us return home, in our ſhips. Let us leave our monarch here. Let him waſte his wealth before Troy. Let him by experience learn;—whether we have aided in aught, or he owes to himſelf his ſpoil. With the Greeks he affronts Achilles,—than himſelf a much braver man:—Even now, the plundered prize he holds,—which the warrior had obtained by his arms. But no ſpirit dwells in the breaſt of Achilles. His ſluggiſh ſoul feels no diſgrace:—Elſe, thy firſt injuſtice, Atrides, would have been thy laſt."

Thus reproachful ſpoke Therſites,—to Agamemnon, the ſhepherd of nations. Sudden, aroſe, by his ſide, Ulyſſes deſcended from Jove. Sternly eyeing the ſlave, the hero harſhly ſpoke:—"Loquacious Therſites," he ſaid,—"Thou brawling counſellor, forbear!—Nor ſingly thus preſume to ſtrive, with kings, the children of Jove. Not ſuch another wretch, I deem, followed the ſons of Atreus to Troy. Pollute not kings with thy breath. Involve not their names in words like thine. Throw no reproach on the chiefs:—Preſume not to talk of return. Not even dimly yet we ſee, what fate on the Greeks attends: Whether with glory or diſgrace, we ſhall reviſit our native land. Yet thou ſitteſt, throwing reproach on Agamemnon,—on Atrides, the leader of armies;—becauſe the heroes of Greece have loaded their king with ſpoil:—Becauſe he derives not aught from

from thee, but invective and foul reproach. But this I tell thee ſlave, and what I tell ſhall be performed:—If I, hereafter, ſhall find Therſites, thus babbling amid the hoſt: May the head of Ulyſſes, on his ſhoulders, ceaſe to remain; —may I ceaſe to be called the father of Telemachus;—if, ſeizing thee,—I ſtrip thee not,—leaving thee bare to the winds, and ſend thee, weeping, to the ſhips,—torn with ſtripes and derided by all."

The hero ſpoke, and, with his ſcepter, ſtruck the mountain-back of the ſlave. He writhed himſelf beneath the blow. The big tears came rolling down: And the bloody tumour, ſudden, aroſe, under the ſcepter of gold. He ſat and looked timid around. Sadneſs hung on his rueful face: And from his red eye he wiped the tear. The hoſt, though ſad, laughed o'er the ſlave, and thus each to his neighbour ſpoke:—"Ye gods! What good has ſprung from Ulyſſes, —in council great, and renowned in war!—But this his beſt deed, among the hoſt,—to humble a babbler, and to ſilence a ſlave. His fierce ſoul ſhall excite the wretch no more,—to throw reproach and diſhonour on kings."

Words like theſe moved o'er the hoſt. The deſtroyer of cities, Ulyſſes, aroſe. In his hand is his ſcepter of gold: —And, near, ſtood the blue-eyed Minerva. She, in a herald's ſacred form, commands ſilence, along the lines;—

that his words might extend to all;—that all might liſten to the voice of the chief. The king, with wonted prudence, began:

"O son of Atreus!" he ſaid, "unhappy leader of Greece in arms!—Thee thy people wiſh to diſhonour:—To the world to expoſe thy ſhame. Their promiſes are all forgot,—their faith, plighted in Argos, betrayed;—that thou ſhouldſt return with renown, from the fall of the high-walled Troy. Like tender infants they weep;—like deſerted widows they mourn;—and, o'er the hoſt, languiſh all for their native land. True! it is hard indeed—much afflicting to the ſoul to remain. Even he, who but for a month, far-diſtant, is detained from his ſpouſe, bears ill his untoward fate. In ſadneſs he ſits by his ſhip, which the wintry winds confine; and the rouzed wrath of the troubled main. But to us the ninth year is rolling round, ſince, on this ſhore, we lay in arms:—Nor, therefore, blame I the Greeks, who long to point their ſhips to their native home."

"Yet here ſo long to remain, and diſappointed to return, would cover Greece, with laſting diſgrace. Bear for a while, O friends,—with patience bear a ſhort delay. Let us know whether Calchas foretold the truth;—or whether in all failed the holy ſeer. You all can witneſs bear,—

you

you whom the fates have ſpared, on the Trojan ſhore: That, when the Argive ſhips aſſembled in Aulis,—bearing death to Priam and Troy,—we round a ſacred fountain ſtood. To the gods the holy altars flamed. A perfect offering is paid to heaven, under the broad ſhade of a beauteous plane; from whoſe deep root flowed a limpid ſtream. Sudden a prodigy appeared!—A ſerpent, diſtinct with ſpots of blood, —horrid to the eyes to behold,—which Jove himſelf had ſent to light. Iſſuing forth from the altar's foot, the rouzed omen rolled on to the plane. Involving the trunk he roſe aloft,—to where beneath the topmoſt branch, and hid by the leaves, eight ſparrows, unfledged, a neſt poſſeſſed;—the mother, the ninth, who had hatched the young. Theſe, as they chirped, the ſerpent devoured. The mourning mother flew fluttering around;—and her, though aloud ſhe ſcreamed, the monſter ſeized by the wing. But after the ſerpent had all devoured: Himſelf a wonder became, beneath the hand of the god, who produced the dire portent. For the great ſon of Saturn converted the monſter to ſtone. Gazing we ſtood ſilent around, and wondered at the change;—for, in the midſt of our holy vows, the dreadful omens of the gods had appeared."

"Calchas ſuddenly aroſe; and thus ſpoke the holy ſeer: —"Why mute ſtand the chiefs around?—Why in ſilence the

the long-haired Greeks?—This great portent is from heaven; —the awful ſignal of preſcient Jove. This omen ſo late, portends a far-diſtant event, whoſe glory ſhall never die: —For as the ſerpent eight ſparrows devoured, and the mother the ninth, who had hatched the young;—ſo nine years ſhall we war with Troy:—On the tenth the wide-ſtreeted town ſhall fall, before our arms.—So ſpoke the holy ſeer; and his words ſhall be ſoon fulfilled. Remain, therefore, ſons of Greece,—on theſe ſhores a while remain: Till the lofty city of Priam ſhall tumble beneath our ſwords."

Thus ſpoke the prudent chief. Applauſe burſts aloud from the nations around. The ſhips echo back the dreadful noiſe: As Greece is ſhouting, o'er all her tribes. In the midſt, the aged Neſtor aroſe:—And thus began the breaker of ſteeds:

"Just gods!" ſaid the grey-haired king,—"How like to children we ſpeak? Like infants, on whoſe young thoughts, never hover the cares of war? Say, how have vaniſhed all our vows? Whither fled are the oaths we made?—Mixed with the winds are our reſolves?—The leagues with ſolemn rites confirmed?—The plighted faith that binds mankind?—In vain debates we waſte the time; nor find any reſource in words. But thou, ſon of Atreus, as heretofore,—thou, confirmed in thy reſolves, lead forth the warriors of Argos:—Preſide in the bloody conflicts of war.

war. Should one or more the battle forego, permit them to repine unmarked: Should they, apart from Greece combine,—to return to diſtant Argos:—their vain deſigns muſt not ſucceed; till all ſhall know, whether true or falſe, was the ſacred promiſe of Ægis-bearing Jove. This I affirm, and all muſt know,—that, on that day, when Greece aſcended her ſhips,—bearing ruin and death to Troy; full on the right was heard the thunder of Jove; and his auſpicious ſigns came abroad, on the winds. Let none, therefore, wiſh to return,—till each aſcend the bed of ſome Trojan dame;—till the rape and ſorrow of Helen are both revenged. Should any ſtill languiſh for his home,—let him launch his dark ſhip to the main; and meet, before others, the fate, which he longs to ſhun. But thou, O king, weigh all in thy ſoul;—and liſten to my words: Nor to be neglected by thee, is the counſel, which Neſtor unfolds. Divide the warriors into tribes;—by nations divide the hoſt: That nation its nation may aid,—and tribe, its tribe ſuſtain. This ſhouldſt thou perform, ſon of Atreus, and ſhould the Greeks in all obey: To thee will ſoon be known, O king! who of the chiefs from battle ſhrinks,—who of the ſoldiers is brave:—For each, diſtinct in his place, will engage. To thee alſo it ſhall be known,—whether the gods prop Troy in its fall: Or whether the lofty city ſtands,—for want of courage and ſkill in the foe."

To him replied the king of men: "In council, O chief, thou excelleſt all, in ſpeaking well, the warriors of Greece. O would to father Jove,—to Pallas,—to far-ſhooting Phœbus,—that ten in wiſdom like Neſtor, were found in the Grecian hoſt:—Soon would the city of Priam fall; and ſmoke in long ruins beneath our ſwords. But me hath Ægis-bearing Jove covered over with many woes. He has plunged me in vain debates;—in conteſts overwhelmed my ſoul. With Achilles I ſtrove for a captive maid: And I was the firſt, whoſe reſentment aroſe. But ſhould we hereafter, join as friends: Delay of ruin would no longer remain to Troy. But haſten all to a ſhort repaſt: That all may be ready for war. Let each well ſharpen his lance:—Let each prepare his ſhield:—Let each feed well his ſwift-footed ſteeds:—Each mindful of battle, his flying car explore:—That all prepared for the dreadful ſtrife, may waſte the whole day in the field. There ſhall be no reſpite hereafter from battle,—no moment of reſt from blood,—till night deſcending in clouds, reſtrains the fury of men. The breaſt-plate on each breaſt ſhall ſweat:—The ſhield grow weighty on each arm:—Each hand, fatigued, ſhall graſp the ſpear. At the bright car the ſteed ſhall ſweat; and drag it ſlowly o'er the ſlain. But whoever, apart, ſhall decline the fight, and hide his terror within the ſhips on the ſhore;—him the death he avoids ſhall meet;—nor ſhall his body eſcape from dogs nor from birds of prey."

Thus ſpoke the ſon of Atreus. Greece ſhouted o'er all her tribes:—Loud as the heaving wave, on the abrupt ſhore of the main,—when the South, coming forth in its ſtrength, rolls it large, on oppoſing rocks:—Rocks, which the billows never leave,—from whatever quarter of heaven, the winds ariſe. The hoſt aroſe; they ruſhed from the plain, and ſpread through all the ſhips. Through the tents they kindle fires,—and all take a ſhort repaſt. Each to ſome power ſome offering burns, ſome ever-living god adores; and by prayer hopes to eſcape death and all the dangers of war. A bull is ſacrificed by the king of men: Fat, five years old, a ſacred offering to all-powerful Jove. The leaders of Greece he called. Neſtor the firſt, then Idomeneus ruling afar. The two Ajaces came: The ſon of Tydeus renowned in arms;—and the ſixth, Ulyſſes, equal in wiſdom to Jove. Unaſked, at the feaſt, appeared, Menelaus, unconquered in war. He knew his brother from his ſoul;—and how the hero toiled in his cauſe.

The warriors ſtand around the bull. They lift the ſacred barley with awe. In the midſt Agamemnon aroſe, and, praying, thus began:—"O Jove, firſt in glory! greateſt being! high ruler of ſtorms!—O dweller of heaven, Jove! Let not the ſun deſcend, nor darkneſs grow over the world,—till I ſhall throw to the earth, the proud towers of the aged Priam,—'Till, with hoſtile fires, I conſume the gates

of devoted Troy:—'Till I break with this ſpear, the mail which folds round Hector's martial breaſt;—'till many of his people, prone on earth, ſhall bite, in death, the ground."

Thus ſpoke the hero aloud: Nor Jove then granted his prayer:—But his offering the god received and ſwelled before him the toils of war. When all had prayed to reſiſtleſs Jove; on the offering the barley they ſtrewed. Bending back the neck of the victim, they ſlay and flea him before the god. The thighs cut off, they doubled all,—wrapt twice in a caul of fat; and on theſe the choiceſt morſels in order they laid. Split wood, ſhorn of the leaf, formed the fire,—on which the holy offering flamed; and, o'er the whole, on ſkewers fixed, the ſacred entrails they held. But when the fire had conſumed the thighs:—The entrails are taſted by all. The reſt, in pieces minutely cut, are transfixed, with ſpits, and roaſted before the flame. Then ceaſing from their toil, they ſat down, to the treat; nor wanting was aught to the ſoul of the equal joys of the feaſt. When thirſt and hunger were both removed; the aged monarch of Pylos aroſe.

"Atrides, firſt in renown! Agamemnon, ſovereign of heroes!—Let us here no farther waſte the time: No longer delay the glorious work,—which Jove has left on our ſwords. Send forth the heralds to the hoſt,—to the ſons of Argos

Argos with brazen mails. Send them forth to convene our people before us:—Let ourſelves, in a body, move, to rouze fierce battle o'er all the lines."

Thus ſpoke the breaker of ſteeds. The king of men his words obeyed. The loud-tongued heralds are ordered forth; to call the long-haired Greeks to arms. At once they raiſed their warning voice. The hoſt grew ſuddenly around. The kings, who, with Atrides, ſtrode,—the ſacred children of thundering Jove;—moved each, in haſte, to his tribe; and formed them, diſtinct, on the field. In the midſt ruſhed the blue-eyed Minerva, holding forth, in her hand, her dreadful ſhield:—The precious, undecaying, immortal Ægis of Jove. A hundred fringes of gold hung round its orb,—each valued at a hundred beeves: And this ſhe held forth, as ſhe moved, rouzing the Greeks to arms. Courage kindled o'er all their ſouls, urging them forward to battle and blood. To them war more pleaſing became, than to return, in their hollow ſhips,—to the loved ſhore of their native land.

As when devouring fire, through ſome vaſt foreſt reſounds: The mountain's huge brow is wrapt in flame: And the diſmal ſplendour is ſeen afar, through the night. So, as they moved,—from their gorgeous arms, beams forth to heaven a dreadful light. As when many tribes of flying

birds, of geeſe, of cranes, of long-necked ſwans, hover o'er the plain of Aſius,—round the roaring ſtreams of Cayſter. This way and that, exulting in their pinions, they fly:—With the noiſe of thoſe, who ſettle before the reſt,—from ſide to ſide, the whole valley reſounds. Thus, from the tents and ſhips, iſſued the many nations of Greece in arms, and poured wide o'er the fields of Scamander. Under their ſteps,—beneath their ſteeds,—the earth emits a dreadful ſound. On the broad fields of Scamander, they ſtood, in number equal to the leaves and flowers,—which ſhoot forth in the vernal year.

As a thouſand tribes of ſwarming flies, wander in the ſeaſon of ſpring, through the ſhepherd's cot,—when the milk overflows the pails:—So ſtood in the field, againſt the Trojans, the long-haired nations of Greece,—breathing deſtruction and death. As goat herds diſtinguiſh their own, when numerous flocks together are mixed as they rove over the paſtures and wilds:—So the leaders diſtinguiſhed their tribes; and formed them, as they moved to the foe. Amid the hoſt is ſeen Agamemnon,—in mien, in ſtature like Jove,—when he hurls the red bolt with joy. In ſize like Mars in arms, like Neptune in firmneſs of ſoul. Conſpicuous amid the hoſt,—as a bull, who, far in beauty excells the reſt;—and o'er the gathered herd extends his command.

So

So ſtately had Jove made Atrides, on that day;—conſpicuous amid the many, and illuſtrious among the heroes.

Unfold to me, O muſes!—bright dwellers of heaven's high halls!—for ye are powers divine,—ye are preſent to all, and all things know. Report only came down to our ears. In darkneſs we wander below. Unfold to me, the leaders of Greece,—the chiefs who led the armies to war. The multitude I could neither number nor name, though ten tongues and ten mouths were mine;—were I gifted with a voice unknowing to yield,—were lungs of braſs placed within my breaſt. Unleſs the celeſtial muſes, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove,—ſhall recount the powers who came to the high-walled Troy. The leaders all I ſhall name; and the ſhips, which followed each, o'er the main.

The Bœotians were led by Peneleus,—by Leïtus great in arms. Arciſilaus was joined in command; Prothoënor and Clonius renowned. The youth, who Hyria poſſeſſed;—who dwelt in Aulis of many rocks;—who Theſpia and Græa held,—who Mycaleſſus with ſpacious fields;—who inhabited the far-famed Harma;—Eleſion and rich Erythræ:—who Eleon and woody Hylë poſſeſſed, Peteon, Ocalea, and Medeon's high-built towers;—who dwelt in Copæ, in Eutreſis, in Thiſbe abounding with doves, in Coronea on its lake,—in Haliartus of paſtures green. Thoſe who

held the fair Platæa,—who Gliſſa renowned for vines. Thoſe who dwelt in Hypothæbæ, within its well-built walls; who ſacred Oncheſtus held,—the beauteous grove of the god of the main. The youth, who inhabited Arnè, abounding with luxuriant grapes;—who dwelt in Midea,—in Niſſa the divine, and in the ſea-waſhed Anthedon,—on the utmoſt bounds of the land.—With theſe fifty ſhips ſailed to Troy; in each ſhip twice ſixty youths of Bœotia came.

The warriors, who dwelt in Aſplëdon, in Orchomenus, ſurrounded with plains, obeyed the voice of Aſcalaphus and Iälmenus, the ſons of Mars. Theſe the fair Aſtyochè bore, in the houſe of the ſon of Azis:—A bluſhing virgin, when ſhe aſcended to reſt, in the upper halls of her father, Actor. Mars came on her charms by night;—and mixed, with the maid, in ſecret love. Thirty hollow veſſels followed the chiefs,—along the boſom of the main.

The Phocians to the ſtrife of arms, Epiſtrophus and Schedius led,—the ſons of the great Iphïtus, unknown to yield in war. Thoſe who Cyparyſſus poſſeſſed,—who dwelt, on Pytho's rocky ſhore,—who holy Criſſa,—who Daulis held,—who Panopëa, ſurveying the plain. Thoſe, who Anemoria inhabit,—who round Hyampolis plow the ſoil;—the warriors, through whoſe fields, the noble Cephiſſus ſtrays.

The

The youths, who dwelt in Lilæa, round the cold ſource of the ſacred ſtream. Forty dark ſhips, o'er the deep, bore all to the Trojan ſhore. The chiefs, ruſhing along the lines, placed in array the Phocean bands. Next to the Bœotians they ſtood; and, on the left, they ſhone in arms.

The Locrians are led by Ajax, the ſwift-footed race of Oïleus. Leſs in ſtature, in battle leſs, than Telamon's warlike ſon. Small in his ſize, the hero wore of linen quilted a corſlet ſlight:—But, in ſkill to launch the ſpear the firſt of all the Greeks in war. Thoſe who ſea-beat Cynus plowed,—who Opoens,—who Calliarus held. Thoſe, who ſhrubby Beſſa poſſeſſed,—Scarphë and the pleaſant Augæa; thoſe, who in Tarphè, in Thronius dwelt,—round the ruſhing ſtreams of the roaring Boägrius:—All, in forty dark ſhips, followed Ajax from diſtant Locris;—Locris beyond the limits of the ſacred Eubœa.

Those, who dwelt in the wide Eubœa,—the Abantes breathing ſtrength in war;—who lived in Chalcis, Eretria held, and Heſtiæa abounding in vines. Thoſe, who Cerinthus along the main,—who the loſty towers of Dios poſſeſſed. Thoſe, who proud Caryſtus held, and the high walls of the neighbouring Styra. Their leader was great Elephënor,—a branch of Mars himſelf in arms:—Elephënor the ſon of Chalcödon, king of the Abantes, unequalled in war.

war. Him the ſwift Abantes followed to Troy,—combing their long hair behind:—Warriors, ſkilled, with protended ſpears, to break the corſlets on the breaſts of the foe. In forty dark ſhips, they followed their chief, along the billowy main.

The warriors, who proud Athens poſſeſſed,—the ſtately city of great Erechtheus; whom blue-eyed Pallas reared, the daughter of thundering Jove. Him the ſacred earth brought forth. Minerva placed him, in high-built Athens, —in the court of her ſplendid fane: Where, with the blood of bulls and lambs, the ſons of Athens appeaſe the power, when the ſtated time comes around, with the revolving years. O'er theſe preſides Meneſtheus the ſon of Peteus; —the firſt of mortal men to array the field;—whether with warlike ſteeds, or brazen-ſhielded men. Neſtor alone ſtrove with the chief,—with all the art derived from years. He fifty dark ſhips, from his native land, led to the Trojan ſhore.—Ajax, from Salamis, twelve ſhips brought, before the winds. His warriors he ranged on the ſhore,—where the phalanx of Athens formed.

The youth who reſided in Argos,—in Tiryntha with walls unſcaled,—in Hermion, in rocky Aſinè, placed both on the deep bay of the main. Thoſe, who high Træzènè poſſeſſed;—the land-locked Eiönæ,—Epidaurus planted with vines.

vines. Thoſe, who held the ſea-ſurrounded Ægina, the warriors of Greece, who dwelt at Maſëta, obeyed the ſon of Tydeus,—Diomedes, unequalled in arms. Sthenelus they alſo obeyed, the loved ſon of renowned Capanëus. Third in command is Euryalus, a hero equal in form to the gods: The offspring of Meciſteus, the ſon of great Talaïon. But Diomedes commanded o'er all. He led eighty ſhips to the Trojan ſhores.

Those who poſſeſſed Mycénæ, renowned for lofty towers. Thoſe who dwelt in the opulent Corinth, and within the well-built walls of Cleöne. Thoſe who Ornia held,—Arethyria's pleaſing vales; and the far-famed Sicyon, where Adraſtus held the ſcepter of old. Thoſe who Hypereſia poſſeſſed and Genoëſſa, expoſed to the winds: Who fleecy Pellena held,—who o'er the plains of Ægium guided the plow:—The dwellers of the coaſt of the main, round the wide bounds of Helicè. O'er all their hundred ſhips, Agamemnon held the chief command;—the king of men,—the ſon of Atreus,—the breaker of ſteeds. He o'er the boſom of the main, led the moſt, the braveſt troops. Tall in the midſt he ſtood, clothed around with ſplendid ſteel,—exulting in his fame; and beaming the brighteſt forth, of all the heroes of Greece: For he the greateſt was of all, and led the greateſt force to Troy.

Those who Lacedæmon, ſurrounded with mountains, poſſeſſed. Thoſe who Phares,—who Sparta held, and Meſſa, abounding with doves. Thoſe who in Bryſia dwelt,—in Augiæ of pleaſing vales;—who held the quiet Amyclæ, and Helos on the ſhore of the main. Thoſe who Laäs poſſeſſed, who round Oëtylos had fixed their ſeats,—were led to war by Menelaüs, the valiant brother of the great Agamemnon. In ſixty ſhips they came over the main: and armed apart, from the reſt. The chief moves quick along their lines, confiding in his daring ſoul; and urging his people to war. Much the king wiſhed, in his mind, to revenge the rape of Helen and her ſighs in a foreign land.

Those who led the plough in Pylos, and, on the pleaſing banks of Arènè; thoſe who dwelt in Thryon, by the fords of Alphèus; and within the walls of the lofty Æpy. Thoſe who Cypariſſè poſſeſſed;—the fertile fields of Amphigeneia. Thoſe who held Pteleon, ſtream-waſhed Helos and Dorion, along the main. There the muſes Thomyris found; and deprived the proud Thracian of the powers of ſong; as he returned from Oechalia,—from Eurytus, Oechalia's king. He vainly boaſted, that he could obtain the prize,—ſhould the muſes contend in ſong,—the tuneful daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove! In rage they deprived the boaſter of ſight; —ſilenced his voice divine; and made his hands forget the art

art of touching the harp.—O'er all aged Neſtor preſides, leading ninety hollow ſhips through the main.

Those who Arcadia poſſeſſed, beneath the ſhaggy brows of the high Cyllènè; near the tomb of the great Æpytus, —where heroes ſtrive in arms for the prize. Thoſe who dwelt in Pheneus;—in Orchomenus of many flocks;—in Ripè,—in lowly Stratiè,—in Eniſpè, expoſed to the winds: —Who fair Tegëa poſſeſſed and Mantinæa's lovely fields; —who the woody Stymphalus held and high Parrhaſia, crowned with ſnows:—Over them reigned the ſon of Ancæus, the king of heroes, Agapënor. Sixty ſhips bore his people to war: Many were the warriors who aſcended each ſhip;—ſkilled in the bloody ſtrife of the field. The king of men the veſſels gave, to bear them acroſs the dark-blue deep:—For the knowlege of Ocean employed not aught of their care!

Those who dwelt in Bupraſion, within the walls of the noble Elis,—the fields, which Hyrminè bound,—the diſtant-far Myrſinus,—the rugged rocks of Olènos, and the plains, watered by the roaring Alyſion:—Theſe, four chiefs led to war, and ten veſſels obeyed each chief, filled with the warlike Epëi. Amphimachus was the firſt in command, the ſon of great Cteätus: The next was warlike Thalpius, the race of Eurytus divine; the third was the brave

Diöres, Amarynces' valiant ſon;—and the fourth was Polyxënus, equal to the gods in form:—Polyxënus, the ſon of Agaſthenes, deſcended of a line of kings.

Those who came from Dulichium,—from Echinades, ſacred iſles!—which lie ſurrounded by ocean, oppoſed to the ſea-waſhed ſhores of Elis. O'er the warriors preſided Meges, equal to Mars in arms:—Meges, whom Phyleus begot, a chief beloved by mighty Jove;—who, flying the wrath of his father, in Dulichium had fixed his abode. Twice twenty dark ſhips, from his iſles, followed the dauntleſs chief to Troy.

Ulysses next led, to war, the Cephalenians, undaunted in ſoul,—thoſe who Ithaca poſſeſſed, and Neritus, covered with woods:—Thoſe who Crocylea held and Ægilipa, rugged with rocks;—who in green Zacynthus lived,—who, in Samos, waſhed round with waves;—who dwelt in Epirus and plowed the fields on the ſhores oppoſed. O'er theſe the great Ulyſſes reigned, equal in wiſdom to Jove. With him twelve veſſels came to Troy, cleaving, with red beaks, the ſoaming ſeas.

Thoas, the ſon of Andræmon, o'er the Ætolians extended his ſway. Thoſe who dwelt in Pleuron,—in Olenos,—in high Pylènè,—in Chalcis along the ocean,—in Calydon,

rugged

rugged with rocks;—for now no longer beheld the light, the magnanimous ſons of mighty Oeneus. The chief himſelf was now no more: Dead was the yellow-haired Meleäger. The ſcepter deſcended to Thoas, to lead the Ætolians to war. In forty dark ſhips, they followed their chief, along the heaving ſeas.

The Cretans are led to battle, by Idomeneus, renowned at the ſpear. Thoſe who Cnoſſus poſſeſſed,—Gortyna, well-ſurrounded with walls;—thoſe who dwelt in Lyctus,—in Milëtus,—in white Lycaſtus ſeen from afar:—Who held the high-walled Phœſtus,—who, Rhytion's well-inhabited town:—And all the other warriors of Crete, from her hundred cities ſent forth to arms. O'er theſe great Idomeneus reigned, and Meriones, equal to Mars, the deſtroyer of heroes in war! In eighty ſhips they plowed the ocean, to the hoſtile ſhores of Troy.

Tlepolemus, the race of Hercules,—brave in battle and great in arms, nine ſhips led to Troy, with magnanimous Rhodians filled. Thoſe who dwelt in Rhodes, diſtinguiſhed in nations three:—Who held Lindus,—Iallyſſus, and white Camïrus, beheld from afar. Their leader in arms was Tlepolemus, renowned at the ſpear. Him to the ſtrength of Hercules, the lovely Aſtyochëa bore;—led off by the chief from Ephyra,—from Sellè's reſounding ſtream: When he

laid waſte many cities of heroes, deſcended from thundering Jove. When Tlepolemus grew up, in the ſtately hall,—his father's uncle he, unwittingly, ſlew; Licymnius now whitened with years,—a branch of Mars himſelf in arms! Sudden he launched his ſhips; and, collecting a martial train, o'er the dark ocean took his way; flying afar, from the threatened rage of his father's houſe. To bright Rhodes, the wanderer came, with tempeſts toſſed and worn with toil. In three tribes they poſſeſſed the land; high-favoured of Jove, who reigns over gods and men!—On them the great ſon of Saturn ſhowered wealth, from his cloud of gold.

Nireus from Syma of waves, three equal veſſels led;—Nireus the ſon of Aglaïa and of great Charopus;—Nireus, the moſt lovely that came to Troy of all the Argive race, —in form, in beauty the next to the blameleſs ſon of Peleus. But his hand was cold in war, and few were in his train.

Those who poſſeſſed Niſſyrus,—who Crapathus and lofty Caſus;—thoſe who dwelt in Cos, the city of great Eurypylus,—and in the rocky Calydnæ, ſurrounded by the waves. O'er theſe the brave Phidippus, with Antiphus bore command; and their thirty dark ſhips ruſhed in order along the main.

Now, daughters of Jove, relate the force of Pelaſgic Argos:—Thoſe who Alos poſſeſſed,—who dwelt in Alopè and

and low Trachina :—Thoſe who Phthia held and Hellas of lovely maids. Myrmidons,—Hellenians,—Achaians the warriors were called; and their fifty ſhips were led, by the great Achilles. But they remembered dreadful battle no more;—for there was none to arrange in order their lines. At his ſhips lay the ſwift ſon of Peleus, brooding o'er his rage for the maid;—the beauteous daughter of Briſes, with the heavy locks!—Her from Lyrneſſus he took, bearing much of the toils of war;—when he laid waſte the town of her fathers, and levelled the walls of the ſacred Thebè :—When Mynëtes fell by his ſword and Epiſtrophus, unequalled in arms,—the ſons of the great Evenus, deſcended from a line of kings. He, mourning, lay, retired, for the maid;—but ſoon to be rouzed to battle and blood!

Those who Phylace poſſeſſed,—who Pyrrhaſus covered with flowers;—who the ſacred grove of Ceres, and Itöna, the mother of flocks. Thoſe who held Antron, along the main, and Pteleon for ever green;—obeyed the brave Proteſilaüs, while yet the hero lived: But now the dark earth detained, from battle, the chief! His ſpouſe, tearing both her fair cheeks with her hands,—in Phylacè is left alone;—while half-finiſhed his houſe, neglected, ſtands. Him a Trojan warrior ſlew, as he leaped,—far the firſt of the Greeks, on the ſhore. Nor without a leader are ſeen his

troops, though much they mourned their leader ſlain. The lines are formed by Podârces, equal to Mars in arms; —the ſon of Phylacian Iphïclus, rich in flocks and herds;—the much-loved brother of Proteſilaüs, of ſoul undaunted in war:—His younger brother, for in years, in battle excelled, the hero Proteſilaüs.—Nor yet a leader wanted the troops;—though much they mourned their leader ſlain!

Those who ſtreamy Phëræ poſſeſſed, by Bæbè's beauteous lake:—Thoſe who Bæbè,—who Glaphyræ held, and the well-built towers of Iölcos:—All, in eleven ſhips, obeyed the loved ſon of Admetus,—the warlike Eumelus, whom the firſt of women, Alceſtis bore;—Alceſtis, of the daughters of Pelias, by far the lovelieſt in form.

Those who dwelt in Methönè,—in Thaumacia's fertile fields:—who Melibæa poſſeſſed and Olyzon, rugged with rocks;—in ſeven dark ſhips were led to war, by Philoctëtes, ſkilled at the bow. Fifty rowers had aſcended each ſhip, famed to wing the arrow in fight. But he lay, in the lonely iſle,—torn with pain and broke with grief;—in ſacred Lemnos the hero lay, deſerted by the warriors of Greece: —Labouring under the wound, which the dreadful ſerpent made. There he lay in his grief; but ſoon, at their ſhips remembered, the ſons of Argos ſhall the king recal. Nor, without

without a leader, his troops are ſeen: Though much they regret their hapleſs chief. Medon forms their array, the ſecret offspring of great Oïleus;—whom lovely Rhèna bore to Oïleus, the deſtroyer of towns.

Those who dwelt in Tricca,—in the mountainous bounds of Ithömè:—Thoſe who poſſeſſed Oëchalia, the city of Eurytus Oëchalia's king,—were led, by the ſons of Æſculapius,—Podalirïus and Machäon renowned,—ſkilled both in the healing arts. With theſe, thirty hollow ſhips came to Troy, in long order, acroſs the main.

Those who Ormenion held,—who Hyperia's ſacred ſpring. Thoſe who Aſterion poſſeſſed and Titanus, crowned with ſnow:—Them Eurypylus led to war, the gallant ſon of the great Euæmon. Twice twenty dark ſhips came, with the warrior, to Troy.

The youths, who Argiſſa's valley plowed,—who dwelt in mountain-covered Gyrtönè:—Thoſe who pleaſant Orthè held,—who fair Olönè and the far-ſeen towers of white Oloöſſon;—all were led by Polypætes, unmoved in the ſtrife of arms:—The ſtately ſon of Perithöus, begot by immortal Jove. Him the graceful Hippodamia bore to Perithöus, on that day,—when on the ſhaggy Centaurs, the hero revenged his wrongs;—and drove them from Pelion, to

the diſtant bounds of Æthïcæ. Nor alone in command was the chief. Leonteus, equal to Mars, was near;—the ſon of Corönus, undaunted in ſoul. Them forty dark ſhips of their land, followed, in long order, to Troy.

Guneus, from Cyphus, led two-and-twenty hollow veſſels to Troy. Him the Eniënes obeyed,—the Peræbi, unyielding in war,—who round the cold Dodöna had fixed their abodes,—who plowed the lowly vales, on the pleaſant banks of Titareſius,—where it pours its fair-flowing waters, into the ſilver ſtream of Penëus. Nor mix its waters with the ruſhing Penëus: High on the ſurface they float, and roll, like oil, into the main;—a branch of the ſacred Styx,—the binding oath of the deathleſs gods!

Prothöus, the ſon of Tenthrëdon, led the warlike Magnëtès to arms:—Thoſe who dwelt at the ſtream of Penëus,—on the ſides of Peleon, with foreſts crowned;—were led by ſwift Prothöus to arms. Forty dark ſhips came with the hero to the ſhores of high-walled Troy.

These were the leaders of Greece, the kings who ranged her armies theſe. Who was the braveſt among the hoſt,—thou, O ſacred muſe, record? Who led the nobleſt ſteeds to battle,—of thoſe, who followed the ſons of Atreus to Troy?—The ſteeds, the nobleſt by far, were thoſe, who

who great Eumèlus bore. Swift of foot on the field, in ſpeed like the birds of heaven. In colour, in age, in ſize the ſame,—bred in Piëria by Apollo, bearer of the ſilver bow. Both females; carrying forward in their courſe, the diſmal terror of war. The braveſt of the heroes, was the great Telamonian Ajax:—The braveſt he,—while Achilles remained in wrath. In valour, o'er all, Achilles himſelf aroſe: And the nobleſt were the ſteeds, who bore the ſon of Peleus to war. But, retired in his crooked ſhips,—wont to cleave the foamy main,—the hero darkly lay in grief,—brooding o'er his wrath to Agamemnon, the ſon of Atreus,—the leader of armies! His troops, along the ſhore of the main, or whirl the diſk or launch the ſpear, or bend the ſtubborn bow. The ſteeds, each at his chariot, ſtood, feeding on the broad-leafed lotos, or parſley of the fenny fields. The martial cars lay, covered in the tents of their lords;—whilſt longing for their warlike chief, the ſoldiers wandered through the camp, and abſtained from the ſtrife of arms.

The hoſt moved forward in arms: The wide field ſeemed covered with flame. The earth groaned beneath their feet as they moved;—as when the thunder-launching Jove, in his rage, redoubles his red bolts on the earth, which involves Typhæus. All Arimè ſhakes to its baſe, round

the huge bed of the horrid Typhon. Thus beneath the feet of the hoſt, the earth groaned, as they moved along:—For quick was their courſe through the plain.

Swift to the Trojans from Olympus, the wind-footed Iris deſcends;—the meſſenger of Ægis-bearing Jove, bearing ſad tidings to Troy. The warriors were in council met, within the loſty halls of Priam: All were convened together: Both youthful warriors and aged chiefs. In the midſt ſtood deſcended Iris,—in voice, in form like Polites, the ſon of Priam;—who, truſting to the ſpeed of his feet, ſat, as ſcout to the Trojans, beyond the wall;—on the lofty tomb of Æſyëtes, a hero of other years, watching the coming forth of the Greeks to war. In voice and form, like the youth, the ſwift-footed Iris began:

"O aged king," ſhe ſaid, "ſtill is thy delight in long debates? As when the day of peace was bright and ſilent around!—Darkly advances o'er the field, the unavoidable tempeſt of war. Many a battle of heroes have I ſeen;—but ſo great, ſo tremendous a hoſt, never did theſe eyes behold:—Numerous as the leaves of a hundred groves, as the ſands, on all the ſhores of the main,—they move, forward, along the field, to waken battle around our walls. Hector, to thee in chief, I now my words addreſs. Many are the warlike aids, that wander through the wide city of Priam; varying,

varying, each tribe, in their tongue, as they mix, in the ſtreets of Troy. Let its native leader each nation command: —Each prince form his tribe, as he moves to war."

She ſpoke: Nor, unperceived by Hector, the goddeſs her words addreſſed. Straight he diſmiſſed the council. They ruſh at once to arms. All the gates are opened wide. Forth iſſue the troops to the plain. Both foot and horſe together crowd. Loud tumult is ſpread around. Before the city there riſes a mound, apart on the plain and pervious on every ſide;—by mortal men Batiëa called, but the tomb of the ſwift Myrinnè, by the deathleſs gods: On this the Trojans form in array,—on this the lines of their allies ariſe.

O'er the Trojans extends his command, great Hector the ſon of Priam, ſkilled to kindle battle, through all the lines of war. Around the chief, the moſt, the braveſt forces arm,—ready each to ſtretch to the foe his ſpear.

The Dardanians are led to war, by the gallant ſon of Anchiſes;—by Æneas, whom, to the great Anchiſes, the divine Venus bore;—high on the cloud-topt Ida:— A goddeſs yielding to man her charms. Nor alone, in command, was the chief. The ſons of Antënor aroſe, by his ſide—Archilochus and the ſwift Acamas, ſkilled both in each motion of war.

Those

Those who Zelëa poſſeſſed, by the foot of the lofty Ida;—the rich Trojans, who drank, as it paſſed, the deep ſtream of the winding Æſëpus, were led by the renowned ſon of Lycäon,—by Pandarus, to whom Apollo himſelf gave his bow.

Those who Adraſtëa held and the populous ſtate of Apæſus:—Who in Pityëa dwelt,—in the lofty mountain of ſhaggy Terëa;—o'er all Adraſtus bore ſway, and Amphius clothed with mail;—the two ſons of Percöſian Merops,—ſkilled, above all, in the prophet-arts. Nor would he permit his ſons to move, to war, the deſtroyer of men. But they his voice diſobeyed:—Driven, by the dark fates, which lead to death.

Those who Percöté,—who Praetius held,—who Seſtos and Abydos poſſeſſed:—Thoſe who the noble Ariſbè, by its ruſhing ſtream: Were led by the ſon of Hyrtacus,—Aſius, the leader of heroes,—Aſius, the ſon of Hyrtacus, whom his ſteeds from Ariſbè bore;—his white, high-pacing ſteeds, from Sellè's reſounding ſtream!

Hippothöus led to the field, the tribes of the Pelaſgi, the launchers of ſpears;—thoſe who had fixed their abode in Lariſſa of fertile fields. O'er them Hippothöus bore command, and Pylæus, equal to Mars in arms,—the two ſons of Lethus, who o'er the Pelaſgi reigned.

The

The Thracians were led by Acámas,—by Pirŏus, a hero in war: Thoſe whom, with its winding ſhores, the roaring Helleſpont confines.

Euphemus conducted in arms, the Ciconians in battle fierce;—the ſon of Træzenian Ceŭs, beloved by high-thundering Jove.

Peræchmes the Pæŏnes led,—renowned for bending the bow: From diſtant Amydon, the hero came, from the wide-ſpreading ſtreams of Axius;—Axius, whoſe beauteous waters are diffuſed o'er all the land.

The Paphlagonians are formed in the field, by Pylæmènes, undaunted in danger:—Thoſe who in Enetia dwelt, the land of ſavage mules,—thoſe who Cytorus poſſeſſed,—who lofty Seſamus held, and the aſpiring domes, round the ruſhing ſtreams of Parthenius:—Thoſe who in Cromna dwelt, in Ægialus, in high Erythini.

Hodius and Epiſtrophus formed in the field, the Halizonians come from afar:—The warriors of diſtant Alybè, renowned for her ſilver mines.

Chromis, o'er the Myſians, preſides, and Ennomus, ſkilled in the flight of birds. But with his auguries, he could not avert the dark fate, which involved him around:

Slain

—Slain by the hands of great Achilles, in the river, where the Trojans fell by the hero's ſword.

Phorcys the Phrygians led and Aſcanius, in form like the gods. From far Aſcania, the heroes came,—burning for the ſtriſe of the field.

Mesthles and Antiphus the Mæonians conduct to war; —the ſons of the great Pylæmènes, whom the lake of Gyges bore. They led the warlike Mæonians, born on the ſhaded ſides of the cloudy Tmolus.

Naştes, o'er the Carians preſides, diſtinguiſhed by their jarring ſounds:—Thoſe who Milëtus poſſeſſed, and the wood-covered mountain of lofty Ptheres,—the banks of the ſtreamy Mæander, and Mycalé, hiding its brows in clouds. O'er all Amphimachus and Naſtes preſide;—Naſtes and Amphimachus, Nomion's ſons renowned. The latter, decked with gold, deſcended, like a vain girl, to the field. Imprudent youth!—Nor could all avert the fate, which hung over his head:—Slain by the hands of the great ſon of Peleus, in the ſacred ſtream of Scamander. Stript of his gold, he lay in death, beneath Achilles, in battle renowned.

The Lycians were led by Sarpëdon, and by the blameleſs Glaucus,—far from Lycia, their native land,—from the gulphy ſtreams of reſounding Xanthus.

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK III.

WHEN the armies were formed in array,—each tribe round its native chief: The Trojans, with loud tumult, advanced,—with noiſe, like the birds of heaven. As the clangor of cranes on the wing, ſailing through the mid-way ſky, when they avoid the winter, and the dark tempeſt, ſwelling along the wind. Screaming, in a body they fly, o'er the waves, that roll on the main, bearing ſlaughter and death to the low-ſized Pygmæi,—pouring dreadful battle, from the air, on the foe. With ſilence the Argives advanced, breathing ſtrength, as they moved along. Reſolved, with mutual aid, to ſupport the wild conflict o'er all their lines.

As when, on the mountain's brows abrupt, loud Notus pours a ſudden miſt; unpleaſing to the wandering ſwains, to thieves more grateful than night. The eye ſcarce peirces the ſhade. Dim confuſion prevails around. Thus from their feet, as they moved, diſturbed, the duſt is rouzed in clouds;—for ſwiftly they paſſed, along the plain, to the foe.

When now, from wing to wing oppoſed, the hoſts were plunging forward to war,—tall, in the front of the Trojans, ſtood Alexander's form divine. A panther's hide his ſhoulders ſpread: O'er it is thrown careleſs his crooked bow. His ſword hung looſe by his ſide. He ſhook two ſteel-pointed ſpears in his hand, daring the braveſt of all the Greeks, to meet him in dreadful fight.

Him, when the great Menelaüs beheld, moving before the line, and ſtretching forward his haughty ſtrides: Like a lion the hero rejoiced, who, lighting by chance on his bulky prize,—the branching deer, as he bounds, or huge goat of the deſart wild. Raging in his hunger the prey he devours, though fleet hounds purſue, with all the tumult of youthful hinds. Thus Menelaüs rejoiced, beholding Paris of form divine. Revenge kindles o'er all his thoughts. In arms he bounds, from his car, on the ground.

When Alexander, in form like the gods, ſaw the chief gleaming, in the front of the line; with terror his heart is ſtruck at once. In the troop of his friends he ſhrinks back, avoiding the death he fears. As when, on the traveller's ſight, a ſerpent ſhoots forth, from the mountain-grove. Backward-bounding he flies. A ſudden tremor pervades his joints; and paleneſs wanders o'er both his cheeks. Thus, through the ranks of the haughty Trojans, crept the ſhuddering Paris of form divine; fearing the rouzed rage of the ſon of Atreus.

Him Hector beholds, as he flies, and thus upbraids him, with bitter words:—"Ill-fated Paris," he ſaid, "firſt in form! Deceiver of maids! Would thou hadſt never been born, or, unwedded, thou hadſt ſunk to the grave! That had been better for thy race, for thy people better far!—than thus to remain a diſgrace to Troy,—a ſight of ſhame to the wondering world. How the long-haired Greeks now laugh thee to ſcorn! Thee, whom they deemed the defender of all in arms! Thy looks bear the aſpect of war: But no force reſides in thy mind,—no vigour dwells in thine arm. Didſt thou, ſo timid in ſoul, in thy ſhips, meaſure Ocean afar, with thy gathered friends?—Such, didſt thou mix with ſtrangers? And bear a beauteous woman from her native land? the ſpouſe of heroes renowned in arms?—Thou ruin to thy father, to the ſtate, to all the people of Troy!—Thou joy to

thy foes!—thou dire diſgrace to thyſelf!—Couldſt thou not ſuſtain the approach of Menelaüs, renowned in war? But hadſt thou his approach ſuſtained, ſoon to thee were known, whoſe blooming ſpouſe thou retain'ſt in thine arms. Thy tuneful harp,—the wanton gifts of alluring Venus,—thy flowing hair,—thy ſpecious form, will little avail, when thou art laid low in the duſt. But the Trojans are timid in ſoul, elſe in the tomb had been long incloſed, the author of all their woes."

To him, with downward look, replied, Alexander of form divine:—" Hector, thy rage is juſt; nor injures thy reproof ſevere. Thy dauntleſs heart is formed like ſteel; like the ax in the ſhip-wright's hand; which blunts not as it cleaves the wood; but adds force to his every blow; —ſuch within thy boſom, Hector, is thy intrepid ſoul. But thou deſpiſe not, the lovely preſents of golden Venus. Not to be rejected, with ſcorn, are the ſplendid gifts of the gods; whatever they beſtow on mankind: For theſe no mortal receives at will. But thou bid the Trojans to ſit down. Bid all the Argives to reſt on their arms. Place me between the lines, with Menelaüs, beloved of Mars. Let us contend for Helen,—for all the wealth ſhe brought to our ſhores. Let him, who overcomes in the field,—who, from the combat ariſes with fame;—lead home, in triumph, the lovely prize, with

with all the treaſure, which came from afar. Whilſt you, the reſt, with friendſhip,—with plighted treaties confirmed, —ſhall the fertile regions of Troy poſſeſs: And THEY return, through the main to Argos the mother of warlike ſteeds, —to Achaia renowned for beauteous maids."

HECTOR, with joy, heard his words. He ruſhed forth between the hoſts. Graſping, in the middle, the ſhaft of his ſpear, he preſſed backward the Trojan line; and the warriors ſtood all on their arms. On him the Greeks their arrows poured,—with miſſive darts and ſhowers of ſtones. But Agamemnon aloud began:—"Repreſs your ardour, O Argives! Sons of Achaia, reſtrain your darts. Hector would ſomething propoſe:—Hear the awaker of battle, along the lines." They abſtained from fight at the word. Sudden ſilence ſpread over the hoſt. Between the armies Hector ſtood, and thus, to both, his words addreſſed:

"HEAR me, O Trojans! Attend O Argives renowned in arms! Hear the words of Alexander, in whoſe cauſe this war aroſe. He bids the reſt of the Trojans, he bids all the Grecian hoſt,—to lay their bright arms in order, along the ground: Whilſt he between the lines, and Menelaüs beloved of Mars, ſhall, for Helen contend, and all the wealth ſhe brought to Troy. Let him who overcomes, in the field, who from the combat ariſes with fame, bear home, in triumph,

umph, the lovely prize, with all the treaſure come from afar. Let then the reſt retire in peace: Beneath the plighted faith of treaties, retire."

Deep ſilence involves the armies. The loud-voiced Menelaüs, in the midſt, aroſe:—"Hear alſo me," the hero ſaid. "Much grief for both has invaded my ſoul. But an end to misfortune is come,—between the Greeks and the ſons of Troy. Many are the ills you have borne,—for the crimes of Paris and my revenge. Fall he, for whom death is decreed; but let the nations depart in peace. Two lambs, O Trojans, prepare: One white, one of ſable hue. The firſt for the ſplendid ſun, the latter for mother earth: A third, the ſons of Greece will produce to high-thundering Jove. Let Priam himſelf attend; and ſtrike the peace with Greece; for faithleſs are his ſons, regardleſs of all their oaths. Then all ſhall avoid to tranſgreſs, on the ſacred treaty witneſſed by Jove. Youth wavers o'er all its deeds: But ſtable are the councils of age. The old behold the future and paſt; and judge of the preſent from both."

He ſpoke: The Argives rejoiced. Gladneſs ran through the Trojan lines. Both hoped to ſee a ſudden end to the diſaſtrous war. In order their ſteeds they placed: Themſelves deſcended to the ground. Their arms they quickly threw off and laid them, near, on the plain: For narrow

was the ſpace, between the hoſtile lines. Hector two heralds ſent to Troy, to bring the lambs, and Priam to call. Agamemnon commands Talthibius to haſten his ſteps to the hollow ſhips,—for the ſacred offering to Jove. Nor diſobeyed the aged herald the words of the noble Atrides.

Iris deſcends from heaven to Helen with ſnow-white arms; bearing the form of the lovely ſpouſe of Antënor's warlike ſon: Laödicè, whom king Helicäon poſſeſſed, the firſt in beauty of the daughters of Priam. Her ſhe found in her lofty hall: Before her a large double web, embroidered with gold. In this ſhe wove the many toils, which Troy and Greece had borne in her cauſe: The toils, which the nations ſuſtained, beneath the hands of deſtructive war. Near her ſtood wind-footed Iris, and thus, with friendly voice, began:

"Arise, lovely nymph," ſhe ſaid, "ariſe! Things full of wonder behold, between the Trojans, the breakers of ſteeds, and the Argives, clothed with mails. But late, toward each other, the hoſts approached; bearing deſtructive war on their arms: Eager to meet, in dreadful fight, along the reſounding plain. Now ſilent they ſit on either ſide. War ceaſes along their lines. On their ſhields the heroes lean. Their long lances ſtand fixed in the ground. With beamy ſpears, for thee, in fight, Alexander with Menelaüs, contends:

tends: And to him, who prevails in the combat, Helen is the beauteous prize."

Thus, as the goddeſs ſpoke; a ſoft regret roſe over her ſoul, for her former huſband, her native home, her parents diſtant far. Throwing a white veil around her head, ſhe haſtened forth from the hall, dropping a tender tear. Nor alone moved the queen abroad: Two maidens attend her ſtately ſteps: Æthra the daughter of Pittheus, and Clymenè, with large blue eyes.

To the Scæan gate they came with ſpeed, where Priam ſat aloft in his tower. The aged chiefs were around the king, Prothous and grey Thymætes,—Lampus, Clytius and great Hecetäon, once a branch of Mars in arms,—with Ucalegon and Antënor, both for wiſdom renowned. The aged among the people ſat, in the gate; exempted by years from war. But pleaſing was their voice in council. Like graſſhoppers aloft on a tree, when they emit a ſoft ſound in the ſun, and not a breath is ſtirring along the grove. Thus the aged leaders of Troy ſat, aloft, in the Scæan tower: When Helen approached to the chiefs, in all the glow of her ſtately charms. In ſecret, to each other, they thus addreſſed their words:

"Nor unworthy is the cauſe of ſtriſe, between the Trojans and warlike Greeks. Who would not, for ſuch a woman

woman, bear a long train of woes?—In ſtately ſteps,—in face ſhe excels the deathleſs daughters of thundering Jove. But lovely, as ſhe is, let her go hence; and return, in ſhips, to her native land. Nor let her be left on theſe ſhores,—a ruin to us, to our children, to Troy."

Thus to each other ſpoke the aged. Priam called Helen, with gentle voice:—"Draw near, loved daughter," he ſaid, "ſit by thy father's ſide. Behold thy former ſpouſe,—thy kindred and all thy friends. I blame thee not, daughter beloved!—The gods I only blame;—who poured upon me diſaſtrous war. Come hither,—name that ſtately man. What Argive hero is that, ſo ample and great?—Others in ſtature exceed the chief: But ſuch a beauteous form, have theſe eyes never beheld! Nor ſuch a majeſtic mien! He looks a king, as he moves along."

The firſt of women, bluſhing, replied: "O father beloved," ſhe ſaid, "at once dreaded and revered, by my ſoul! Would I had periſhed by theſe hands, when I followed thy ſon o'er the main; leaving my huſband, my brothers, my daughter, the loved troop of my faithful friends!—But this was neglected by Helen: And ſhe diſſolves in tears at Troy. Now with thy requeſt I comply. The ſon of Atreus thine eyes behold,—the far commanding Agamemnon: A monarch renowned for juſtice; a war-

rior unequalled in arms. Once, the brother of Helen. Would! he were her brother ſtill!"

The aged Priam, admiring the king, began:—"O bleſt ſon of Atreus," he ſaid, "born under propitious ſtars! Happy in all thy wars!—Many are the youths of Greece, who form beneath thy high command! Once I entered in war, the vales of Phrygia, fruitful in vines; where many Phrygians were aſſembled in arms,—ſkilful breakers of war-like ſteeds: The troops of gallant Otreus and of Migdon, in form like the gods. They then their wide camp had diſpoſed on the banks of the roaring Sangarius. An ally I came from Troy, and was numbered among their hoſt; on the day, that the manlike Amazons, turned on the Phrygians their arms. But theſe were not ſo numerous all; as the huge hoſt of the black-eyed Greeks."

Ulysses next appearing in view, the aged king again began:—"Tell me alſo this hero," he ſaid, "Who, daughter beloved, is that ſtately chief? Leſs in ſize, than the ſon of Atreus, but broader in ſhoulders and more ample in breaſt? His arms lie, on earth, before him: He, like a huge ram, wanders through all the lines. To a ram, I compare the hero, whoſe heavy fleece has reached the ground,—when he walks, ſlowly, through a large flock of ſnow-white ſheep."

" That hero is the ſon of Laërtes," replied the fair daughter of Jove, " Ulyſſes wiſe in council, though born in Ithaca's rugged iſle! Skilled in each ſtratagem of war; in all the milder arts of peace!"

" O lovely Helen!" began Antënor, " true are the words thou haſt ſpoke. In former years to our city came, Ulyſſes, in council equal to Jove: bearing the demands of Greece, with Menelaüs, renowned in arms. Thee to demand, the heroes came. Under my roof, both the chiefs were received; and with friendſhip were treated within my halls. When 'midſt the aſſembled Trojans, the noble warriors appeared: When they ſtood,—over his friend, the broad ſhoulders of Menelaüs aroſe: But ſitting, the form of Ulyſſes ſeemed the moſt auguſt. When to the people the heroes ſpoke; the king of Sparta was in ſpeech conciſe. Few were his words, but with ſenſe replete: For no babbler was the great Menelaüs. Nor wandered his words in vain around: though leſs than his colleague in years. But when the wiſe Ulyſſes aroſe; he ſtood a while with bended look,—rolling his ſilent eyes on the ground. Nor backward his ſcepter he turns; nor forward points it in his hand. Unmoved he holds it forth: like a mere novice in ſpeech. A man loſt in rage you would have called the chief;—a wanderer beyond his mind. But when he ſent forth his loud voice, from his breaſt: His

words like ſhowers of winter-ſnow,—what other mortal could contend with Ulyſſes? His geſtures were loſt in our ſurpriſe at his words."

"WHO is that other Argive chief?" Priam, ſeeing Ajax, began. "Who is he, ſo large, ſo great? The talleſt of the ſons of Argos,—with lofty head and ſhoulders wide?" "Ajax," the firſt of women replied, "the great Ajax, thou beholdeſt afar,—the bulwark of the Argives in arms!—Amid his Cretans, near the hero, ſtands Idomeneus, in ſize like a god. Around him are all convened the bold chiefs of his native iſle. Often have I ſeen the warrior, received in friendſhip, by great Menelaüs: When he came to our lofty halls from wide Crete, o'er the ſtormy main. Now all the chiefs of Greece I behold: For to me the heroes are known, and, with eaſe, I could recount their names. But two chiefs here meet not mine eyes,—two leaders of nations in war,—Caſtor, the ruler of ſteeds, and Pollux, unyielding in fight: The brothers of deſolate Helen, whom the ſame mother bore. Have they not followed Greece in arms, from Lacedæmon's pleaſant fields? Or have they come to the Trojan ſhores, in their wave-dividing ſhips? But the battle of heroes they ſhun,—avoid the foul diſgrace which Helen has brought on her race?"

THUS

Thus ſpoke Helen divine: But long ſince, on her brothers, the earth had cloſed; far-diſtant in Lacedæmon, on the loved ſhore of their native land.

The heralds, meantime, through Troy, the confirming offerings of the gods conveyed,—the lambs, the joy-inſpiring wine, the fruit of earth, in goatſkins confined. Idæus held forth, in his hands, the ſplendid urn, with the cups of gold; and, ſtanding in the preſence of Priam, thus rouzed the aged king with words:

"Arise, ſon of Laömedon! Both armies call forth the king: The chiefs of the car-borne Trojans, and of the Argives covered with mails. They bid thee to deſcend to the plain! To ſtrike a laſting peace with Greece. Alexander of form divine, and Menelaüs in battle renowned,—with beaming ſpears, will contend for the noble dame; and he, that overcomes in the field, both Helen and her wealth ſhall enjoy. While we the reſt, with friendſhip, with ſacred treaties confirmed,—the fertile regions of Troy ſhall poſſeſs. While they return to Argos, the mother of warlike ſteeds, —to Achaia of lovely maids.

He ſpoke. The old man, ſhuddering, aroſe. He commands to join his ſteeds to the car. His friends obey the voice of the king. Priam aſcends on high; and draws the

the reins back to his hand. By his ſide ſits the aged Antënor, aloſt in the ſplendid car. Through the Scæan gate they ruſh forth, guiding the fleet ſteeds to the plain.

When to the Trojans and Greeks, the heroes came; deſcending from the car to the ground,—they move forward, between the lines. At the approach of the aged, the king of men, Agamemnon, aroſe. Ulyſſes ſtood forth before them. The ſacred heralds the rites prepared. In the urn they mixed the wine; and poured water on the hands of the kings. Atrides drew forth, with his hands, the knife; which always hung, by the large ſheath of his deathful ſword. He cut the wool, from the heads of the lambs: which the heralds, among the princes divide. The ſon of Atreus, with loſty voice, and hands ſpread to heaven, a prayer prefers:

"O father Jove," he ſaid, "who reignſt on Ida! thou greateſt and beſt!—and thou, O ſun, who all things ſeeſt, and heareſt all!—O rivers!—thou mother Earth!—ye powers, that dwell under the ground, and puniſh perjured mortals in death!—Bear witneſs,—confirm our league;—give ſanction to the oaths which we ſwear. Should Menelaüs in combat fall, beneath the hand of Alexander; let him lovely Helen retain, with all the wealth, which ſhe brought to Troy; and we, in our hollow ſhips, ſhall return

to our native land. But ſhould Alexander in combat fall, beneath the hands of the fair-haired king; then the Trojans ſhall Helen reſtore, with all her wealth, to her lawful lord. They ſhall alſo pay a juſt fine to the Greeks;—to be remembered in future times. But ſhould Priam and Priam's ſons refuſe to pay the fine to Greece,—when Alexander lies ſlain on the field:—Then will I fight, for the ſake of the fine;—here remaining before theſe walls, till this ſword ſhall find a period to war."

He ſaid, and ſlew both the lambs. He threw them, as they quivered, on earth. The ſpirit iſſued forth, round the ſteel. Deprived of motion the victims lay. The wine drawn, from the urns in cups, is poured forth in libations to heaven: And holy vows are made to the gods, who for ever live. Thus o'er the lines, of each hoſt, aroſe the general prayer:

"O Jove moſt auguſt! thou greateſt in power!—and ye, the other deathleſs gods! Let thoſe, who firſt this treaty ſhall break—let their blood flow, like this wine, on the ground: Their blood and that of all their race: And their wives mix in love with their foes."—Thus they prayed over the lines: Jove delayed to grant their requeſt.

In the midſt of the armies, Dardanian Priam aroſe:—"Hear me," he ſaid, "O Trojans! Warriors of Achaia, hear. I will retire from the field—to Ilium, expoſed to the winds. Theſe eyes cannot bear to behold, my much-loved ſon engaged, with his foe. To Jove alone is known, and to the other immortal gods, o'er which of the warriors hovers the deſtined death."

He ſpoke, and placed the lambs in the car. He aſcended the chariot with ſpeed; and drew the reins back to his hand. By his ſide ſat the aged Antënor, in the poliſhed car. Returning they drove along the field, to Ilium guiding the ſteeds. But Hector, the ſon of Priam and Ulyſſes deſcended from Jove, meaſured out for the combat, a ſpace between the hoſts. The lots in a helmet are thrown, to decide, between the chiefs,—who firſt ſhould launch the brazen ſpear. The people are in prayer around; raiſing to the gods their hands; and thus the Greeks and Trojans aloud their vows preferred:

"O father Jove!" they ſaid, "who reigneſt on Ida, thou moſt awful and greateſt of powers! Let him, who the cauſe is of woes, whichſoever is the author of war:—Let him, ſlain by the hand of his foe, deſcend to the ſhades of death. Grant, thus, to the nations peace, with ſacred treaties confirmed to all."—Thus, as they ſpoke in prayer, great Hector

the helmet ſhook, turning his eyes away. The lot of Alexander flew forth. The armies ſat down, o'er their lines; each by his ſwift-footed ſteeds, where his bright arms gleamed on the ground. Straight the noble Alexander aroſe,—the ſpouſe of Helen with lovely locks. The beauteous greaves, round his ankles he placed: Bound faſt with ſilver claſps before. The corſlet of his brother Lycäon, fitting his ſhape, round his boſom, he threw. His bright ſword, from his ſhoulders hung, diſtinguiſhed with ſilver ſtuds. On his arm is diſplayed his ſhield, a wide and ſolid orb. Above, on his gallant head, the ſplendid helmet aroſe. With horſe-hair ſhaggy around, the dreadful creſt is nodding on high. In his hand he ſeized a ſpear, which ſuited well his manly arm. Like the chief, and with equal ſpeed, the great Menelaüs aſſumed his arms.

Thus, covered with ſteel, from either hoſt, to the center the chiefs advance. Stern are their eyes, as they move. Horror runs through the lines around. Now, in the meaſured ſpace, they ſtand, ſhaking their ſpears, and kindling to mutual rage. Firſt Alexander threw his lance; and ſmote the round ſhield of the great Atrides. Nor pierced it the plate of braſs. On the ſtrong buckler the point is bent. Menelaüs advanced in act to throw; addreſſing thus a prayer to father Jove:—"Ruler of heaven, Jove,"

he ſaid, "grant me to revenge my cauſe. Subdue Paris beneath my hands. Puniſh him, who wronged, the firſt: That future ages may grow wiſe from his fall: And men ſhudder to injure their hoſts; or break the laws that bind mankind."

He ſaid: And threw his long ſpear, with force. He ſtruck the wide ſhield of the ſon of Priam. Through the bright buckler the javelin paſſed. In the well-wrought corſlet it, fixed, remained. Behind,—the point his garment tore, as, by his flank, the ſpear deſcends. Inclining his body, as it came, the warrior avoided death. The ſon of Atreus, unſheathing his ſword, ſtruck the creſt of his helmet aloft. In broken ſhivers, flew the blade from his hand. Groaning aloud from his ſoul, the broad face of the heavens the chief ſurveys:—"O father Jove," he ſaid, "none, above, is more cruel than thee.—I hoped for vengeance on this Alexander:—But now, broken, in my hands, is my ſword; and the ſpear flies in vain from mine arm."

He ſaid: and, ruſhing forward, ſeized his foe by the caſque. By the horſe-hair creſt he ſeized the chief, and dragged him toward the Argive line; half-ſtrangled by the embroidered thong, that bound the helmet below the chin. Then glory had covered Atrides; if Venus had not aided his foe. The daughter of Jove broke the thong in twain:

The empty helmet followed the hero's hand. With force he whirled it toward the Greeks: His loved friends took it up, as it rolled. Again he ruſhed on the chief, with wild deſire to pierce the foe. But he was reſcued, from death, by Venus: With eaſe the gods can ſave mankind! Him ſhe wrapt in a cloud of darkneſs; and in his fragrant chamber placed him, far from the dangers of war.

To call Helen the goddeſs moved. Her in a lofty tower ſhe found: In a circle of Trojan dames. With her hand, ſhe touched her fragrant robe; like a withered matron in years, ſkilled in teaſing the fleece with her hands:—An ancient maid, who, in high Lacedæmon, had culled, for the queen, the wool: Who, much of her love had gained. Reſembling HER, in form and voice, thus ſpoke Venus divine!—"Come, lovely Helen," ſhe ſaid, "Alexander demands thee to come. He waits, in the ſecret chamber, on the poliſhed ivory bed: Splendid in beauty, and bright in robes. Nor like a warrior, from combat is he!—but a youth, when he moves to the feaſt; or when he ſits from the ſprightly dance."

SHE ſaid: And moved her ſecret ſoul. But when ſhe ſaw the beauteous neck of the queen of love,—her boſom, heaving white to view,—her eyes rolling, in ſplendour divine!—She ſhrunk in her preſence with fear; and thus at length, her words addreſſed:—"Why, goddeſs, again de-

ceive? Whither wouldſt thou bear me away? To ſome well-peopled town afar, of wide Phrygia or delightful Mæonia? To ſome youthful favourite of thine? Or is it becauſe Menelaüs, having vanquiſhed Alexander in fight, would ME, odious as I am, receive,—thou hither comeſt to enſnare my ſoul?—Go thou, and ſit by his ſide. Renounce thy place among the gods. Return to Olympus no more. Bear human woes in his cauſe. Save thy favourite from peril: Till he makes thee his wife or his ſlave. To his preſence I never will go. It were foul diſgrace to adorn his bed. The Trojan dames would reproach me all. My ſoul is overwhelmed with woes."

INCENSED replied high-boſomed Venus:—"Unhappy woman! enrage me not; leſt in my wrath, I forſake thy ſide. Leſt I hate thee, from my ſoul, more than I ever have loved. Leſt I kindle between theſe hoſts, the dreadful hatred of both to thee; and thou periſh, in wretched death, by the joint conſent of Greece and of Troy."

SHE ſpoke in wrath; and, at her voice, ſudden terror ſeized the daughter of Jove. Silent ſhe moved, in a ſnow-white veil. She left, unperceived, the dames of Troy: For the goddeſs led, onward, the way. When to the beauteous halls of Alexander they came: The fair handmaids quick repaired to their taſks. To the lofty chamber of Paris, the

firſt of women aſcends in her charms. A couch to Alexander oppoſed, is placed by laughter-loving Venus. There Helen, in her beauty, ſat,—the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove. With averted eyes ſhe ſat down, and thus with words upbraided the chief:

"Thou comeſt from war!" ſhe ſaid, "Would! that in war thou hadſt fallen,—ſlain by the valiant man, who, once, was the ſpouſe of Helen!—Thou often haſt boaſted, before me; that, in ſtrength, in valour, in arms, thou excelledſt the great Menelaüs. Go—call the warrior to fight. —Defy him again in the field. But thee to abſtain I adviſe: Nor raſhly contend, with the yellow-haired king; leſt thou ſhouldſt fall in blood, beneath the hero's ſpear."

To her words thus Paris replies:—"Torment not my ſoul, O woman! nor add to my grief with reproach. Now Menelaüs prevails, with the aid of the wiſe Minerva. Him, hereafter I may alſo ſubdue:—For guardian gods are not wanting in Troy. But let us return to favour, to our former raptures return. Never did the flame of love, ſo warmly involve my ſoul. Not, when from the fair Lacedæmon, I roſe with thee, on the waves of the main;—and forced thee away, a lovely prize, in my ſea-dividing ſhips. Not when, firſt in the iſle of Cranaë, I mixed, in fierce joy, with thy charms—felt I thy power ſo much as now, or pleaſure

thrilling

thrilling through every vein."—He ſpoke: And firſt aſcended the bed. She followed, in the glow of her charms.

While they are diſſolved in pleaſing repoſe: Atrides wanders through all the lines. He ſearches around for his prey,—for Alexander of form divine. But none of all the Trojan hoſt—of all the far-famed allies none—could point out the retreat of Paris, to Menelaüs beloved of Mars: Nor for friendſhip would they conceal the chief. Not death itſelf was more odious to all.

In the midſt Agamemnon aroſe; and thus began the king of men:—"Hear me, O warriors of Ilium, Dardanians and allies of Troy!—With conqueſt crowned, Menelaüs poſſeſſes the field. Reſtore, then, Argive Helen,—all the treaſure ſhe brought, reſtore. Pay alſo a juſt fine to the Greeks;—a memorial to after years."—Thus ſpoke the ſon of Atreus. Greece o'er her armies approved.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK IV.

THE gods ſat in council with Jove, in the golden-paved halls of the ſky. To all,—the delightful Hebè bore the ſprightly Nectar, around. Each other they pledge in golden cups; rolling, on Troy, their radiant eyes. The ſon of Saturn, ſtraight, began, to awaken the rage of Juno. With cutting words, the god began: And, by comparing, thus kindled her wrath:

"Two daughters of heaven," he ſaid, "aid the great Menelaüs in arms: Juno, renowned in Argos, and the powerfully-aſſiſting Minerva: Yet they ſit apart, at the feaſt—behold all, and with all, are pleaſed. But, from the ſide of her favoured Paris, removes not laughter-loving Venus. She drives

drives from him the fates away; and ſaves him in the moment of death. But conqueror in the liſted field, remains Menelaüs, beloved of Mars. Let us determine in heaven, what end to impoſe on theſe events. Shall we kindle, again, dreadful war? Waken bloody battle, o'er all the lines?—Or whelm the nations in peace?—Should the latter pleaſe all the gods; the Trojans ſhall dwell in the city of Priam, and Argive Helen return, o'er the main."

He ſaid. In ſilence, murmuring, they ſat: Minerva and the ſiſter of Jove:—Near to each other they ſat, revolving miſchief to Troy, in their ſouls. Minerva reſtrained her words, though enraged at her father Jove,—though fierce wrath had poſſeſſed her all. But Juno repreſſed not her fury: And, thus to her ſpouſe, ſhe replied:

"Severe ſon of Saturn," ſhe ſaid, "What words have eſcaped from thy lips? Why wouldſt thou render fruitleſs my toil? Render vain all the labours I bore?—For this have my ſteeds been fatigued? Wandered I, for this, through the ſtates of Greece, to gather the foes of Priam? To pour deſtruction, on all his ſons?—But let thy pleaſure be done. We the other gods, ſhall never approve."

To her, much-kindled to wrath, replied, the high ruler of ſtorms:—"Thou fury!" began the god, "What has

Priam?—What Priam's ſons?—What great offence have they done?—That thus, unceaſing in rage, thou wouldſt level with earth, the high-built city of ſacred Troy?—Go. Forſake the ſkies. Enter theſe gates—theſe lofty walls. Devour Priam at once—the ſons of Priam all devour. Make one bloody meal of the Trojans. Glut thy fierce ſoul with revenge. Go. Do as thou wilt. This, hereafter, ſhall kindle no ſtrife:—No conteſt between us, in heaven. But liſten thou to my voice. My words, within thy breaſt, record: When I reſolve, in my kindling wrath, ſome city, ſome ſtate to deſtroy, poſſeſſed by a race, by thee beloved. Stop not my right-hand, in my rage. Ruſh not between my purpoſe and me. To thee have I given a city beloved,—with mind unwilling, to thee have reſigned:—For of all, beneath the ſun,—beneath heaven refulgent with ſtars,—of all the cities poſſeſſed by men, the children of the earth:—Of theſe cities honoured the moſt, by the ſoul of Jove, is the ſacred Troy:—And honoured the moſt is Priam, and the people of Priam, renowned with their aſhen ſpears. Never ſtood the altar empty before me, of ſuiting ſacrifice deprived—of oblations poured forth in my preſence,—of ſavour that aſcended the ſkies:—Theſe honours, unceaſing, were paid to high-thundering Jove."

Majestic Juno replied, rolling her large eyes on the god: "Three cities remain to Juno,—of all cities, the moſt

beloved: Argos, hill-ſurrounded Sparta, the wide ſtreets of the noble Mycénæ. Theſe deſtroy in thy wrath; when they ſhall offend the ſoul of Jove. Them I ſhall not protect, nor envy in aught to thy rage. And, ſhould I envy them to THEE and interpoſe with all my force; what would avail my feeble aid:—Since thou art far greater in power? But now it becomes not Jove, to render vain all the labours I bore. I too a goddeſs am:—From one ſource we our lineage derive. Me alſo, wiſe Saturn begot, ſo much, in heaven, revered. A double claim to favour I hold; at once the ſiſter and ſpouſe of high-thundering Jove, who, o'er the deathleſs dwellers of heaven reigns. But let us in this to each other yield; and by our example taught, the immortal gods will obey. Thou to Minerva give command, to deſcend to the formed armies of Greece and Troy,—to urge the Trojans the treaty to break, by firſt inſulting the Argives, elated by fame."

SHE ſpoke: And, ſtraight, obeyed her words, the father of men and of gods. Inſtant he Minerva commands:—"Haſte, to the armies, deſcend. Go. Urge the Trojans the treaty to break, by firſt inſulting the Argives, elated with fame."—He rouzed the goddeſs already prompt. From the brows of Olympus, ſhe ſwiftly deſcends. As when the ſon of the prudent Saturn, ſhoots a ſtar, through the boſom of

of night,—to mariners a dire portent, a blazing omen to nations aſſembled in arms. In a thouſand ſparks, the meteor breaks and is loſt, as it flies, in the winds. Thus, borne downward with force, to earth, Minerva ſhoots bright between the hoſts. Silent wonder moves over the lines. The Greeks, the Trojans are ſtruck at the ſight: And thus to his fellow, each warrior ſpoke:—"Or diſmal war this ſign portends, and fierce conflict along the field,—or Jove confirms the nations in peace, the dealer forth of war to mankind."

Thus ſpoke the warriors of Greece and Troy. In form, a man, the goddeſs moved,—through the crowded lines of the Trojan hoſt. Like Laödocus, the ſon of Antënor, a hero unequalled in arms,—ſhe moved in ſearch of Pandarus, like the deathleſs gods in form. She found the ſtout ſon of Lycäon, ſtanding in the line. The ſtrong ranks of his troops roſe around, ſhaded o'er with their boſſy ſhields: The warriors, who followed the chief, from the deep ſtream of the winding Æſëpus. Standing near the hero, with winged words, ſhe thus began:

"Wilt thou liſten to me in aught, warlike ſon of the great Lycäon? Wilt thou venture to wing the deadly ſhaft on Menelaüs?—Great would be thy favour in Troy, and great the glory thou wouldſt gain!—Honoured by all the

people; by kingly Alexander the moſt. On thee rich gifts the chief would pour, ſhould he behold the great Menelaüs,—the ſon of Atreus, by thine arrow ſubdued, aſcending, in death, the mournful pile. Haſte. Send forth the deadly ſhaft. Transfix him in the midſt of his pride. But vow to pay to Apollo, born in Lycia, renowned at the bow, —vow to pay a rich offering of earlieſt lambs, at thy return to thy native land, the ſacred city of high Zelëa."

She ſpoke, and bent his thoughtleſs ſoul to the youth. Straight he drew forth his high-poliſhed bow: The ſpoil of a mountain-goat ſlain by the chief, in the chace. Long had he watched his iſſuing forth from the rock,—in ambuſh, watched and transfixed him, as he bounded away. Breathleſs the rough prey fell on earth: Sixteen handfuls was each of his horns. Theſe, by the artiſt, were fitted for uſe; ſmoothed all around, and tipt, at each end, with gold. Bending this, the hero placed it with ſkill,—inclining forward, with his knee to the ground. His friends ſtretched before him their ſhields, leſt the foes ſhould ruſh on their lord; ere yet he transfixed Menelaüs, the leader of Greece in arms. The quiver from his ſhoulders he drew, and choſe, with care, a deadly ſhaft,—with feathers winged, never ſhot before, ſad ſource of a thouſand woes!—The arrow, ſtraight, to the ſtring he fits: And vows to pay to Apollo, in Lycia born,

born, a rich offering of earlieſt lambs; at his return to his native land, to the ſacred city of high Zelëa. The huge bow he bent round with force. The horn creaked—the bow-ſtring twanged aloud. Forth ſprings the arrow, with eager ſpeed, whizzing as it flies through the crowd.

Nor thee, O Menelaüs! did the bleſt above, in that moment forget. The deathleſs gods were thy guard. But chief the warlike daughter of thundering Jove: Who ſtood before thee, unſeen, and turned aſide the deadly ſhaft. In its progreſs the arrow ſhe ſtopt:—Thus a mother hovering over her babe, drives the hoarſe fly from his ear, when calm he ſlumbers in pleaſing reſt. The goddeſs directs the ſhaft, where the golden buckles bound the belt, and preſſed a double corſlet behind. Through the high-wrought belt it paſſed,—through the double corſlet it drove. In the plated truſs, the laſt defence of the body from darts,—deep-fixed ſtood the deathful ſhaft: Yet this alſo the point had pierced and razed the upper ſkin of the chief behind. Straight ruſhed the dark blood, from the wound.

As when ſome Mæonian or Carian dame—ſtains, with purple, an ivory curb, to grace the cheeks of the bounding ſteed. In her chamber ſecurely it lies; the envy of all that behold. Many horſemen long to wear it in fight. But for a king the fair gift is reſerved: At once, to adorn the

ſteed

ſteed and to his rider to add renown. So looked, Menelaüs, thy thighs, and white legs, when ſtained with thy blood.

Horror ſeized the ſovereign of men, as the dark blood ruſhed down from the wound: With horror was alſo ſeized, Menelaüs beloved of Mars. But when he beheld the point; and ſharp barbs ſtill extant above; his ſettling mind, again, reſumed her wonted ſeat in his breaſt. Deep-ſighing from his inmoſt ſoul, Agamemnon to ſpeak began; holding his brother, by the hand, amid the groans of his people around.

"Brother beloved!" he ſaid, "have I ſtruck a truce, for thy death? Have I expoſed thee, for this, in ſingle combat, with Troy, for all? Since thus the foe has ſought thy blood, and broke the ſacred treaties he ſwore? Nor unpuniſhed their oaths ſhall paſs; nor blood of lambs ſhall flow in vain; nor yet the libations poured to Jove; nor plighted faith, which binds mankind. Though Jove his wrath may defer; the hour of viſitation will come. Much will they forfeit, for their crime,—their blood, their wives, their children of tender years!—For well my preſcient ſoul forebodes, that ſoon the diſmal day will come, when ſacred Ilium ſhall paſs away,—when Priam from his throne ſhall fall, with Priam's people renowned at the ſpear. The great ſon of Saturn, who ſits aloft, the dweller of the higheſt heavens,

heavens, ſhall o'er them ſhake his dreadful Ægis, rouzed to rage, by their recent crime. Their broken faith ſhall not paſs in vain: But for thee my ſoul is ſad; O Menelaüs! for thee, I will mourn, ſhouldſt thou thus fall beneath their hands, and cloſe, by their crimes, a life of renown. Branded with ſhame I muſt return: Reviſit loved Argos, with diſgrace. When Menelaüs is no more; the Greeks will remember their native land: Leaving glory to Priam, to the Trojans high renown, and Argive Helen to the inſulting foe. But here the earth ſhall incloſe thy bones,—whitening as they waſte, in the ſoil of Troy,—while unfiniſhed the war ſhall depart. Then ſhall diſgrace be added to grief. Some haughty Trojan will utter theſe words; ſpurning, with contempt, the tomb of Menelaüs, afar renowned:"—"May thus in all, our foes ſucceed; thus Agamemnon vent always his rage. Hither he brought his armies in vain. Now o'er the deep he returns, to the loved ſhore of his native land: In empty veſſels he returns, leaving his gallant brother behind."—Thus ſome haughty Trojan will ſpeak;—then open, earth, and receive me, from light."

To him, confirming his ſoul, the yellow-haired Menelaüs replied;—"Be not diſmayed, my brother! nor, thus, wake fear o'er the hoſt of Greece. In no mortal part is the wound. The ſhaft was ſtopt ſhort of death, by the various

belt, doubled above,—behind by the girdle and plate of braſs, wrought by the artiſt's hands."—"True prove thy words!" the king replied, "O Menelaüs, ſo much beloved!—But let the wound be treated with care, by one ſkilled in the healing art. Let ſome lenient balm be applied, to quench the blood and to ſettle the pain."—The herald divine he called:—"Go, Talthybius," the hero ſaid, "go, call hither Machäon, the ſon of Æſculapius, renowned in the healing arts. Call hither the chief, to Menelaüs, the leader of Greece; whom ſome warrior expert at the bow, has wounded afar, with his ſhaft. Some warrior expert at the bow, an aid from Lycia or ſon of Troy: A deed of glory to him, to us the ſource of woe!"

He ſpoke: Nor the herald delayed to obey the voice of the king:—He moved through the lines of Greece, reſplendent with gleaming arms,—in ſearch of the hero, Machäon. Him he found, ſtanding in arms. The ſtout ranks of his troops roſe around, ſhaded o'er with their boſſy ſhields: The warriors, whom the chief led from Tricca, the mother of warlike ſteeds. Approaching the herald began, with winged words like theſe:—"Haſten, ſon of Æſculapius. Thee the ſovereign of Argos calls. He calls thee to Menelaüs, the gallant ſon of the warlike Atreus; whom ſome warrior, expert at the bow, has wounded afar, with his

ſhaft. Some warrior, at the bow expert, an aid from Lycia or ſon of Troy: A deed of glory to him—to us the ſource of woe!"

He ſpoke: And moved the ſoul of the chief. Sudden, he ruſhed through the crowd, through the wide army of Greece. He came to the yellow-haired Menelaüs. To the hero the chiefs were convened. A circle is formed around. In the midſt ſtood the godlike man. Straight from the belt he drew the ſhaft. Backward bent are the forky barbs. The various belt he unties, the inmoſt girdle and plate of braſs, formed by the ſkilful artiſt's hand. Viewing firſt, with care, the place, where the deadly arrow had urged its point; the blood he ſucks from the wound, and ſpreads it over with lenient balms, which his father from Chiron received.

When thus the chiefs ſtood around Menelaüs renowned in arms, the ranks of the ſhielded Trojans, moved forward, with all their line. The ſons of Greece, their arms reſumed. Sudden battle is rouzed in their ſouls. Then could no eye behold Agamemnon ſlumbering time away, or trembling in the front of war, or declining the dreadful fight, but urging forward, with eager ſpeed, his people to the field of renown. His ſteeds the hero diſmiſſed, his chariot various with ſtuds of gold. Theſe ſnorting, as they

paced o'er the ground, Eurymedon held by the reins. Near the king, by command, they kept, leſt fatigue ſhould ſurpriſe his limbs, as he bore his orders, o'er all the lines. On foot the monarch holds his way, winding, as he moves, through the ranks of men. To thoſe whom forming in arms he found, or rouzing their fierce ſteeds to the fight, he added courage, with words like theſe:—"O Argives! remit not in ought your wonted ardour to meet the foe. Never to the perjured in ſoul will father Jove lend his aid in fight. But thoſe, who firſt their treaties broke,—who firſt have injured, with breach of faith, THEIR bodies ſhall vultures devour, along the bloody field; while WE their loved wives and infant ſons, ſhall bear, in our ſhips, away: When Troy, o'er her ruins, ſmokes afar on the main to the fight."

BUT thoſe who ſlowly ſeemed to arm, or coldly ſhrunk back from the fight, the king upbraided, with wrathful words:—"O Argives, obnoxious to ſhafts, men covered with diſgrace and ſhame!—Say, whither is your honour fled? —Why ſtand ye aſtoniſhed, like fawns,—who, having bounded along the wide field, at length, wearied down in the chace, ſtand ſtaring in crowds, whilſt no force, in their joints remains?—Thus amazed, in herds, ye ſtand, careleſs of honour, dreading war!—Wait ye for the approach of the Trojans? Till the foe ſhall deſcend on your ſhips, laid up on

on the ſhore of the foamy main?—Hope ye that heaven will interpoſe? That Jove will daſtards protect with his arm?"

Thus he, commanding as he went, moved forward along the line. To the Cretans at length he came, leaving many ſquadrons of warriors behind. Theſe, round the warlike Idomeneus, armed. The king himſelf the front poſſeſſed, breathing ſtrength, like a ſavage boar. Meriones, hid behind the rear, urged forward the fartheſt line. Beholding both the chiefs with joy, the king of men to Idomeneus thus mildly began:

"Idomeneus," the hero ſaid, "thee moſt I honour of all the Greeks: Whether thou moveſt forward to war, or planneſt, in council, the works of peace. When at my feaſt, thou ſitteſt in ſtate; when the leaders of Greece mix the dark-red wine,—though others, by certain portions, quaff, ever thy goblet ſtands full, like mine; that thou may'ſt drink, as ſeems good to thy ſoul. But haſten to the fight, my friend!—Maintain the glory thou haſt boaſted in arms."

To him the leader of the Cretans began:—"Son of Atreus," the hero ſaid, "Me, a firm ally, thou ever ſhalt find,—as firſt I promiſed and plighted my faith. But thou the other leaders excite to arms, that ſtraight we may join

the fight. The Trojans have the treaty infringed. Death hovers with woe, o'er their hoſt: For they, the firſt, have injured the ſons of Greece."

He ſpoke. Atrides paſſed along, gladneſs glowing, in his heart, as he went. He came to the great Ajaces, ruſhing, through the lines of the hoſt. Both the heroes moved forward in arms: A dark ſtorm of warriors advanced, from behind. As when, from a rock's lofty brow, a ſhepherd beholds a cloud, coming forward along the main, beneath the blaſt of the weſtern wind. Dark as night it ſeems, afar, to his eyes; and, ruſhing over the whitening waves, brings a whirlwind incloſed in its womb. He ſhudders, from his inmoſt ſoul; and drives his flock to ſome ſecret cave. Thus, round the great Ajaces, of youths eager to ruſh to blood, a thick column moved forward, to the hoſtile field:—Dark they ſeem, as they move, briſtled aloft with ſpears and ſhaded o'er with ſhields. Agamemnon rejoiced, at the fight;—and, thus, addreſſing the chiefs, with winged words, began:

"Leaders of the bright-mailed Argives! O Ajaces renowned in war! You I urge not; for it ill would become,—to waken battle along your line. Of yourſelves you rouze the people to arms,—to boldly dare in the field of blood. O would to father Jove, to Minerva, to the far-ſhooting Phœbus,

bus,—that ſouls ſo gallant as yours, were poured into every breaſt :—Then ſoon would fall the city of Priam, by our hands ſubdued and laid in ruins along the ground."

At the word, he left the heroes, and moved forward to other chiefs. Neſtor he found, in his place, the pleaſing orator of Pylos! ranging his troops for the fight, and urging them forward to blood. Near the king his chieftains ſtood, —Pelagon great in arms, Alâſtor, Chromius renowned, the princely Hæmon, and Bias, the leader of armies. In the front he placed the martial cars, with thoſe who guide the ſteeds in fight. His ſtout infantry formed his rear, the firm bulwark of battle behind. The daſtards in the center he ranged; that even the unwilling might be forced to contend in war. To the drivers he gave his firſt commands, to curb the ardour of their ſteeds, and not to range through the crowd, as they break the array of their friends.

"Let none, preſuming on his ſkill, nor yet confiding in his ſtrength, drive forward his car before the reſt, though eager to engage with the foe. Let none retreat from the ranks, nor weaken, by thinning, the line. He, who, from his ſeat, is thrown, and vaults into another's car, let him ſtretch forward the ſpear, and leave the known reins to the driver's hand. Thus our fathers fought in the field; thus

towers

towers and cities were of old overthrown; when men laid up, in their breaſts, theſe wiſeſt maxims of war."

Thus rouzed his troops the aged chief, long ſkilled in the arts of the field. Him Agamemnon, with joy, beheld, and, thus, with winged words addreſſed:—"O aged chief!" the king began, "Would! that like thy daring ſoul, thy limbs could bear thee forward to fight!—That ſtill thy ſtrength had firm remained!—But thou with time art bent to earth, with years that equal are to all. Would! that thine age another preſſed! that ſtill thou wert young in the field!"

To him, thus calmly replied, the aged breaker of warlike ſteeds:—"Son of Atreus," he ſaid, "I alſo wiſh that day could return,—when the great Ereuthâlion fell, vanquiſhed, beneath this arm. But never, at once did the gods,—pour all their favours on mankind: If then I was young in the field, now age invades my limbs. But ſuch as I am, amid the cars, I will ſtand, in the front of war. My words, my counſel ſhall rouze the troops:—That only is the office of age. The ſpear let others launch in fight. Let thoſe younger in years engage: For they, in their ſtrength, can confide."

Thus

Thus ſpoke the ſovereign of Pylos: Atrides paſſed, glad in his ſoul. Standing he found the ſon of Peteus, Meneſtheus, the breaker of ſteeds. Around the chief his Athenians aroſe, ſkilled in each motion of war. Near ſtood the wiſe Ulyſſes, with his Cephallenians, not timid in ſoul. Unprepared the warriors ſtood. The loud alarm had not travelled ſo far through the line: But now the rouzed armies moved forward, on either ſide.—Still in doubtful ſuſpence ſtood the chiefs: And waited till the warriors of Greece ſhould ruſh on the Trojans and commence the war. The king of men the heroes beheld; and, thus, upbraiding both, began:

"O son of Peteus!" he ſaid, "a king high favoured by Jove!—And thou, verſed in artful deceit, in miſchief only wiſe!—Why, trembling, ſhrink ye back from the field? Why wait till others engage in fight? You it became, as firſt in rank, the firſt to meet the flame of war. You firſt to the banquet are called, when we ſpread the feaſt, for the leaders of Greece. You delight at the roaſt to regale,—to quaff, unſtinted, the generous wine. But, cold, you ſtare, careleſs, around, though ten ſquadrons of Greeks ſhould advance, deciding battle, before you, with pointed ſpears."

Frowning, ſidelong, on the king, the wiſe Ulyſſes replied:—"Son of Atreus," the chief began, "What words

have eſcaped from thy lips? Why, unguarded in tongue, haſt thou ſaid,—that our hands are remiſs in the fight?—When we, the leaders of Greece, ſhall ruſh, in wrath, upon the foe, and, o'er the line, fierce battle awake:—Then may the king behold—if things like theſe command his care,—the loved father of young Telemachus, mixing with the foremoſt in fight, and turning death on the warriors of Troy. Why, unguarded in thy tongue, haſt thou uttered reproof ſo vain?"

Smiling, the king of men replied. Obſerving the chief in wrath, he changed his language, and thus began:—"Generous ſon of Laërtes! Ulyſſes prudent beyond mankind!—Thee I upbraid not raſhly, nor preſume to incite to arms. Well I know, in thy manly breaſt, there dwells a ſoul with friendly counſels replete. Our minds in all agree: The ſame are thy thoughts with mine. But now of this no more. Hereafter all ſhall be repaired; if aught unpleaſing is ſaid. This may the gods render vain, and blot diſguſt from thy ſoul."

Thus as he ſpoke, he left the chiefs; and moved forward to other heroes. He found the ſon of Tydeus, the great Diomedes, inactive in arms, ſtanding on his beauteous car, behind his high-maned ſteeds. Near him fierce Sthenelus ſtood, the ſon of warlike Capanëus. Him, as Agamemnon beheld, he thus upbraided with winged words:

"Alas!

"Alas!—ſon of warlike Tydeus! Why trembles the breaker of ſteeds? Why roll in terror thine eyes, along the dreary paths of war?—Thus Tydeus was not wont to tremble, when danger roſe before the chief. Far in front before his friends, the hero delighted to meet the foe. Thus they, with wonder, told, who ſaw him toiling in the field. Nor I was preſent to his deeds. Theſe eyes beheld him not in war: But report has raiſed his fame, beyond the reſt of human kind. In peace he entered high Mycènæ, a gueſt, with Polynices equal to gods. Collecting forces the heroes came, reſolved to roll war to the walls of the ſacred Thebes. Much the godlike ſuppliants ſued, for warlike aids to join their cauſe. The people liſtened to their voice; and wiſhed to grant the boon to their prayers. But Jove forbade from above, diſplaying diſaſtrous ſigns. When they left the high Mycènæ, meaſuring back their way to their friends: They came in arms to the ruſhy banks of the deep-winding Aſöpus. The meſſenger of Greece to the foe, Tydeus went to ſacred Thebes. The hero found many Cadmëans, feaſting, in the high halls of the bold Eteocles. The ruler of ſteeds, though a ſtranger, ſhrunk not with fear away,—though alone in the midſt of a thouſand foes. To martial games he challenged all;—all in ſtrength and art he foiled: Such was the aid of Minerva, to the warlike Tydeus. The rage of the Thebans aroſe. They laid a ſtrong ambuſh for the

chief: Fifty youths lay in wait to cut off the hero's return. Two were their leaders in arms, Mæon the ſon of Hæmon, like the immortal gods in form; and the ſon of warlike Autophon, Lycophontes, unmoved in fight. They fell by the hand of Tydeus. Death ſpread o'er all, from his ſword. All the matchleſs hero ſlew: One only he ſpared and diſmiſſed. Mæon alone he diſmiſſed; obeying the ſudden omens of Jove. Such was Ætolian Tydeus:—But HE has left a ſon behind, leſs brave than his father in deeds,—in words his ſuperior far!"

HE ſpoke: Nor ought replied Diomedes renowned in arms. Silent he revered the king; and heard his high reproof, with awe. But to him began with rage, the ſtout ſon of the great Capanëus:—"Diſguiſe not the truth, ſon of Atreus!—Oppoſe not, with words, thy thoughts. Know, that o'er the fame of our fathers, we boaſt, that our valour aſcends. In arms WE high Thebes overthrew, renowned with her ſeven gates; though fewer forces we led, before her ſacred walls. We truſted in the ſigns of the gods, in the aid of high-thundering Jove; but THEY, in their folly, periſhed, ere their ſwords found a period to war. Compare not, to us, our fathers: Place them not in the ſame renown."

TURNING his fierce looks, on the chief, the valiant Diomedes replies:—"No more!—Sit in peace," he ſaid, "obey

the voice of thy friend. Nor flames my wrath againſt the king, the ſhepherd of his people in war. It is HIS to exhort to arms, to rouze to battle the warlike Greeks. HIM glory ſhall cover with light, ſhould our armies the foe overthrow, and lay the ſacred Ilium in duſt. But ſhould his people fall in fight, HIM grief ſhall involve in ſhades. But come, I beſeech thee, come: Forget thy rage and remember thy fame."

HE ſaid; and from his lofty car, he bounded on earth in his arms. Dreadful ſounds the plated braſs, round the manly breaſt of the king, as rouzed he ſtrides along; a bright object of fear to the brave.

As when, on the wide-reſounding ſhore, the waves of Ocean together are rouzed, beneath the ruſhing blaſts of the weſtern wind. On the deep, they firſt ſwell, afar; then, enlarging as they move to the coaſt, round the high capes they riſe with rage, and crown their tops, with the foam of the main. Thus rouzed, the ranks of the Argives moved, ſucceſſive, o'er the field to the fight. Before each tribe appears its chief: The reſt, in ſilence, follow behind. Nor wouldſt thou have ſaid, that a ſingle voice dwelt in the breaſts of ſo great a hoſt: So dumb they their leaders revered. Round all, ſhone their various arms, as, cloathed in ſteel, they moved in order along. But the Trojans filled with clamour the

field; like ſheep in the pen of a wealthy man. Without number they ſtand and are milked over all the fold. Unceaſing they bleat aloud,—hearing afar the voice of their lambs. So the noiſe of the Trojans is rouzed o'er the ſpacious plain. Nor one was the ſhout of all; nor one ſound brought their voice to the ear. Their language was mixed in the wind: For, from many nations, the warriors came.

Fierce Mars rouzed the Trojans to arms,—the blue-eyed Pallas the Argives inflamed:—And terror, and flight, and diſcord, inſatiably raging along. Diſcord, of ſlaughtering Mars the ſiſter and companion in blood. Small at firſt, ſhe grows apace in her ſize: In heaven at length ſhe hides her head and ſtalks along the ground. In the midſt ſhe threw pernicious ſtrife, ſtriding along the crowd and ſwelling the murmur of armies.

When, now, gathered, on either ſide, the hoſts plunged together in fight; ſhield is harſhly laid to ſhield: Spears craſh on the brazen corſlets of men. Boſſy buckler with buckler meets—Loud tumult rages o'er all. Groans are mixed with boaſts of men. The ſlain and ſlayers join in noiſe. The earth is floating round with blood. As when two ruſhing ſtreams, from two mountains, come roaring down, and throw together their rapid waters below:—From their huge channels they pour in one, and roll, along the gulphy vale.

The.

The ſtartled ſhepherd hears the noiſe, as he ſtalks o'er the diſtant hills. So, as they mixed in the fight, from both armies, clamour, with loud terror, aroſe.

First Antilochus a Trojan ſlew, a warrior renowned in arms—valiant in the front of the line; Echepolus the ſon of Thalyſius. Him he ſtruck on the horſe-hair cone, and cleft the helmet and ſkull in twain. Through the bone the ſharp ſteel clove its way: And darkneſs roſe, at once, on his eyes. He fell, like a lofty tower, in the midſt of the field of renown. Elephënor, by the foot, ſeized the ſlain, the leader of the great Abantes. The dead, beyond darts, he would draw, to ſpoil him of his ſplendid arms. But ſhort was the ſpace, between his attempt and death. Him as he drew the corſe along, the magnanimous Agënor beheld. His ſide, expoſed, as he leaned forward upon his ſhield, with the ſteel-pointed ſpear he pierced, and looſed the ſtrength, which braced his limbs.

His ſoul left the chief on the plain. Fierce battle aroſe around his corſe. The Greeks, the Trojans advance: Like wolves, on each other they ruſh, and warrior his warrior ſlays. Then great Telamonian Ajax pierced the lovely ſon of the rich Anthemion:—The young, the blooming Simoïſius. Him his mother, deſcending from Ida, on the green banks of the Simoïs bore; when ſhe followed her parents,

to

to view, o'er the paſtures, their wandering flocks. Hence the youth was Simoïſius called; nor did he to his parents repay their care in rearing their child. Short was his term of life, ſlain by the lance of the magnanimous Ajax. The youth, as he advanced, in the field, in the right pap on the breaſt, he ſtruck. Behind, through his ſhoulder, in blood, the ſteely point of the ſpear appeared. He, in the duſt, fell to earth. Like a poplar, on the humid bank of a ſpacious lake. Tall and ſmooth it riſes to view; and wide ſpread its branches on high. The car-wright eyes the ſtately tree; and fells it, with glittering ſteel; to bend it to the round of a chariot wheel. On the bank of the ſtream it lies, to wither in all the winds. Thus Simoïſius, as he lay in death, was ſtript by Ajax, deſcended from Jove.

Antiphus on Ajax advanced,—the ſon of Priam with varied mail. Through the crowd the long javelin he launched. From the hero it ſtrayed as it flew. Through the groin of Leucus it paſſed, as he drew the body of Simoïſius away: Leucus the friend of the wiſe Ulyſſes!—Pale ſunk the warrior to earth: And the corſe fell, at once, from his hand. The rage of Ulyſſes aroſe for his ſlaughtered friend. He ruſhed forward, in wrath, to the front; clothed around with burniſhed ſteel. Near the foe the hero ſtood. He turned around his ſearching eyes; then launched the bright

ſpear

ſpear from his hand. The Trojans ſhrunk back, as he threw: Nor in vain flew the deadly lance. The ſon of Priam the hero ſtruck, Democoon, the fruit of ſecret love; who had come, from the fair Abydos,—the green paſtures of his father's fleet ſteeds. Him Ulyſſes, enraged for his friend, ſtruck with his glittering ſpear. Through both temples the keen ſteel paſſed. Riſing darkneſs covered his eyes. Sounding he fell to the earth: O'er his body clank harſhly his arms.

The foremoſt bands of the Trojans give way: The illuſtrious Hector himſelf retires. The Greeks ſhout aloud to the ſkies: and drag the bodies away from the field. Forward on the foe they advance. The rage of Apollo aroſe. From Ilium's high towers looked the god; and, thus he rouzed the Trojans to arms:—"Ruſh on the foe, valiant Trojans,—give not to the Argives the field. Nor of ſtone are their bodies formed, nor of ſteel, unknowing to yield: To turn the ſharp point of the ſpear—to ſtrike the ſhivered ſword from the hand. Nor Achilles lifts the lance,—the great ſon of the long-haired Thetis. In his ſhips the hero lies, brooding o'er the wounds of his pride."

Thus ſpoke, from the city, the dreadful god. Another power rouzed the Argives to blood,—the daughter of Jove, Tritonia, above all renowned. She ſtately moves along the line,

line, waking battle, where decayed. Then fate involves, in ſhades, Diöres, the ſtout ſon of the great Amarynces; on the right ankle ſtruck with a ſtone, by the leader of the Thracians thrown:—By Pirus, the ſon of Imbraſius, who came from the roaring Ænos. The rough ſtone, in its fall, cruſhed the bone: Both the tendons are broken in twain. Backward, in the duſt fell the chief, ſtretching forth his hands to his much-loved friends, as he breathes his ſoul away. Pirus ruſhed on him, as he lay; and, driving through his navel, the ſpear, poured all his entrails upon the ground: While ſudden night roſe, at once, on his eyes.

But Pirus, as he ruſhed on the ſlain, met the lance of Ætolian Thoas. Through the nipple, through his breaſt it paſſed; and ſtood fixed in his lungs behind. Thoas ſuddenly approached. He drew the ſtrong ſpear from his breaſt. Unſheathing then his deadly ſword, in his belly he plunged the blade, and gave his ſoul to the winds. But the dead he ſtript not of his arms: The ſtrong ranks of his friends ſtood around,—the Thracians, combing their hair behind, ſtretching forth their long ſpears in their hands. Him, though great in arms, though brave, though renowned in fight, they drove back from their chief on his line. With his face to the foe he retires, with force repulſed from his deſtined

ſpoil.

ſpoil. Thus, two chiefs lie extended in duſt: The prince of the warlike Thracians; and he who led the Epëi to war. Near each other the heroes lay: Covered over with heaps of ſlain.

No warrior then would blame the fight, could he move unhurt through the lines, impervious to the pointed ſteel: —Could he range in ſafety along,—led, through death, by the hand of Minerva,—whoſe power ſhould avert the force of darts from his life:—So many ſons of Greece and Troy, lay, prone in the duſt, on that day,—hand to hand, in battle ſlain.

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK V.

THE ſon of the warlike Tydeus blue-eyed Pallas delights to raiſe. She breathes ſtrength through his limbs, and kindles valour, along his ſoul. Amid the Greeks ſhe bids him to ſhine,—to bear away the palm of fame. Forth from his helmet flaſhes light,—from his buckler a ſtream of fire:—Like the bright ſtar of autumn, riſing in the ſeaſon of night; when it ſheds a more ſplendid beam, having bathed in the waves of the main. Such was the flame that poured, aloft, from the helm—from the mail of the king; when ſhe drove him forward to blood, where the thickeſt, with tumult, engaged.

DARES was a leader in Troy, rich in wealth and blameleſs in ſoul: Of Vulcan the aged prieſt. Two much-loved

ſons

ſons he ſent to the field: Phegeus and the young Idæus, ſkilled both in each motion of war. Theſe, remote from their friends, came forward on great Diomedes: Theſe on their car advanced;—on foot the hero kindled the ſtrife of arms. Now, approached on either ſide, bending forward to mutual wounds, Phegeus, firſt, from his car, with force, launched his deadly lance. O'er the left ſhoulder of the chief, the burniſhed point ruſhed guiltleſs through air. The ſon of Tydeus next advanced; nor idly flew the ſpear from his hand. Full, on the breaſt, it ſtruck the youth: And flung him headlong in blood to the duſt. Idæus bounded at once, on the ground; leaving the bright car to the foe. His ſlain brother he durſt not protect;—nor flight itſelf could ſave the daſtard from death: But Vulcan ſeized him, as he flew; in darkneſs covered him from fate; and wiped half the tears from an aged parent's eyes. The ſon of Tydeus gave the ſteeds to his friends. They led them to the hollow ſhips.

When the Trojans beheld the chiefs, the ſons of Dares foiled both in the fight. One flying along the field: One pale in death, beſide his car: Their ſouls were troubled o'er all their lines. It was then, that the blue-eyed Minerva, ſpoke thus to impetuous Mars:—"Mars, deſtroyer of men, ſtained with ſlaughter, overthrower of walls! Why contend

we thus in the field? Why urge the Trojans and Greeks to the fight?—To fate let their glory be left,—to the will of the ſon of Saturn. Let us retire from the plain. Let us ſhun the wrath of our father Jove."—The furious Mars, at the word, ſhe led forth; and, from the battle, placed him far, —on the flowery banks of the roaring Scamander.

The Greeks turn the Trojans to flight. Each leader his warrior ſlays. Firſt the king of men, Agamemnon, flung a chief in death from his car: The leader of the brave Halizonians, Hodius renowned in the field. Him, as he urged his ſteeds away, between the ſhoulders the hero ſtruck. The bloody point of the ſpear looks forth, at his breaſt before. Sounding, he falls to earth. On his body clank harſhly his arms.

Idomeneus ſlew valiant Phæſtus, the ſtately ſon of Mæonian Borus: Who led his warriors to Troy, from the rich fields of the pleaſant Tarnè. Him Idomeneus renowned at the ſpear, pierced, with his lance, as he mounted the car. Through his right ſhoulder paſſed the ſteel: From his chariot he fell: And dreadful darkneſs invaded his eyes. The hero's followers ſeize the dead: And bear away his bloody arms.

The ſon of Strophius, brave Scamandrius, ſkilled to bend the bow in the chace, fell by the ſon of Atreus, by Menelaüs

laüs renowned at the ſpear. Unequalled hunter! whom Diana herſelf had taught, to pierce whatever roams the wilds,—whatever the foreſt, o'er her mountains, brings forth. But now his art avails him not:—Nor Diana, who delights in the bow. In vain renowned to ſhoot afar, he now fell by the ſpear of a foe. Atrides, as Scamandrius fled, between his ſhoulders drove the lance. The bloody point looks before from his breaſt. Sounding he falls to earth:—On his body clank harſhly his arms.

Meriones ſtout Phereclus ſlew, the ſon of Harmon, for building renowned. His hands, to every art, were taught. Much he was by Pallas beloved. He built the ſhips for Alexander, when for Helen he croſſed the main: The ſource of evil to Ilium! Deſtruction to the Trojan race;—and to himſelf the cauſe of death, as he knew not the decrees of the gods. Him Meriones transfixed, as he fled. Through the right hip paſſed the deadly lance; and ſhewed, by the bladder, the point before. Deep-groaning he falls, on his knees. Death involves him around in ſhades.

By Meges, Pedæus is ſlain,—Antënor's ſon, by a ſecret bed. Yet him, in her lofty halls, the noble Theäno reared. With her children ſhe reared the boy, to pleaſe the ſoul of her ſpouſe beloved. But now, by the ſon of Phyleus, the hapleſs warrior is ſlain. The hero, advancing on his flight,

drove

drove the ſpear in his nape behind. Through the tongue, through the teeth, paſſed the lance. Prone in the duſt he fell; and gnawed the cold ſteel, with his teeth, as he died.

Eurypylus, the race of great Euæmon, ſtretched the noble Hypſënor in death: The ſon of the magnanimous Dolopion, Scamander's ſacred prieſt, and honoured, like a god, by the hoſt. Him the renowned ſon of Euæmon ſtruck, on the ſhoulder, as he fled. Through the joint paſſed the ſhining blade; and ſevered, from the body, his hand. Down dropt the bloody arm to the ground; and o'er his eyes, the purple ſhadows of death aroſe.

Thus laboured the chiefs in the field; and drove before them deſtructive war. Nor couldſt thou diſtinguiſh on the plain, on whoſe ſide the ſon of Tydeus engaged. Whether with the Trojans he mixed; or led the Greeks to blood and death. Furious he is borne through the field:—Like a river ſwelling over its banks. Deep-ruſhing in the channel, it foams, and bears the bridges away. Nor ſtrong-built bridge can its fury reſtrain, nor mound oppoſe it in its courſe o'er the fields, when, ſudden, it comes down in its wrath, ſwelled by the redoubled tempeſts of thundering Jove. Wide, o'er the field as it ſtrays, the yellow ſhocks of corn are ſtrewed. Thus, by the great ſon of Tydeus, the thick columns of the

the Trojans are broke. The chief they could not ſuſtain: though many in arms, on the field.

The renowned ſon of Lycäon beheld the hero in his rage; as he laid waſte the field, and broke the columns of Troy with his ſpear. Straight againſt the ſon of Tydeus, he bent, with ſtrength, his crooked bow. The ſhaft ſtruck the chief, as he ruſhed along, where the hollow corſlet to the ſhoulder aſcends. Through the plate paſſed the eager ſhaft, and, in his ſhoulder, fixed remained. The corſlet is ſtained with blood.

Glorying aloud o'er the chief, the ſtout ſon of Lycäon began:—"Ruſh on the foe, magnanimous Trojans. Advance, brave rulers of ſteeds, to the fight. Wounded, by this hand, is the braveſt Argive: Nor long, I deem, will the warrior ſuſtain the ſhaft;—If, in truth, I was rouzed by the king, the ſon of Jove,—and ſent from Lycia to war." Thus, boaſting, he ſpoke aloud: Nor the ſwift arrow the chief ſubdued. Stopping ſhort his ſtep, he ſtood ſtill, before his horſes and poliſhed car; and thus addreſſed his words to Sthenelus,—the brave ſon of the great Capanëus:—"Haſte, loved ſon of Capanëus. Deſcend with ſpeed from thy car. Straight from my ſhoulders the pointed arrow withdraw."

He ſpoke, and Sthenelus bounded to earth. From his ſhoulder, the arrow he drew. Forth burſts the blood,

from

from the wound: and wanders o'er his linky mail. From his inmoſt ſoul prayed the chief:—"Hear me, daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Invincible in battle, hear!—If ere to me thine aid was lent,—if to my father, in the flame of his wars. Once more, O Pallas! favour me. Give this man to be ſlain by my hand. Urge him forward to the ſtrife of the ſpear:—He, who pierced me with this ſhaft, who boaſts aloud, o'er the wound which he made:—He who glories that the ſon of Tydeus, ſhall not long behold the ſplendid light of the ſun."

Thus, praying, ſpoke the great Diomedes. The blue-eyed Pallas heard his voice. She breathed vigour along his limbs. She lightened his ſteps as he moved. Near the chief ſhe ſtood confeſſed, and thus with winged words began:—"Confide in thy ſtrength, Diomedes: Againſt the Trojans urge the war. In thy breaſt I have poured thy father's force: The invincible vigour of Tydeus, unequalled breaker of ſhields in fight. Human darkneſs I diſpel from thine eyes. I blow the wonted cloud away; that thou mayſt diſtinguiſh the gods, from heroes, who urge the fight. Should, therefore, ſome god deſcend, to try thy valour on the plain, engage not, with the immortal gods. With other powers engage not in fight: But ſhould Venus, the daughter of Jove, deſcend, HER wound with thy pointed ſteel."

Thus

Thus as ſhe ſpoke to the chief, the blue-eyed Pallas failed on his eyes. With the warriors, who engaged in the front, the returning Tydïdes is mixed in arms. Though prompt in ſoul, before, to meet the ſons of Troy in fight, now three-fold force filled his mighty breaſt. Like a lion the hero raged:—A lion, which the ſhepherd of a fleecy flock in the field, wounds as he mounts the fold:—But ſhort of death ſtops the ſteel. More enraged by the wound, when now the ſwain dares no longer oppoſe;—he enters the pen in his wrath: The deſerted ſheep fly before. Herding together, they fall one by one: But when ſated with blood, he lightly leaps back from the lofty fold. So joyful, mixed with the Trojans, Diomedes, renowned in arms.

It was then, the hero ſlew Aſtynöus; and the ſhepherd of his people, Hypënor. The firſt through the breaſt he transfixed with the ſpear. On the ſhoulder of the other, the ſword fell, juſt by the throat. From the neck, from the back, at once, the ſhoulder is ſevered. He ſunk!—Theſe in the duſt he left: And ruſhed on Abas and young Polyïdus, the two ſons of Eurydamas, an aged diviner by dreams. But to them, as they moved to war, the old man explained not his dreams. Now ſlain by the valiant Diomedes; they both are ſpoiled of their arms.

On Xanthus the hero ruſhed, on Thoön, the ſons of Phænops,—both born to the chief, when ſtricken in years. He, in his lofty halls at home, waſtes away in mournful age. No other ſon the chief had begot, the heir of his wealth and his name. Theſe the warrior pierced with his ſpear; depriving both of their youthful ſouls. To the father he now left but grief, and ſad complaints, that his eyes, no more, ſhall behold them returning from war. His wide poſſeſſions, to add to his woe, are divided by guardians, in his ſight.

The warrior then gave, to death, two ſons of Dardanian Priam. In one car they came to the field,—Echëmon and Chromius renowned. As when a huge lion, bounding amidſt a herd, breaks the neck of a heifer or bull, as they feed o'er the paſtures and wilds. So both the youths from their car, the ſon of Tydeus threw fiercely to earth. Spoiled of their arms they lay. His friends led their ſteeds to the ſhips. Æneas beheld him, thus diſperſing the ranks of men. He moved, with ſpeed, through the fight,—through the hoarſe clangour of ſpears; in ſearch of the godlike Pandarus,—to find the warrior along the lines. He found the blameleſs ſon of Lycäon: And near him ſtanding, thus began:

" O Pan-

"O Pandarus!" the hero ſaid, "Where is thy bow, thy winged ſhafts?—Say, whither is departed thy fame?—Here none contends, at the arrow, with thee: None in Lycia boaſts equal renown. Come,—wing thy ſhaft on this man, raiſing thy hands to Jove. Whoe'er he is who conquers thus,—wing on him the ſhaft. Many evils he brings on Troy:—Many ſtout limbs has he unbraced in the fight. Unleſs ſome god he is,—ſome power againſt the Trojans enraged, for neglected offerings unpaid:—For deſtructive is the wrath of the gods."

To the hero thus replied, the gallant ſon of the great Lycäon:—"Æneas," the warrior ſaid, "Leader of the Trojans with brazen mails!—To Tydïdes I liken the chief,—in all he ſeems to bear his form. I know his ſhield, his high-coned caſque,—his ſteeds that contend with the winds. But whether it is not ſome god,—from his deeds, I cannot divine. Yet of human birth if he is,—if this, in truth, is the ſon of Tydeus; not without the aid of a god, he thus rages along our line. Some immortal is ſtanding near, with his ſhoulders involved in a cloud. He turns from his body aſide, the ſwift arrow, as it flies, through the wind. This inſtant, I winged on the warrior a ſhaft. In his right ſhoulder it fixed, paſſing through his corſlet on high. Him, in thought, I already beheld, deſcending to

relentleſs Pluto. But ſtill in battle he moves:—Some god oppoſes us all.

"No fleet horſes are mine:—No poliſhed car to aſcend in fight. But in the halls of the great Lycäon, twelve chariots of war are ſeen: Beauteous, poliſhed, lately made,—covered with veils from the view. Two bounding ſteeds ſtand near each car: With oats and yellow barley fed. Much to me, at my departure, the aged warrior, Lycäon ſpoke: Much, in his ſplendid halls, he gave in command to his ſon: That, drawn by ſteeds,—borne on my car, I ſhould lead the Trojans to bloody fight. Nor in ought I liſtened to the chief, though to liſten were better far. Sparing my ſteeds I diſobeyed; leſt in a town beſieged, of wonted food they ſhould be deprived. In their ſtalls I left them at home: To Troy to fight on foot, repaired: Truſting to my bow and ſhafts; but, in all, they have failed my hand. On two heroes my arrows I winged:—On Tydides and the great ſon of Atreus. I drew from both the guſhing blood;—both enraged, but neither I ſlew. In evil hour I ſurely took down this crooked bow, from where it hung, in my hall: That day, I came to beauteous Ilium, pleaſing noble Hector, with aids from afar. But ſhould I, hereafter, return, and, with theſe eyes, at once, behold—my country—my ſpouſe—my lofty halls; may this head be ſevered from the

the trunk, by a foe: If, firſt broken by my hands, I place not on the fire to conſume—this bow and theſe barbed ſhafts. Uſeleſs companions are they all to me."

To the warrior in return ſpoke Æneas; and, thus, the chief of Troy began:—" Speak not thus in thy rage. No other fate can attend our arms, 'till we both ſhall ruſh againſt the chief, borne forward to the ſtrife, on our car: To try who beſt ſhall ſuceeed, at the ſpear. But haſten thou, my chariot aſcend, behold the ſpirit of the ſteeds of Tros: Taught to bound with rapid ſpeed o'er the plain,—to purſue or avoid the foe. Theſe ſhall bear us, in ſafety, to Troy, ſhould Jove prove hoſtile to our cauſe; and cover the ſon of Tydeus with fame. But haſten,—guide the ſteeds along,—take theſe bright reins in thy hand. The car I conſign to thy care. I ſtand ready to launch the ſpear. Or thou engage the chief: And leave the ſteeds to their maſter's hand."

To the warrior in turn, replied the gallant ſon of the great Lycäon:—" Æneas," the hero ſaid, " hold thou the reins and guide thy ſteeds. Through the field they will beſt draw the car, beneath the accuſtomed hand of their lord; ſhould we hold back our courſe to Troy, foiled by the warlike ſon of Tydeus. But ſhould they, ſtarting, with ſudden fear, wander, ungoverned, along the line; nor take

take the direct courſe from the field, miſſing thy wonted voice in their ears: Then would the fierce purſuer advance, in his ſtrength: Then ſlay both the drivers, and bear the fleet ſteeds to his ſhips on the ſhore. Thou, drive thy poliſhed car. Guide thy ſteeds againſt the chief.—Him as he ruſhes to fight, I will receive on this pointed ſpear."

Thus ſpoke the chiefs, aſcending the various car. Furious toward the great ſon of Tydeus, they drove their fleet car along. Them Sthenelus firſt beheld, the gallant ſon of the brave Capanëus. Sudden he addreſſed Diomedes; and thus with winged words, began:—"Son of the dauntleſs Tydeus, Diomedes, deareſt to my ſoul. Two mighty chiefs I behold, ready, hither, to drive the war: Two heroes unmatched in their ſtrength. The firſt renowned to bend the bow, Pandarus, who boaſts himſelf, the ſon of Lycäon, unequalled in arms. The next is the warlike Æneas, the race of Anchiſes in war renowned: But he glories in a mother divine, in Venus, bright daughter of thundering Jove. But attend to my voice. Retire. Aſcend this flying car with ſpeed. Ruſh not furiouſly thus to the front: Leſt thou ſhouldſt leave thy life in the field."

Sternly looking on the chief, the gallant Diomedes replied:—"Speak not thus of ſhameful flight. Me I deem, thou ſhalt never perſuade. It ſuits not with my fame to

fly. To fear is unknown to my ſoul.—The vigour of my limbs ſtill remains; and anſwers to the force of my mind. Nor ſhall I aſcend the car; but, thus, on foot, meet both, in arms. Unmoved I will meet them, in fight: To tremble Minerva forbids thy friend. But them both, if right I judge, their ſwift ſteeds ſhall not bear away: If even either ſhall eſcape from this ſpear. Another thing to thee I tell,—and thou record it in thy ſoul. Should wiſe Minerva grant my wiſh,—give me glory, by ſlaying them both: Thou, here, detain theſe ſteeds of thine, by binding faſt the looſe reins to the ſeat of the car. But ruſh on the ſteeds of Æneas. Bear them quick to the Argive line. Deſcended of that race are the ſteeds, which Tros received from high-thundering Jove,—the fair price of his ſon Ganymëdes. The beſt that ever trode the earth; from the ſetting ſun in the weſt, to where the morn aſcends the ſky. To theſe the king of men Anchiſes, in private, conveyed his beauteous mares, and procured the heavenly breed, unknown to the great Laömedon. Six colts were produced in his ſtalls. Four the hero ſtill retains: Theſe two to Æneas he gave, broken both to each motion of war. Should we ſeize theſe ſteeds, in the field, immortal glory would cover our names."

Thus to each other ſpoke the chiefs. The heroes approached them in arms, urging forward their rapid ſteeds.

To

To the foe thus his words addreſſed, the gallant ſon of the great Lycäon:—"Reſolute in ſoul," he ſaid, "warlike ſon of illuſtrious Tydeus!—Thee my ſwift ſhaft has not ſubdued. Mine arrow unwinged was with death. Now I will try with the lance, whether fortune is ſtill my foe."—He ſaid, and launched his long ſpear, which quivered aloft, as it flew. He ſtruck the ſhield of the ſon of Tydeus. Through and through paſſed the brazen point, and touched the plated corſlet behind.—"Thou art wounded," aloud ſpoke the ſon of the great Lycäon, "deep in thy body lies the ſteel;—nor, deem I, that thou long ſhalt ſurvive. Thy ſoul thou ſhalt give to the winds: But me thou haſt covered, with laſting fame."

To him, undiſmayed, the warlike Diomedes replies:—"Thou haſt ſtrayed from thine aim. Thou haſt not inflicted a wound. But ere from hence you both retire, I deem,—that one, at leaſt, fallen ſlain by theſe hands, ſhall glut, with his guſhing blood, fierce Mars, unconquered in war."—He threw the lance, as he ſpoke. Minerva guided forward the ſpear, to the noſe near the eye, of the chief. Deſcending, through his white teeth it paſſed; and, cutting his tongue, in twain,—beneath the chin, ſhewed the point below. He fell, at once, from the lofty car: Round his body clank harſhly his arms; as varied and glittering they craſh, as they meet

the

the ground. Trembling the ſwift-footed ſteeds ſtood ſtill: His ſtrength failed, and his ſoul flew away.

Æneas bounds forward on earth: With his ſhield, with his long-pointed ſpear. Fearing, leſt the warriors of Greece might ſeize the corſe of his fallen friend. Around the body the hero ſtrides, like a lion, that truſts in his ſtrength. Before him he ſtretches his lance, exalting the wide orb of his ſhield; ready to give him to death, who ſhould preſume to approach. Dreadful ſwelled the voice of the king!—The ſon of Tydeus ſeized a ſtone in his hand,—rough, rugged, of enormous weight, which two warriors ſcarce could raiſe, —as now earth produces mankind. This with eaſe he whirled round alone. He ſtruck on the hip the great Æneas, where the thigh-bone in the ſocket is turned. The bone is cruſhed by the weight. The two ſinews above are broken in twain; and the ſkin is torn away, by the rough edge of the flying ſtone. The hero falls back on his knee: His ſinewy arm ſupported the chief, as half-inclined on the earth he lay. Sudden night, o'er his eye-balls aroſe.

There had periſhed the king of men, but that Venus his danger perceived,—his mother, the daughter of Jove, who bore the chief to Anchiſes, as on Ida he guarded the herd. Round her loved ſon, as he lay, ſhe ſeemed to pour her ſnow-white arms. Before him ſhe ſpread the ſkirt of

her ſacred robe, a bulwark againſt the darts; leſt any warrior of Greece, launching the ſpear at the chief, ſhould give his ſoul to the winds. Thus from the bloody field, ſhe removed her ſon beloved.

Nor forgetful of his charge was the ſon of the brave Capaneus: The charge, which his friend had given, Diomedes, unequalled in fight. Remote from the tumult of war, he placed his own fleet ſteeds,—binding faſt the looſe reins to the poliſhed ſeat of the car. Ruſhing on the high-maned ſteeds of Æneas, he led them to the Argive line. To the hand of Deïpylus the courſers he gave,—to his loved companion in war, whom the hero, among his warlike friends, had honoured the moſt: For the ſame were the thoughts of their ſouls. The warrior led the ſteeds to the ſhips: The chief aſcends his own lofty car, and draws back the beauteous reins to his hand. In the path of the great Tydides, he drove forward, with joy, through the war.

The ſon of Tydeus bright Venus purſues, with his gleaming lance in his hand. No warrior power he knew, was ſhe! of thoſe dreadful goddeſſes none, who form the fierce battles of heroes:—Neither the broad-ſhielded Pallas, nor the deſtroyer of cities, Bellona. Near the goddeſs the hero approached, quick-ruſhing along through the crowd. He ſtretched, before him, as he bounded his ſpear. He drove the ſteel

through

through her tender hand. Swift through the white ſkin paſſed the lance,—through her robe divine, which the Graces themſelves had wrought. Above the fair wriſt it paſſed. The immortal blood of the goddeſs flowed: Such blood as is wont to flow, from the bleſt gods, who for ever live. Nor THEY on human viands feed,—nor quaff at large the dark-red wine: Bloodleſs they, therefore, are, and are called the immortals by men. Screaming aloud the goddeſs threw her ſon, from her hand: But him Apollo received, and involved in a night of clouds; leſt any warrior of Greece, launching on the chief his ſpear, ſhould give his ſoul to the winds.

GLORYING o'er the lovely queen, thus the warlike Diomedes aloud:—"Retire," he ſaid, "fair daughter of Jove! From battle and war, retire. Is it not enough for thee, to deceive feeble women with wiles?—But if in war is thy choice,—in moving through the ſtrife of the field: Hereafter, thou wilt battle dread, and wander from where it is urged."—Thus he ſpoke: And, diſturbed in ſoul, with ſorrow pierced, ſhe took her way. Her thus oppreſſed with pain and grief, ſwift Iris led forth from the crowd: All pale, o'er her fading charms. Near the left wing of the fight, they found, pernicious Mars alone: In darkneſs is hid his ſpear,—his ſteeds, that contend with the winds.

Falling down before his knees, her loved brother, ſhe, a ſuppliant, addreſſed. She thus demanded from the god, his golden-harneſſed ſteeds:—"Brother beloved!" ſhe ſaid. "Pity Venus, give thy ſteeds;—to bear me hence to Olympus, the high dwelling of the deathleſs gods. Much anguiſh I feel from a wound, inflicted by a mortal man; By the haughty ſon of Tydeus, who now would contend with father Jove."—She ſpoke: The golden-harneſſed courſers he gave. The bright car ſhe aſcends,—grieving from her inmoſt ſoul. By her ſide, ſat the various Iris, holding the reins in her hands. She urged forward the heavenly ſteeds: Not unwilling, they flew on the winds. Quick they came to the ſeat of gods, to high Olympus, with ſummits of ſnow. There the ſwift-footed Iris ſtayed the ſteeds. She looſed them both from the car;—and, before them, placed immortal food.

Prone on the knees of Diöne, lovely Venus lay in tears. On her mother's fair boſom ſhe lay. She, round her daughter, threw her white arms. With her hand her beauteous cheeks ſhe ſtroaked, and thus, with ſoothing words, began:—"Who hath done thee this miſchief?" ſhe ſaid, "Who, child beloved,—of all the gods?—Who has raſhly ſtretched forth his hand;—as if thou wert guilty of open crimes?"—To her replied, in her grief, the queen of charming ſmiles:—

"This

" This wound the ſon of Tydeus made,—Diomedes haughty in arms: When I removed from battle, my ſon,—Æneas, whom moſt I love of mortal men. Between the Trojans and warlike Argives, now, no more, is urged the fight,—but between the Greeks and immortal gods."

To her replied the bright Diöne, among goddeſſes, divine:—" With patience bear, O daughter beloved! Bear all, though grieved in thy ſoul. Much have we borne from mankind;—much the dwellers of heaven from men; o'er whom, in turn, they have poured a deluge of woes. Much ſuffered the furious Mars, when Otus and ſtout Ephialtes, the huge ſons of the great Aloëus, bound him faſt, with heavy chains. Within a brazen priſon chained, thirteen moons rolled over the god:—And there, perhaps, had periſhed Mars, inſatiable author of wars; if their ſtep-mother, the fair Eribæa, had not told to Hermes the diſmal tale. He by ſtealth, delivered Mars, galled with fetters, ſpent with woe. Juno too her ills ſuſtained, from the matchleſs ſon of the great Amphitryon. In the right breaſt, he wounded the white-armed queen, with his three-pointed ſhaft: Then pains unfelt before, ſeized the ſpouſe of high thundering Jove."

" Nor untouched by his ſhaft was Pluto, though great among the gods. Him the ſame daring chief,—the ſon of Ægis-bearing Jove, pierced, at his own gloomy gates, and

covered with pain and woe. To the halls of his brother Jove, to high Olympus, aſcended the god. He came with heart transfixed with grief, o'erwhelmed with rage, and wild with pain. In his broad ſhoulder the arrow was fixed. Keen anguiſh invaded his ſoul. The much-ſkilled Pæon eaſed his pain; ſpreading ſoft liniments over the wound:—For not mortal was the brother of Jove!—A daring, an impious man was he!—He abſtained not from ought that was ill!—He attacked, with his bow, the gods, the deathleſs dwellers of heaven's high halls!"

"But on thee, the ſon of Tydeus was rouzed, by the blue eyed daughter of Jove:—Imprudent man!—He knows not this truth in his ſoul;—that ſhort are the days of him, who preſumes to fight with the gods: That never, hanging round his knees, his ſons ſhall liſp their father's name, returned in ſafety from war, from the deadly conteſt of ſpears. Let the ſon of warlike Tydeus, brave as he is, revolve in his ſoul: That ſome god, more dreadful than thee, may yet meet the hero in fight:—Left the lovely Ægialëa the prudent daughter of the great Adraſtus:—The noble ſpouſe of Diomedes, ſtrong ruler of ſteeds in war!—Left She ſudden-ſtarting from dreams, in her tears, ſhould rouze her ſervants in the ſeaſon of night,—wanting, with longing ſoul, the ſpouſe of her virgin-youth,—the braveſt of all the Argives in arms."

She ſpoke; and, with both her hands, wiped away the blood from the wound. Her arm is rendered whole: At once, ſubſides the bitter pain. Pallas and Juno were near. They beheld all, and with all were pleaſed. With cutting words they meant to raiſe the rage of Saturnian Jove: While thus, among the gods, the blue-eyed Minerva began:—"O father," ſhe ſaid, "let not Jove take offence at my words. Of a truth, the ſmiling Venus has been warming to deſire ſome Argive dame;—to yield to her favoured Trojans,—a nation ſhe ſo eagerly loves. Stroaking ſome beauteous Argive, graceful with a length of robe, her tender hand a wound received, as it met with the buckle of gold."—She ſpoke; and calmly ſmiled, the father of men and of gods. He called his daughter to his ſide. He thus addreſſed the golden Venus:—"Not to thee pertains, my daughter, the rude conteſts of war and of death. A more pleaſing province is thine: The ſoft concerns of nuptial joys. But battles leave to furious Mars: Be theſe the care of Minerva."—Such the diſcourſe of the gods, in high Olympus, paved with gold!

On Æneas ſtill ruſhed, in the field, Diomedes, unequalled in fight. He ruſhed, though o'er the chief, Apollo had ſtretched his arm. Nor he the mighty god revered; eager to ſlay the hero,—to ſtrip him of his beauteous arms. Thrice

ruſhed

ruſhed the chief on the god: Thrice Apollo ſtruck his ſhield. But when a fourth aſſault he made, thus, threatening aloud, ſpoke the king, who ſhoots from afar:—"Conſider, ſon of Tydeus! Warrior, conſider,—retire! Think not to equal thyſelf to the gods. Unlike the lines from which we ſpring!—Wide differ the race of immortal gods, from men who crawl, along the ground."

He ſpoke: But ſhort the ſpace the ſon of Tydeus retires: Avoiding the dreadful wrath of Phœbus, who ſhoots from afar. Apollo, apart from the crowd in ſacred Pergamus Æneas placed,—in the ſecret court of his lofty fane. There, within the holieſt place, Latöna and the blameleſs Diana healed the wounds of the chief, and covered him, with glory, around. The god, who bears the ſilver bow, then formed a phantom in the field. Like Æneas, in ſhape and ſize: In burniſhed arms, the ſame. Round this phantom, the Trojans and the warlike Argive in arms, pierced, alternate, on every breaſt, the hide-covered ſhields formed beauteouſly round; and the light bucklers, exalted on high. Whilſt, thus, loud tumult the field poſſeſſed, to Mars ſpoke the far-ſhooting Phœbus:—"Mars, deſtroyer of men, ſtained with ſlaughter, overthrower of walls!—Wilt thou not ruſh to the field?—Remove that hero from the war?—Remove the ſon of Tydeus, who now would fight with father Jove?—Firſt he

he wounded lovely Venus,—driving his ſpear near the wriſt, through her hand: Next, like a god, he ruſhed on myſelf in arms."

Thus as he ſpoke, the god retired: And fixed, in high Pergamus, his ſeat. Deſtroyer Mars urged on the Trojans, ruſhing forward through all their line. In form like the gallant Acamas, ſwift leader of the Thracians, in war. He thus awakes to the fight the ſons of Priam, beloved of Jove:—"O ſons of Priam!" he ſaid, "a king beloved by thundering Jove:—How long will ye, thus, permit your people to fall in blood before the foe?—Wait ye, thus, inactive in war, till at your gates it is urged, by the Greeks? Slain, on the field, lies a chief, whom, in equal honour, with the noble Hector, we held. Slain lies the great Æneas, the ſon of magnanimous Anchiſes. Haſten then, O ſons of Priam. Let us reſcue our friend from the foe."

Thus, as he ſpoke, he rouzed their ſouls, and breathed vigour into every breaſt. It was then, that the great Sarpëdon, much upbraided Hector divine:—"Hector, whither is fled thy ſtrength? Where the wonted force of thine arm? Frequent was thy boaſt, heretofore, that, without aids, thou couldſt Troy defend;—alone, with thy kinſmen and friends,—with thy brothers, inured to arms. Of theſe, I none, can now behold.—I perceive none, o'er the

fight. To corners they, trembling, ſhrink, like dogs when the lion roars. The war is left upon our hands. On us, as aids, depends the fight. I, an ally, only came. From a diſtant region I have moved to the war:—For far away is my native Lycia, on the green banks of the roaring Xanthus. There my much-loved ſpouſe I left,—my ſon, that ſcarce can liſp my name,—my wide poſſeſſions and my wealth, the envy of all, who behold:—But, ſuch as I am, I urge the war. —I rouze my Lycians to arms,—I burn to meet THAT chief in fight: Though here I have not ought to loſe; nor ought, that the foe would receive. But thou inactive ſtand'ſt alone: Nor rouzeſt even others to fight,—to ſhield thy very ſpouſe from the foe. But take heed, O warriors of Troy, leſt, as in a net ſurrounding all,—ye, one day, may be dragged from your walls, a prey to the inſulting foe; who ſoon will level, with earth, the well-peopled city of Troy. Thee, now, it would moſt become,—the care ſhould be wholly thine,—by night, by day, to conjure the chiefs,—to urge the aids, who came from afar, unceaſing to meet the ruſhing foe,—to forget their faction and rage."

THUS ſpoke the great Sarpëdon. His ſpeech touched Hector's inmoſt ſoul. Sudden, he bounded to earth, from his car, wielding two long ſpears in his hands. Through the hoſt ſtrode the chief in arms, kindling battle, as he moved,

moved, o'er the lines. The yielding ſquadrons return:—Before the Greeks again they form. The Argives collected ſtand in arms;—nor ſeem to dread the growing fight.

As when the wind divides the chaff, along the ſacred threſhing-floor, when hinds winnow their corn in the barn,—when yellow Ceres, to the breeze, divides the chaff, from the golden grain: White riſe the duſty heaps of the chaff. So whitened o'er, were the Greeks, with the duſt, raiſed to heaven by the feet of their ſteeds, as the drivers turned them forward to war. At once they raiſe the force of their arms:—Fierce Mars with darkneſs cloaths the field. Ruſhing, through his own dreadful night,—the furious god brings aid to Troy. From wing to wing he dimly ſtrides; bearing the commands of the golden-ſworded Phœbus. Him great Apollo had enjoined to rouze the ſouls of the Trojans to war; when he firſt ſaw Minerva departing,—the blue-eyed aid of the Argives in arms.

The god himſelf, from his holy ſane, ſends forth Æneas to the field. He kindles valour in his breaſt,—the ſhepherd of the people he rouzed to arms. Among his friends the hero ſtood: Sudden joy roſe over their ſouls, when they ſaw him alive,—unhurt,—poſſeſſing all his ſtrength, in the fight. But they queſtioned not the chief. The toil of battle words forbade: The freſh tumult which Apollo had

raiſed,—which Mars, the deſtroyer of men,—which Diſcord inſatiably fierce.

The Ajaces, on the other ſide, the wiſe Ulyſſes, the great Diomedes,—all rouzed the Greeks to the bloody fight:—For careleſs, in their ſouls, were the chiefs, of the rage,—of the valour of Troy. The advancing tempeſt, they darkly wait: Like the clouds, which Saturnian Jove, places, aloft, in a calm, on the broken tops of the ſilent hills: When the ſtrength of rude Boreas ſleeps, with the ruſhing force of the other winds. But ſoon they riſe, in their rage, and break the gathered gloom, with their whiſtling blaſts. So ſtill wait the Greeks for the foe,—forgetful of ſhameful flight.

The ſon of Atreus ruſhed quickly along the line: Diſpenſing thus his high commands:—"O friends!" he ſaid, "behave like men. Reſume the wonted force of your ſouls. Revering one another, engage. Shew not examples of flight. Of thoſe, who dread ſhame worſe than death,—more are ſafe, than are ſlain in the field. Nor the fame of the coward is heard,—nor ſafety attends on his flight."—Thus ſpeaking, he threw with force his ſpear. A leader of Troy, he ſtruck:—The friend of the great Æneas, Deicöon, Pergaſius' ſon: Whom the Trojans, in equal honour, had held, with the ſons of Priam. He, in the front of the line, had often borne the ſhock of war. On his buckler

fell the ſpear of Atrides; nor ſtopt, by the ſhield, was the lance. Through and through paſſed the point, and, near the belt, in his bowels was loſt. Reſounding, the chief falls to earth: On his body ſound harſhly his arms.

Æneas, in rage, advanced and ſlew, to Greece, two valiant chiefs: The ſons of the great Diöcles,—Orſilochus and youthful Crethon. Their father dwelt in high-built Phera,—rich in gold,—from a river deriving his line. From Alpheus the hero ſprung, which ſpreads its bright waters o'er ſandy Pylos. The god, Orſilochus begot, o'er many heroes to reign. From Orſilochus, ſprung Diöcles. To him two gallant ſons were born,—Crethon and young Orſilochus, ſkilled in each motion of war. They, while ſcarce to manhood reared, launched their dark ſhips to the main;—and came to Ilium, renowned for ſteeds, in the huge hoſt of the Grecian powers. To honour the ſons of Atreus, they came: But early death aroſe on their fame.

As two young lions, on the rugged brows of a mountain bred: To ſlaughter, by their mother, reared, in the deep receſs of the gloomy woods. Roaring they ruſh forth on the herd,—tear the bleating flocks in their rage, and ſpread the carnage to the dwellings of men. They fall, at length, beneath the ſteel,—ſlain by the hands of the gathered hinds. Such beneath the hands of Æneas, the two young

young heroes lay ſubdued. Like two tall pines they lie, on earth: Torn, from the hill, by ſtormy winds.

Pity touched the great Menelaüs, when he ſaw them low in their blood. To the front the hero advanced, bright in ſteel and extending his quivering ſpear. Fierce Mars had rouzed his ſoul to fight; to ſubdue him beneath the arm of Æneas. Antilochus beheld the chief. The ſon of Neſtor, with terror, beheld. To the front he ſuddenly ruſhed. Much he feared for the leader of armies: Leſt, in the field, he ſhould fall; and render vain the toils of his friends. Already they had raiſed their hands,—to each other had extended their ſpears in act to begin the fight; when Antilochus ſudden drew near, and ſtood by the leader of armies. Nor Æneas ſuſtained the chiefs, though a warrior of valour in fight: When cloſe to each other, before him, roſe the two heroes, in arms. The dead, the heroes drew to the Greeks. They placed the hapleſs youths, in the hands of their weeping friends. To blood the chiefs themſelves returned; and rouzed battle in the front of the line.

The heroes ſlew great Pylæmenes, equal to Mars himſelf in arms:—The leader of the brave Paphlagonians, covered o'er with boſſy ſhields. Him the ſon of Atreus ſlew, Menelaüs renowned, at the ſpear. On foot as he ſtood in the front. Through the throat paſſed the gleaming point. Antilochus

tilochus warlike Mydon ſlew, the driver of the hero's car: The brave ſon of Atymnes;—as he turned his ſwift ſteeds, from the field. On his elbow fell a ſtone, from the foe: From his hands dropt the ivory-ſtudded reins: And, trailing, draw a line through the duſt. Antilochus ruſhed on the chief: And, ſtruck him, with his ſword, on the brow. Gaſping he dropt from the poliſhed car: And headlong, in the ſand to the ſhoulders ſunk. Long he ſtood fixed in the place: For deep was the ſlough where he fell: Till touched by the hoof of the ſteed, he, prone, lay along in the duſt. Antilochus the courſers ſeized. He drove them to the Grecian line.

Hector beheld the chiefs. On both he ruſhed, roaring, in arms. The deep columns of Troy are near; and tread, in the path of the king. Their leaders to war was Mars, and the terrible Bellona, in arms. She bearing the dreadful tumult of fight;—Mars ſhaking a huge ſpear, in his hand. Now before Hector he moved,—now behind the godlike man. Diomedes beheld the chief; and ſhuddered to his inmoſt ſoul. As when a wayfarer unſkilled, travelling o'er a ſpacious plain, comes heedleſs to the bank of a ſtream,—ruſhing rapidly down to the ſea. Beholding it raging with foam,—aſtoniſhed he backward retreats. Thus retired the ſon of Tydeus: And ſpoke aloud to the hoſt as he moved:

"O FRIENDS!" the hero began, "not unjuſtly we Hector admire,—matchleſs at launching the ſpear,—to break the lines of battle, bold. Ever near him ſtands one of the gods,—to turn aſide the deadly dart. By the warrior, this inſtant, ſtrides Mars, clothing the god, in mortal form. Retreat from the power divine: But hold your faces to the foe, as ye yield. Slowly give ground to the Trojans,—nor preſume to engage, with the gods."

THUS, as the hero ſpoke; the Trojans approached, with their line. Hector ſlew two gallant chiefs, ſkilled both, in each motion of war. In one car, they rode in the field,—Anchialus and valiant Meneſthes. Pity touched Telemonian Ajax, when he ſaw them low in their blood. In the front of the foe he ſtood. He launched forward his burniſhed ſpear. Amphius the hero ſtruck, the ſon of the great Selâgus,—who dwelt in high-walled Pæſus—rich in gold and wealthy in herds. But dark fate hung over the chief, and urged him, to aid, in war,—both Priam and Priam's ſons. Him, through the belt, pierced the great ſon of Telamon: In the nether belly is fixed the long ſpear. Sounding he fell to the earth. On him ruſhed the illuſtrious Ajax to ſtrip him, as he lay, of his arms. The Trojans poured down, on the chief—a ſhower of ſharp and burniſhed ſpears: Which formed a ſudden wood on his ſhield. Placing his foot

foot to the corſe of the ſlain,—his lance, ſtained with blood, he drew forth. But he could not, of his beauteous arms, deprive the chief, as he lay in death:—Preſſed, on every hand, by the darts of the foe. The growing circle of the Trojans he feared,—who brave and many cloſed around;—holding forth their long ſpears, in their hands. Him they drove by force on his line;—though great,—though valiant—though renowned. He, yielding ſlowly, back retreats.

Thus they laboured, in diſmal fight: But Tlepolemus, the ſon of Hercules,—brave in battle—great in ſize,—is driven forward on the godlike Sarpëdon, by relentleſs fate. When, ruſhing onward to mutual wounds, near each other, approached the chiefs: The ſon and grandſon of ſtorm-collecting Jove. Firſt, to his gallant foe, Tlepolemus thus began:

"Sarpedon,—leader of the Lycians! What urged thee to tremble here in arms? New to danger, and raw in the field?—They deceive, who call thee the ſon, of Ægis-bearing Jove. Unlike art thou to the matchleſs race, who ſprung from Jove, in other years. But what of Hercules loud fame reports! Of my father of heart unſubdued!—Of him undaunted as a lion, in ſoul!—To Troy, of old, the hero came—Laömedon's promiſed ſteeds to receive;—with ſix ſhips he only came, and few in arms, were in

his train:—Yet Ilium's proud city he took, and laid its ſtreets waſte with his ſword. But thou art a daſtard in ſoul: And round thee fall thy troops unrevenged. Nor much wilt thou now aid the Trojans,—though Lycia had ſent thee more valiant to war: As ſlain, by this ſpear, in fight, thou ſoon ſhalt deſcend to the dead."

To him Sarpëdon replied,—the leader of the Lycians in arms:—" Tlepolemus," the hero ſaid, " thy father ſacred Ilium deſtroyed. By the folly of its ſovereign it fell: Through Laömedon well-known to fame. He the earned prize had refuſed—and loaded the chief with reproach. The promiſed ſteeds were refuſed—for whoſe ſake he had come, from afar. But to thee I foretel thy death,—ſudden ſlaughter, on this ſpot, from my hand. Subdued, by my ſpear, thou ſhalt fall—and give glory to me,—but thy ſoul to the ſhades below."

Thus ſpoke the great Sarpëdon; Tlepolemus lifted his lance. At once, from their hands flew the ſpears. Sarpëdon ſtruck the neck of his foe. Through and through paſſed the deadly point. Shadowy night roſe over his eyes. But Tlepolemus ſtruck, with his lance, the left thigh of the great Sarpëdon. With rapid force driven forward, the point, is ſtopt, in its courſe, by the bone: But father Jove averts death from his ſon.

His gallant friends in their arms receive, and bear the godlike Sarpëdon away. They bear him much pained from fight:—The ſpear trails, and adheres to the wound. All in haſte, they obſerved not the lance:—In haſte to lay the chief, on his car; their ſouls were hurried around; and they drew not the ſpear, from his thigh. The Greeks, on the other ſide, bear ſlain Tlepolemus, from the field. The noble Ulyſſes all obſerved. Though firm in ſoul, his heart was moved. He anxiouſly revolved in his mind, whether to purſue, from the field, the gallant ſon of high-thundering Jove:—Or on his Lycians to turn, and ſend many ſouls to the ſhades below. But it was not in the fates, that Ulyſſes ſhould ſlay the ſon of Jove, with the ſpear. Minerva, therefore, turned his ſoul; to the crowd of devoted Lycians. Cæranus firſt he ſlew, Alâſtor and Chromius renowned,—Alcander, Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis, great in arms.

Nor there had ſtopt, from death, the ſword of the noble Ulyſſes;—but that Hector beheld the chief; and rouzed battle o'er all the line. To the front of the fight he ruſhed; covered o'er with burniſhed ſteel,—bearing terror and diſmay to the Greeks. The ſon of Jove, beheld with joy his approach. He thus raiſed his languid voice:

"Son of Priam," Sarpëdon ſaid, "leave me not a prey to Greece. Leave me not, on the field, to the foe: O aid

me in diſtreſs. In your city, at leaſt, let me die: Since the fates forbid my return,—to my home—to my native land: To gladden the ſoul of my ſpouſe—to pleaſe my infant ſon."

He ſpoke: Nor ought Hector replied. Eager, he flew paſt to the foe: Reſolved to repel the Greeks, with ſpeed, —to give many ſouls to the wind. His companions place the godlike Sarpëdon,—beneath the beauteous beech of his father Jove. Brave Pelagon, his much-loved friend, drew the aſhen ſpear from his thigh. His ſoul ſeemed to leave the chief: Sudden darkneſs is poured on his eyes. At length the fleeting ſpirit returned, and the riſing breeze of the north refreſhed the chief, as he, gaſping, lay.

Mars advances to the fight; and Hector, armed with burniſhed ſteel. Nor yet turned the Greeks their backs on the foe: Nor ſafety ſought in their hollow ſhips. Nor yet puſhed they forward the war:—But backward ſlowly yield the way:—When the dreadful report reached their ears, that Mars himſelf aided Troy in arms.

Who firſt fell by Hector's hand?—Who by the brazen power of war,—ſunk laſt, on the field of renown?—Teuthras equal to the gods, Oreſtes, ruler of ſteeds, Ætolian Trechnus, armed with the ſpear, Oenomäus renowned: The

ſon of Oenops, Helenus, and Oreſbius, with his various helm: —Oreſbius, who dwelt in woody Hyla, intent to ſwell his wealthy ſtore;—the neighbour of the lake Cephiſſis. The Bœotians held their dwellings near:—Forming a rich ſtate round their chief.

Their dreadful progreſs in war, the white-armed Juno ſaw from high: She ſaw her Argives ſlain in fight, and thus, with winged words to Minerva:—"Pallas!" the goddeſs began: "Invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Vain was the promiſe we made—the faith we plighted to great Menelaüs,—that, after the fall of high-built Ilium, the chief ſhould return to his native land. Vain was the promiſe we made,—if thus we permit deſtructive Mars, to rage through the ranks of our friends. But rouze, goddeſs, thyſelf to arms. Let us think of ſome powerful aid."

She ſpoke: Nor diſobeyed in ought, the blue-eyed daughter of thundering Jove. To harneſs her golden-bridled ſteeds, repaired with ſpeed the queen revered: The awful race of mighty Saturn. Hebè ſtraight to the car, applies the ſwiftly-rolling orbs: The brazen wheels, with eight bright ſpokes—ſhe fits to the axle of ſteel, on either ſide. The round of the wheels was of heavenly gold. Above a brazen circle is rolled around,—fitted cloſe to defend the orbs, and wonderfully wrought to the ſight. The round

naves

naves are of ſilver formed. The ſeat is hung aloft between, on gold and ſilver braces ſwayed. A creſcent ſhone, on either ſide, to ſtay the floating reins of the ſteeds. A ſilver pole ruſhed out before. To the point ſhe tied the beauteous yoke, and the gears bright-ſtudded with gold. To the yoke the ſwift-footed ſteeds are brought, by the goddeſs herſelf,—eager for conteſt and war.

Meantime, the blue-eyed Pallas arms: The daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove. Her robe around her form ſhe pours, —down to her father's pavement of gold:—Her beauteous, her varied robe, wrought by her hands divine. The arms of her ſire ſhe aſſumes: The mail of tempeſt ruling Jove: Preparing to iſſue forth to diſaſtrous war. On her ſhoulders the goddeſs placed the golden-taſſeled, dreadful Ægis. Dark Fear round the margin is rolled. Diſcord by the center glares: And Fortitude and dreadful Purſuit. In the midſt the head of Gorgon is ſeen,—dire, monſtrous, horrid,—the awful portent of Ægis-bearing Jove. On her head her golden helmet ſhe placed: With four huge plumes waving on high,—fit to ſhadow the hoſts of an hundred ſtates in arms. She vaults into the ſplendid car; and graſps, within her hand, the ſpear, huge, heavy and ſtrong, with which ſhe levels the battles of heroes, when flames the wrath of the daughter of Jove.

Juno urged the courſers to ſpeed. The gates of heaven, harſh-grating aloft, open wide of their own accord. The gates which the Seaſons keep, to whom broad Olympus is delivered in charge: To open the gathered cloud, or heaven to cloſe in thickeſt ſhade. Through this broad tract the fleet courſers they drove. The ſon of Saturn they found,—ſitting apart from all the gods. He ſat on the higheſt point of Olympus, whoſe hundred ſummits aſcend to the ſkies. There the white-armed Juno ſtayed her ſteeds: And, thus, preferred her requeſt to Jove.

"O father Jove!" the queen began,—"offends not Mars with deeds like theſe? Burns not thy rage againſt thy ſon, who ſo many, ſo brave has ſlain? Who ſo raſhly deſtroys the Greeks,—forgetful of his ties to Jove? In grief theſe deeds I behold;—derided by two other powers,—by Venus, by far-ſhooting Phœbus, who urge this mad god, a ſtranger to every law. Will father Jove his wrath withhold, if, deſcending to the fight, I ſhould drive Mars, wounded, from bloodſhed and war?"—"Go then," ſaid the ruler of ſtorms: "Rouze on him the warrior Minerva: She, that is wont to curb his rage,—to reſtrain his fury with bitter woes!"

He ſpoke; nor in ought diſobeyed the white-armed ſpouſe of Jove. She urged forward the bounding ſteeds:

Not

Not unwilling they flew on the winds: Holding the middle courſe, between earth and the ſtarry ſkies. Far as a man can throw his eyes, through the clear expanſe of the air: Sitting aloft, on a rocky point, and viewing the darkly-heaving main: So far, at one bound, paſs along, the high-reſounding ſteeds of the gods. But when they came to high-built Troy,—to the rivers, which divide its plains,—to where the bright ſtream of Simoïs mixes with the roaring Scamander: There Juno looſed her fleet ſteeds, from the car: And poured around them thickeſt night. Simoïs gave them food divine. The powers immortal float away. Through air they fly, like timid doves; bearing aid to the warriors of Greece. But when they came to the place—where the moſt and the braveſt ſtood, round the ſtrength of the great Diomedes: Like lions the heroes ſtood, gorged with ſlaughter,—ſtained with blood: Or like to mountain boars, exulting in their force and their rage.

Loud exclaimed the white-armed Juno. Brave Stentor ſhe reſembled in form,—endued with ſuch a voice,—that louder than fifty warriors, aroſe diſtinct its brazen ſound:—"Cowards of Greece," ſhe ſaid, "baſe in action, though ſpecious in form! When great Achilles urged the war, the Trojans iſſued not from their walls: For much they feared the hero's lance. But now they wander from their gates; and at your ſhips engage in the fight."

She

She ſpoke: and rouzed the force of their ſouls. To the ſon of Tydeus, came blue-eyed Minerva. By his car, ſhe found, ſtanding, the king: Giving to air the wound, which the arrow of Pandarus made. Beneath the broad thong, which hung his ſhield, the ſweat, o'er his wounded ſhoulder, ſtrays. Pain wandered, o'er all the chief: In act raiſing the belt he ſtood, and wiped away the clotty blood. The goddeſs leaned, on the mane of his ſteed. Thus ſhe poured her words in his ear:

"Nor equal to himſelf," ſhe ſaid, "has warlike Tydeus begot a ſon. Tydeus, though ſmall in his ſize, was great, in the ſtrife of arms. When I forbade the chief to fight—to ruſh with fury to blood: When, the meſſenger of Greece, he came, to Thebes,—to the haughty Cadmæans: I commanded the hero, ſilent, to ſit—to partake the feaſt in the hall. But he retained his dauntleſs ſoul,—his wonted ardor for fame. The youths of Thebes the chief defied: He vanquiſhed, in all, the foe: Such powerful aid my counſels gave. I, near thy ſide, a guardian ſtand. I turn deaths, from thy life, as they fly: Thee I urge againſt the foe: Thee, I aid, when engaged in the fight. But languor, from toil, pervades thy limbs,—or ſudden terror unmans thy ſoul. Thy claim to thy blood, thou haſt loſt,—no more the ſon of gallant Tydeus: The race of Oëneus, much ſkilled in each motion of war."

To her the valiant Diomedes replied: "I know thee, goddeſs," he ſaid, "daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Thee I willingly, addreſs; nor ſhall I conceal ought of my ſoul. Nor ſudden terror ME unmans,—nor languor my limbs pervades: But thy commands I bear in mind: I the counſel of Pallas obey. With the bleſt gods thou forbad'ſt me to fight, —with all the other powers but Venus: But, if the fair daughter of Jove came to war,—her thou commandedſt to wound with the ſpear. For this I retired from the fight: For this I ordered the Greeks to retire;—and, here, in deep array to convene: For Mars himſelf, I perceive, in fight: Leading onward the Trojans to war."

THE goddeſs of blue eyes replied:—"Son of Tydeus," ſhe ſaid, "Diomedes, moſt beloved by my ſoul. Nor dread, in ought, this furious Mars—nor any of the gods in arms; —ſuch to thee is the aid, which I bring. Haſten then, aſcend thy car. Drive thy fleet ſteeds on the god. Puſh, hand to hand, to him the ſpear: Nor dread, in ought, impetuous Mars: That furious power,—that public ill,—the moſt inconſtant of gods. To me, of late, he pledged his faith: His promiſe to Juno he gave;—that he would urge the battle on Troy: And aid the ſons of Argos in arms: But now, with the Trojans he herds,—forgetful of his promiſe and faith."

THUS,

Thus, as the blue-eyed Pallas ſpoke, ſhe threw Sthenelus, from the car, to the ground: Drawing backward the chief, with her hand. Sudden he leaped down from his place. To the ſeat,—by the great Diomedes,—the rouzed goddeſs aſcended, in wrath. Much groaned the beechen axle beneath:—bearing to battle and blood, a dreadful power and a valiant chief. Pallas drew the reins to her hand. The bounding ſteeds ſhe drove forward on Mars. The god had huge Periphas ſlain, the ſtouteſt far of Ætolia's chiefs: The renowned ſon of the great Ocheſius. Him Mars ſtained with ſlaughter, had ſlain: But Pallas took the helmet of Pluto; and hid herſelf from the eyes of the god.

When the deſtroyer of heroes, Mars,—firſt beheld Diomedes divine: The great Periphas he left in his blood,—on the ſpot, where the warrior was ſlain. Right forward moved the ſteps of the god: On Diomedes, the breaker of ſteeds. When near to each other they came,—bending forward to mutual wounds; Firſt Mars, ſtretching forth his broad hand, —o'er the yoke—o'er the reins of the ſteeds,—threw, with force, his brazen lance,—eager to lay him breathleſs on earth. Minerva ſeized the lance, as it flew. She turned it, bloodleſs, aſide from the car. Next the brave Diomedes is rouzed: He launched forward his ſteely ſpear. Pallas adds her force to the flying lance. Beneath the ribs, near the belt, ſtruck

the ſpear; and tore the beauteous ſkin of the god. With his hand he drew back the lance. Brazen Mars more loudly roared—than the ſhout of ten thouſand in fight,—contending in his own bloody fields. Terror, at once, ſeized both the hoſts: The Greeks, the Trojans ſhrunk trembling away: So loud roared the wounded Mars: The inſatiable author of war!

As when, aſcending to the clouds, a dark column of duſt appears, rouzed, by the whirlwind, to heaven, when blow the ſultry winds, o'er the plain: So to the eyes of the ſon of Tydeus, ſeemed, aloft, departing Mars; aſcending, with his clouds, to the ſkies. Straight he came to the ſeat of gods: To high Olympus, with ſummits of ſnow. Near Saturnian Jove he ſat, oppreſſed with grief and torn with pain. He ſhewed the immortal blood, which poured, at large, from the wound. Thus, complaining, to his father, his words he addreſſed:

"O father Jove!" began the god,—"offend not impious actions, like theſe, thy ſoul? Much we the gods have ſuffered all,—to each other the cauſe of woe: Much have we ſuffered for the ſake—of men, who crawl along the ground. But thou art the ſource of ſtrife. This pernicious daughter of thee was born: This power who, ever, in miſchief, delights. We, the other powers on high—the

bleſt gods, who Olympus poſſeſs,—obey in all high-thundering Jove—are ſubject, each, to his high commands. Her, neither, with words, thou reſtrain'ſt. Her thou oppoſeſt not with deeds. Her thou indulgeſt in all,—becauſe this mad daughter is wholly thine. Even now the ſon of Tydeus, Diomedes haughty in arms, ſhe has rouzed to fury, againſt the immortal gods. Firſt Venus he wounded, hand to hand: And tore her fair wriſt with his lance: On me alſo, he preſumed to ruſh,—equalling himſelf to a god. But my fleet ſteeds bore me away;—elſe whelmed, beneath huge heaps of dead,—though immortal, ſubject to pain,—my ſtrength had been broken, with frequent wounds."

Sternly looking on his ſon, began the ſtorm-compelling Jove: "Preſume not, thou inconſtant power, to trouble me, with vain complaints. By me, thou art hated the moſt, of all the gods, who Olympus poſſeſs. In ſtrife is thy ſole delight: In wars, in battle, in blood. In thee thy mother's ſoul is infuſed: A mind unknowing how to yield. Proud Juno's fierce temper is thine: Which ſcarce my commands can repreſs. It was, through her counſels, I deem, that thou, her ſon, ſo much haſt borne. But no longer thou ſhalt ſuffer pain. My ſon, though unworthy, thou art: Thy mother bore thee to Jove. Were ſome other immortal thy ſire: Were thy blood, derived from any, but Jove:—

Long

Long had'ſt thou been plunged in darkneſs, beneath the ſtate of the horrid Titans."

He ſpoke: And commanded Pæon to heal the furious god. The wound the ſkilful Pæon cloſed: With ſoft liniments, expelling the pain. He healed the wound to the god: For not mortal was the offspring of Jove. As when, by the ſharp juice of the fig, the milk is curdled within the pail. The liquid thickens, as, mixing with the runnet, it moves around. Thus ſuddenly beneath the balm, cloſed the wound of impetuous Mars. Bright Hebè bathed the warrior god. She decked him o'er, with ſplendid robes. By Saturnian Jove he ſat aloft: Exulting in his honours divine.

To the halls of far reſounding Jove,—having driven furious Mars from the field,—returned, in ſtate, the Argive Juno and the powerfully-aſſiſting Minerva.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK VI.

THE Trojans are left by the gods. The Greeks, unaided, urge the war. Now here, now there, the fight is ſwayed. Broken tumult divides the field. To mutual wounds the ſpears are ſtretched: Battle rages from line to line: Between the banks of the beauteous Simoïs and the clear-ruſhing ſtreams of Scamander.

AJAX, the great ſon of Telamon: The bulwark of Greece in arms,—firſt broke the firm ranks of the Trojans, pouring the light of hope, on his friends. A hero is ſtruck, by the chief,—the braveſt of the warriors of Thrace. The ſon of valiant Eüſſor, Acamas, ſtout, and large in ſize. On the horſe hair cone of his helm fell the lance; and fixed, in his forehead remained. Through the ſkull paſſed the brazen point. Sudden darkneſs aroſe on his eyes.

AXYLUS

Axylus fell in the fight, by the hand of the great Diomedes: Axylus, the ſon of Teuthras, who dwelt in the beauteous Ariſba. Rich in wealth was the chief,—and much-beloved, by human kind. All he, with kindneſs, received: Rearing, by the road, his lofty halls. But none of his gueſts, iſſuing forth to his aid, now warded off the hand of death. Nor alone fell the chief, by the foe. The ſon of Tydeus his ſervant ſlew: The driver of his car, brave Caleſius. On the earth they both mixed their blood.

Euryalus ſlew the valiant Dreſus and Opheltius equal in arms. He ruſhed on Pedaſus, on brave Æſèpus, whom a lovely Naïad bore: The beauteous nymph, Abarbarëa—to Bucölion blameleſs in ſoul. Bucölion the ſon of Laömedon, the king of Ilium's eldeſt born: But the fruit of a ſecret bed. When Bucölion tended the flock, he mixed, with the glowing nymph, in love. Pregnant the Naïad grew, and produced theſe twins to the light. But now their fair limbs were unbraced in death, by the hand of the ſon of Meciſtheus: From their ſhoulders he tore their mails. Aſtyalus fell in his blood, beneath the warlike Polypætes. Ulyſſes pierced, with pointed ſteel, Percoſian Pidytes in arms. Teucer laid in death, on earth, the noble Aretäon. Antilochus Ablërus ſlew. Elatus fell by the king of men:

Elatus,

Elatus, who lofty Pedaſus held, on the banks of the clear-ruſhing Satnio.

Alive the young Adraſtus is ſeized, by Menelaüs great in arms. His ſteeds frightened ran, wildly along. In a low tamariſk, is entangled the car. The pole, at the root, is broken in twain. Looſe to the city they ſcour the field; and herd with other ſteeds as they fly. Near his broken car, is rolled the warrior on earth. Prone, in the duſt, he lay on his face; when the ſon of Atreus advanced, with extended ſpear. Clinging round the hero's knees, the hapleſs Adraſtus thus began:—"Spare me, ſon of warlike Atreus. Take the price of the life, which you ſpare. Great is the wealth of my aged father: Rich the precious ſtores in his halls. In braſs, in gold the chief abounds, in ſteel, high-wrought, by the artiſt's hands. Of theſe ſhall my father beſtow, a gift unequalled for his ſon: Should he hear, that I ſtill ſee the light in the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers."

He ſpoke; and bent the ſoul of the chief. To lead the youth to the ſhips of Greece,—he, already, had iſſued commands:—But Agamemnon came forward, with ſpeed, and, thus, upbraided his brother aloud:—"O ſoft in temper!—O Menelaüs!—What pity hath ſeized thy ſoul?—Well have the Trojans deſerved of thee. Their friendſhip, in

thy halls, has been known! Let none from deſtruction eſcape: None avoid the death in our hands. Not the child, whom the mother bears, a liſping infant, in her arms: —Not HE ſhall eſcape with life. All her ſons muſt with Ilium fall,—and, on her ruins, unburied remain."

THUS, as the monarch wiſely ſpoke, the ſoul of his brother he changed. He puſhed, from him, the hero Adraſtus. Him Agamemnon wounds in his rage. Through his ſide paſſed the burniſhed lance. Backward falling, he lay in the duſt. The ſon of Atreus laid his foot on the ſlain; and drew his aſhen ſpear from the wound. The aged Neſtor was near; and, thus he urged the Argives aloud:—" O friends! O heroes of Greece! fierce followers of Mars in arms! Let none ſtop, behind, for the ſpoil: With rich plunder to return to the ſhips. But let us firſt the warriors ſlay, then ſtrip, at leiſure, the dead o'er the field."

THUS, as the aged hero ſpoke; He rouzed the ardor and ſouls of all. Then had the Trojans, from the warriors of Greece, fled to high Ilium, by terror ſubdued;—had not, to the hero Æneas,—to Hector ſtanding near in arms,—Helenus the ſon of Priam, his words addreſſed. Helenus of Augurs the firſt and the beſt, in Troy!

" ÆNEAS

" Æneas and Hector," he ſaid, " ſince moſt the toil of fight is yours:—Since the Trojans and Lycians lean on you,—the firſt in each province of war,—whether to urge the ſtrife of ſpears, or in council to guide the ſtate. Stand there, before the flying hoſt. Stop all and forbid them the gates: Leſt they fall, in the arms of their wives, at once the ſcorn and the prey of the foe. When, once, the firm ranks are reſtored,—here we, in arms, ſhall fight the Greeks: Though hemmed in on every ſide. So dire neceſſity commands. But, Hector, thou to Troy retire. Requeſt of thy mother and mine,—the honoured dames of Ilium to call, to the holy fane of the blue-eyed Minerva. Let them the citadel aſcend: The ſacred building open wide. Let her bear in her hand the veil: The moſt beauteous, the largeſt, the beſt—the moſt valued, by herſelf, in her halls. Let her place it on the knees of Minerva: The long-haired daughter of Jove. Let her vow, to the goddeſs with prayer, twelve heifers in her holy fane: A year old each,—unknown to the yoke,—a ſacred offering to the maid! If she will pity the town, the tender dames, the liſping children of Troy: If she will turn, from ſacred Ilium, the ſon of redoubted Tydeus: The fierceſt of warriors in war! The furious author of flight to the foe! Him of all the Greeks, I deem, the firſt, the braveſt, in the fight. Nor, thus, we dreaded ever Achilles: The leader of heroes in war! Though

from a goddeſs, as fame reports, the hero derives his blood. But Diomedes is furious in fight. None, in ſtrength, can equal the dreadful king."

He ſpoke: Nor Hector in ought diſobeyed. Straight from his car, in clanking arms, the hero bounded to the ground. Shaking two long ſpears, in his hand, through the army he held his way. He rouzed his people, as he moved: And wakened, round him, dreadful fight. At once turned the hoſt from flight. They ſtood, forming, before the foe. The Argives ſtopt ſhort, in their courſe. They ſtayed their deadly ſpears, from blood. They thought, that ſome immortal came:—That ſome god from the ſtarry ſkies,—had deſcended, in the midſt of the Trojans; and turned them all, on the foe.

Hector ſtood, tall, in the front. He rouzed, thus, the Trojans to arms:—"Trojans undaunted in ſoul! Illuſtrious allies, come from afar! Shew yourſelves warriors, O friends! Recall your wonted firmneſs in fight:—While I to ſacred Ilium repair: To bid the aged—to order our dames, to pray to the immortal powers:—To vow holy offerings to the gods."—Thus, as he ſpoke, the various-helmed Hector retired. O'er his ſhoulders he threw his ſhield. The dark leather, which edged its wide round, at each ſtep, ſtruck his neck, as he moved.

Glaucus,

Glaucus, the ſon of Hippolochus, and the valiant race of Tydeus,—met, in the midſt, between the lines, with ſouls eager for the fight. When, to each other, the chiefs approached, bending forward to mutual wounds; Diomedes, unequalled in arms, firſt addreſſed his valiant foe:

"Who art thou, braveſt in war! Who of mortal men art thou? Never, heretofore, have theſe eyes beheld thee, in the glorious fight. But, now, in boldneſs, thou all excelleſt: In ſtanding, thus, before my long ſpear. The children of unhappy parents—meet the ſtrength of this arm in war. But if,—of the immortals one,—thou, from thy dwelling in heaven, deſcendeſt, nor I, on the heavenly gods, will ever lift the ſpear, in fight. For few were the days of Lycurgus, the valiant ſon of mighty Dryas, who contended in fight, with the immortal gods. He purſued, through the ſacred Niſſëus, the nurſes of frantic Bacchus. They at once, threw their thyrſi, on earth,—galled with a laſh, by the ſlayer of men, Lycurgus. The god himſelf urged his ſwift flight. He plunged in the wave of the main. Thetis, in her boſom, the trembling power received. Cold terror crept quite through his frame, at the threats of the dreadful king. Againſt him, thereafter, were enraged, the gods who calmly live on high: With blindneſs, at once, he was ſtruck, by the great ſon of Saturn. Nor long did the hero live: Now odious

odious to all the gods. Nor I, with the bleſt above, will fight:—But, if THOU art of mortal race: If THOU feed'ſt, on the fruits of the earth: Approach to my ſpear, with ſpeed; and reach the goal of diſmal death."

To him, in turn, replied the illuſtrious ſon of Hippolochus:—" Son of Tydeus, undaunted in ſoul! Why doſt thou my birth enquire? As the frail ſucceſſions of leaves, —ſuch is the race of men:—Some the wind ſtrews on earth, as they fade: Some ſpring, o'er the lofty woods, and ſhew their green heads, in the vernal year. Such the generations of men!—This riſes and that declines."

" But if this thou would'ſt alſo learn. If THOU my lineage would'ſt hear; my race, which to many of mankind is known. A city there is—Ephyra named,—far in Argos renowned for ſteeds. There Siſyphus reigned of old: The wiſeſt of mortal men! Siſyphus the race of Æolus;—the father of Glaucus renowned. To Glaucus was born a ſon: Bellerophon, blameleſs in ſoul. To him the gods their beauty gave. To him the valour beloved of mankind. But Prætus harboured ills, in his ſoul. The youth, from his country, he drove: For of the Argives, HE was the greateſt in power; and Jove to his ſcepter had ſubmitted the ſtate."

" The glowing ſpouſe of ſceptered Prætus: The noble Antëa burnt with deſire,—to mix with the youth in ſecret love. But ſhe failed to perſuade Bellerophon; Bleſt with pure thoughts and prudence of ſoul. Enraged ſhe ſpoke falſely to Prætus. She thus, rouzed the wrath of the king, with words:—" Thou muſt die, O Prætus!—Or the young Bellerophon ſlay. With me he ſtrove to mix in love: To bend me, with force, to his arms."—Sudden rage ſeized the ſoul of the king, when he heard the complaint of his ſpouſe. But the youth he avoided to ſlay: Bearing fear for the gods, in his ſoul. To Lycia he ſent him afar. He gave deadly ſigns to his charge: Writing in a well-ſealed tablet, the cauſe and requeſt of death. To his father-in-law he wrote. By his hands the youth was to fall."

" To Lycia the hero went, under the bleſt guidance of all the gods. But when to Lycia he came; To the deep ſtreams of the gulphy Xanthus. Him the king, with honour received. Nine days he feaſted in the halls; and nine fat oxen were ſlain. But when the roſy-fingered Aurora reared, on the tenth, her ſacred light: Then the king queſtioned the chief, willing to ſee the fatal ſigns: The commands, which from Prætus, he brought. When the deadly letters he read: He ordered the youth to ſlay with his ſpear, the never-conquered Chimæra! The monſter was of race divine.

vine. Nor ought deriving from mortal blood:—A lion before,—behind a dragon,—in the middle a ſhaggy goat: Pouring forth, from her throat, the force of all-conſuming fire. But HER the blameleſs hero ſlew, confiding in the ſigns of the gods."

"THE Solymi he next aſſailed;—unequalled in renown for arms. This was the fierceſt fight, he ſaid,—he ever entered with mortal men. In his third toil, by command, the manlike Amazons he ſlew. But returning with fame from the field, a new ſnare was laid for his life. The braveſt ſons of wide Lycia were armed; and in ambuſh placed in his way. Never home the warriors returned; ſlain all by Bellerophon, blameleſs in ſoul. His deeds ſpoke his race divine. The king owned his deſcent from the gods. HIM in Lycia he detained. He gave his daughter to his arms; and placed the half of the kingly power in his hands. The Lycians added lands to his power. A ſpacious lot incloſed around; pleaſant,—bearing the vine, and fitted for the plough. The daughter of the king three children bore, to Bellerophon prudent in ſoul: Iſandrus, great Hippolochus, and the beauteous Laodamëa. On Laodamëa's glowing charms, in love, deſcended preſcient Jove. She bore the godlike Sarpëdon, ſplendid in his brazen mail!"

"BUT

" But Bellerophon, in the cloſe of his years, became odious to all the gods. In the Aleïan wilds he ſtrayed alone: Waſting his ſoul in grief, and ſhunning the footſteps of men. His ſon Iſandrus fell by Mars, the inſatiable author of wars. Him the god ſlew, engaged in fight, with the Solymi, renowned in arms. Few alſo were his ſiſter's days: Slain by Diana with golden reins. Hippolochus me begot; and much I boaſt the hero's blood. He ſent me, an aid, to Troy: Giving many commands to his ſon. He bade me, always, with valour to dare, o'er others in virtue to riſe: To diſgrace not the line of my fathers: Nor tarniſh ought of their renown. My fathers unequalled in fame, when in Ephyra the heroes reigned, or in Lycia's extenſive domains.—Such is my race, ſon of Tydeus. Such the blood, which Glaucus boaſts!"

Thus ſpoke the hero Glaucus. Diomedes rejoiced, at his words. He fixed his long ſpear in the earth: And, mildly, thus to the leader of armies:—" The gueſt of my fathers thou art, within their halls of old. Oeneus of race divine, received the blameleſs Bellerophon: In friendſhip received him, in his halls, and twice ten days detained the chief. Their beauteous gifts the heroes exchanged: A memorial to future times. Great Oeneus gave a ſplendid belt, tinged o'er with Phœnician red: Bellerophon, of ſolid

gold, a beauteous cup, both double and round. This I left, at my departure, in memory of my fathers, at home. Tydeus is now loſt to my ſoul. He left me, an infant, in his halls: When periſhed the armies of Greece, before the ſacred Thebes. But now to thee, a gueſt I am; in the midſt of Argos, a friend. The ſame thou art to me in Lycia, ſhould I ever viſit the Lycian ſtate. But let us ſhun to engage in arms. Let us turn the points of our ſpears aſide. Many Trojans remain for me! Many allies renowned in war,—to ſlay whomſoever the gods will give; —or whom, with ſpeed, I may ſeize in the field. Many Greeks await thy ſpear! many to be ſlain by thy hand! But let us our arms exchange, that theſe who ſtand around may know: That ſtill we glory in the friendſhip, which roſe to our fathers of old."

Thus, when the heroes ſpoke, they both leaped, in arms, from their cars. They took each other by the hand. They pledged their mutual faith. Then Saturnian Jove enlarged his generous ſoul to Glaucus. He exchanged his arms with the ſon of Tydeus;—golden for braſs, a hundred oxen for the value of nine.

Hector came to the Scæan gate: To the wide-ſpreading beech of Jove. Around the hero the dames of Troy: Their blooming daughters, with ardor came. Each enquiring,

concerning a ſon,—a brother,—a friend,—a ſpouſe. He bade them to pray to the gods; in long order, proceſſions to form: For that diſaſters impended o'er all.

To Priam's ample palace he came: The beauteous houſe of the ſovereign of Troy. Lofty porticoes roſe in order around. Fifty halls of poliſhed ſtone, were built, near each other, within. There the ſons of Priam lay, in the arms of their beauteous wives. The apartments of the daughters, oppoſed within the ſpacious court, aroſe: Twelve in number, with lofty roofs, the walls of poliſhed marble formed. There lay the ſons-in-law of Priam, in the arms of their bluſhing wives. There his mild mother the hero met; on her way to Laodicè,—of her daughters the faireſt, in form. On the hand of her ſon hung the queen. Thus, by name, ſhe the warrior addreſſed:

"My ſon, why, leaving the bloody fight, comeſt thou alone to Troy? But the foe preſſes hard to our walls. The hated warriors of Achaia prevail. Thy ſoul turns hither thy ſteps: To raiſe thy hands, in his lofty temple, to Jove. Here a moment, ſtop, my ſon. Let me bring forth the generous wine: To pour libations to father Jove, and to the other deathleſs powers. Firſt, let the gods be revered: Then THOU refreſh thy ſoul with wine. To a warrior ſpent with toil, wine his wonted vigour reſtores. Much, with

toil, is ſpent my ſon, in fighting for his country and friends."

To her great Hector replied: Bending forward his various helm: "Bring not wine to ME, O mother revered! Leſt thou my nerves ſhouldſt unſtring: Leſt my wonted vigour ſhould fly away. Much I dread, with hands unclean, to pour the ſable wine to Jove. It ſuits not one, with ſlaughter ſtained, to make ſolemn vows to the god: To raiſe aloft his bloody hands to the ſtorm-ruling offspring of Saturn. But THOU, O mother, repair,—to the high fane of the warrior Minerva. Repair, with rich perfumes: With the dames of Troy in thy train. Bear, in thy hand, a veil: The moſt beauteous, the largeſt, the beſt:—The moſt valued, by thyſelf, in thy halls. Place it, on the knees of Pallas: The long-haired daughter of Jove. Vow to the goddeſs, with prayer, twelve heifers, in her holy fane: One year old—unknown to the yoke,—a ſacred offering to the maid. If SHE will pity the town, the tender dames, the liſping infants of Troy. If SHE will turn, from ſacred Ilium, the ſon of illuſtrious Tydeus: The fierceſt of warriors in war! The furious author of flight to the foe!—But thou, O mother, repair: To the fane of the warlike Minerva: While I turn my ſteps to Paris: If, perhaps, he will hear my voice. Would! that earth would open wide

and cloſe o'er his luckleſs head! Jove has raiſed him in Ilium,—a dire diſaſter to all;—to the Trojans, to magnanimous Priam, to his hapleſs ſons. Could theſe eyes but behold the wretch, deſcending to the regions of death: My ſoul might forget her woes,—the misfortunes, which hover around."

He ſpoke: To her halls moved the queen. To her damſels ſhe iſſued forth her commands. Through the city, obedient, they flew. They convened the honoured matrons of Troy. To a fragrant room, ſhe, then, deſcends: Where her high-wrought, varied robes were laid: The work of Sidonian dames, whom Alexander of form divine, had brought, from the wealthy Sidon,—ſailing through the ſpacious main. The chief took that way, with Helen, the daughter of thundering Jove. The queen brought a veil in her hand; a ſacred offering to blue-eyed Minerva: The moſt beauteous, with various dyes, the largeſt,—and bright, as a ſtar,—the fartheſt, that hung in the hall. She moved to the temple, with ſpeed: With many honoured dames in her train.

When to the citadel they came: To the lofty fane of Minerva. The gates were opened, by bright Theäno: The ſpouſe of Antënor, the breaker of ſteeds. For the Trojans had made the dame, the prieſteſs of the blue-eyed Pallas.

With

With loud voice, in the midſt of the fane, they all raiſed their hands to Minerva. Theäno placed the beauteous veil, on the knees of the long-haired maid: And thus, ſhe prayed, aloud, to the daughter of thundering Jove:

"O Pallas revered!" ſhe ſaid, "Bright guardian of Troy! Among the daughters of heaven divine! Break the ſpear of the great Diomedes. Lay him prone, at the Scæan gate: That, ſtraight, we may offer to Pallas, twelve heifers within her fane: One year old,—unknown to the yoke. If thou wilt pity the town, the tender dames—the liſping infants of Troy."—Thus, breathing her vows, ſhe ſpoke. Minerva refuſed her prayer.

Thus their vows they paid in the fane, to the daughter of thundering Jove. But Hector ſtrode away in haſte, to the halls of Alexander divine. The lofty halls, which ſkilful workmen had built for the chief: The moſt ſkilled in the ſacred Troy. A hall, a dome, a court they reared: Between the palace of Priam and Hector: Where the citadel riſes to view. This, entered Hector, beloved of Jove. In his hand, eleven cubits in length, was his ſpear. The brazen point gleams before, as he moves. Round the ſtaff runs a circle of gold. In the hall his brother he found, preparing his beauteous arms: His buckler,

ler, his cuiraſs, his mail: And bending the crooked bow, in his hand. Near him was Argive Helen, among her beauteous maids: Aſſigning to each damſel her taſk.

Hector, obſerving the chief, upbraided him, with bitter words;—"Ill-fated prince!" he ſaid: "This is no time, for thy rage. The people periſh before the town: Fighting round our lofty walls. Yet the battle is urged for THY ſake. THOU art the ſource of the war, which flames round the ſacred Troy. But THOU thyſelf would another upbraid, ſhould'ſt thou behold him, thus, declining the fight. Ariſe! with ſpeed ariſe! Leſt hoſtile fire ſhould the city conſume."

To him, in turn, replied Alexander of form divine: "Hector, thy rage is not unjuſt: Nor injures thy reproof ſevere. To thee I will, now, reply, but liſten THOU, and hear my words. Nor, in wrath, with the ſons of Troy, nor waſting down my ſoul with rage: I ſat, from war, in my hall: But, here, to give way to grief. It was, but now, that, with pleaſing words, fair Helen urged me to arms: Nor averſe to her counſel was Paris. To fight ſeemed beſt to my ſoul: For conqueſt is alternate to men. But THOU, wait here, in the hall; till I put on theſe martial arms: Or go before to the field; and rely on my following with ſpeed."

He ſpoke: Nor ought replied, Hector with the varied helm. But Helen, with pleaſing voice began. She, thus, addreſſed her words to the chief:—" Brother of hapleſs Helen, the hated author of many woes! O would! that, on that luckleſs day, when my mother produced me to light, —a deſtructive blaſt of wind had borne me, in its boſom, away:—Had thrown me on ſome rugged mountain,—ſome wave of the reſounding main! That the billows had o'erwhelmed me in death, ere yet theſe dreadful evils aroſe! But as ſuch is the will of the gods! As thus they mark me out for woe! At leaſt, I ought the ſpouſe to have been,—of ſome chief leſs timid in arms. Who might feel the rage of mankind: Their keen reproaches, within his ſoul. But to HIM, whom I choſe from the reſt, no firmneſs of mind remains. Nor hereafter, will his valour ariſe: But ſoon, I deem, he will enjoy the fruits of his folly and ſhame. But THOU enter, O brother, our halls! Seat thyſelf, a while, in repoſe. Great the toils thy ſoul invade; for hapleſs ME—for Alexander, for all his crimes. With luckleſs ſtars Jove ſent us to light. Hereafter our names ſhall be heard with reproach: The mournful ſubject of future ſong!"

To HER great Hector replied, bending aloft his burniſhed helm:—" Bid me not, Helen, to reſt! Though, friendly, thou ſhalt never perſuade. My ſoul is rouzed, within my breaſt,

breaſt, to aid, in battle, the ſons of Troy. They feel mine abſence, o'er all their line. But THOU urge my brother to arms. Let himſelf haſten to war: That ſtill he may join my ſide,—ere I iſſue from the gates to the fight. Now I repair to my halls: To view, my houſe, for once, repair: To ſee my ſervants, my ſpouſe beloved,—my ſon, that ſcarce can liſp my name. Nor, in ought I know in my ſoul: Whether ever I ſhall return: Or whether the gods will not Hector ſubdue,—beneath the hands of the ſons of Argos!"

THUS as he ſpoke, he ſtrode away. To his own high halls the hero came. Nor Andromachè there he found: His white-armed ſpouſe beloved. SHE, with her infant ſon; with a damſel of ſweeping train; ſtood ſighing in the high tower of Troy: Weeping o'er the diſtreſs of the field. When the hero found not, within his halls, the blameleſs ſpouſe of his youth: Before the threſhold tall, he ſtood: And, thus, the fair damſels addreſſed:—"Say quickly, fair damſels," he ſaid, "ſay whither has the white-armed Andromachè moved? Went ſhe to the halls of her friends? To her ſiſters with graceful robes? Or moved ſhe to the fane of Minerva, with the long-haired dames of Troy? The tremendous power to appeaſe?"

" O Hector!" a damſel replied, " thou bidſt—and, with truth, I will ſpeak. Nor she is gone to the halls of her friends! Nor to her ſiſters, with graceful robes. Nor moved ſhe to the fane of Minerva, with the long-haired dames of Troy: To ſoothe the wrath of the dreadful power. To the high tower of Ilium ſhe went:—For ſhe heard, that the Trojans were preſſed,—that powerful was the force of the foe. Diſtracted ſhe flew to the walls; with the nurſe, —with her infant boy."

She ſpoke. The hero was rouzed. He turned from the halls his ſudden ſteps: Meaſuring back the way, which he trod before. Through the ſquares, through the city, he paſſed. To the Scæan gate, at length, he came; through which lay his way to the field. There came ruſhing to his arms, with eager haſte, his high-born ſpouſe: Andromachè, the beauteous daughter of the magnanimous Eëtion: Eëtion, who ruled in Hypoplacus, ſurrounded with groves: in Hypoplacian Thebè, where o'er the Cilicians, he reigned. His daughter was the ſpouſe of Hector; renowned in his burniſhed arms! To the chief ſhe came, forward, with ſpeed. Her fair damſel attended her ſteps:—Bearing on her boſom the child: The tender, the liſping, the only ſon of Hector! Bright as the riſing beam of a ſtar!—Him his father Scamandrius called: But others Aſtyanax named:—For Hector

was

was the guardian of Troy. With ſilent joy, he ſmiled on his ſon. Andromachè ſtood near in her tears. She ſeized the hand of her ſpouſe; and thus, with mournful voice began:

"Too daring chief!" She ſighing, ſpoke: "Thee thy valour will ſoon deſtroy. Nor pitieſt thou, thy infant ſon: Nor me ill-fated, ſunk in woe. Thy widow, I ſoon ſhall become: For ſoon thou muſt fall by the foe,—urging their collected ſtrength on thy life. Better far it were for me,—if deſtined to be left by my lord, firſt to deſcend to the grave. To me no comfort ſhall remain, when thou reſign'ſt thy ſoul to death. Sorrow then ſhall ſhrowd my mind.—None to dry my tears ſurvives!—Dead is my much-loved father. Departed is my mother revered. The fierce Achilles ſlew my ſire. He laid waſte his well-peopled town,—ſacred Thebè with lofty gates. The ſtern warrior Eëtion ſlew:—Nor of his armour deſpoiled he the king. He feared the rage of the gods. HIM he burnt, in his ſplendid arms. He raiſed a huge mound o'er the dead. Round the tomb, the mountain-nymphs, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, formed a circle of ſheltering elms."

"Seven brothers, were alſo mine;—ſtately in their father's halls. In one day the path they trode, to the dreary re-

gions of death. Them all the fierce Achilles ſlew, as they tended the flocks and herds. My mother too!—The queen, who reigned,—in Hypoplacus, ſurrounded with groves; a captive, hither he brought, with the rich ſpoils of her native land. Ranſomed he returned her, at length: But Diana, who delights in the bow, deprived her of life, in my father's halls."

"But, Hector, to me thou art, in one—my father, my mother revered,—my brother—the much-loved ſpouſe of my virgin-youth. But pity thou my keen diſtreſs. In this lofty tower remain. Make not thy child an orphan,—a weeping widow thy ſpouſe. Near the wild fig-trees the army array: Where, of eaſieſt acceſs is the town: Where the wall may be ſcaled, by the foe. Thrice, in that very place, the braveſt their efforts have made: The Ajaces, unequalled in war, Idomeneus much renowned; The two ſons of Atreus, the gallant race of the warlike Tydeus: Whether, by ſome augur induced—or urged by their own daring ſouls."

To her great Hector replied, bending aloft his various helm: "Nor theſe, O ſpouſe beloved," he ſaid, "have paſſed, unheeded, o'er my ſoul. But much I dread the Trojans,—the Trojan dames, with their ſweeping trains, ſhould

ſhould I here, like a coward remain: Avoiding the ſtrife of arms. Nor this my ſoul ſuggeſts to me: Accuſtomed always to be bold: To fight in the front of the line,—to protect the fame of my father,—to add renown to my own great name! But well I know, within my mind. My mournful ſoul forbodes it all: That, hereafter, the day will come;—when ſacred Ilium ſhall be laid in the duſt: When Priam ſhall periſh in age; and the people of Priam, renowned at the ſpear."

"But, nor the future woes of Troy: Nor of Hecuba, nor royal Priam:—Nor of my brothers, who many and brave, muſt fall in duſt, before the foe:—Not ALL affect my ſoul ſo much; as the griefs, which THOU haſt to bear:—When ſome rude Greek in his pride, ſhall come,—and lead thee away in thy tears; A mournful captive, of freedom deprived. When in Argos, far from thy native land, thou weav'ſt the web, for ſome haughty dame:—or bear'ſt water from clear Meſſëis,—from Hyperæa's ſacred ſpring: Unwilling thou the burden bear'ſt,—but hard neceſſity commands!—Some Greek, beholding THEE, may ſay,—beholding THEE drowned in thy tears: "This has been the wife of Hector: The firſt to urge the bloody fight. The firſt of all the Trojans, the breaker of warlike ſteeds: When the nations round Ilium fought."—Thus ſome Greek will

ſay

ſay of THEE. Afreſh thy ſorrows will riſe. With deep regret thou ſhalt think of thy ſpouſe: Who would drive from thee the ſervile day. But let gathered earth form my tomb: And, o'er my head, in mounds ariſe;—ere thy burſting cries I hear,—ere I ſee thee torn away by the foe."

He ſaid: And ſtretched his arms to his ſon. To his nurſe's boſom, clung, crying, the child: Frightened, at the looks of his father,—ſtarting at the glittering braſs,—the horſe-hair plume that waved on high:—Beholding it dreadfully nodding, on the top of the brazen helm. Gently ſmiled above the child, his loved father and mother revered. Straight the illuſtrious Hector, from his head the plumy helm withdrew. On the earth he placed it, near, beaming forth like a ſtar, to the eye: He kiſſed his loved ſon, with eager joy. He danced him ſoftly in his arms. Aloud to father Jove he prayed! To all the other deathleſs gods!

"O FATHER Jove, and all ye gods! Grant this! Let my ſon be like ME. Let him ſhine in the midſt of the Trojans,—diſtinguiſhed in council and fight,—and o'er ſacred Ilium with glory reign. Let hereafter, ſome warrior ſay,—beholding him returning from fight: "This gallant youth

is braver far than his father renowned."—Let him bear, aloft, the bloody ſpoils of the foe. Let the ſoul of his mother rejoice!"

He ſpoke: And gave back the child, to the arms of his mother beloved. She, ſmiling, received him ſtill in tears. She ſoothed him on her fragrant breaſt. Her ſpouſe, with ſoft pity, beheld. Seizing, ſoftly, her hand, he began:—"Ceaſe, my beloved," he ſaid. "Let not ſorrow ſhade wholly thy ſoul. Me no warrior, before mine hour, ſhall ſend, untimely, to the ſhades. None ever could his fate avoid;—of mortal men, I deem, that none! Whether feeble or brave in arms, none could ſhun the fate aſſigned, at his birth. But thou repair to thy halls: To works, which ſuit thy ſex, repair: To the ſpindle, the diſtaff, the web. Order, to each damſel, her taſk. But war is the province of men! The care of all, the ſons of Troy: But the care of Hector the moſt!"

He ſaid: And took his plumy helm. His ſpouſe beloved retired to her halls: Obedient to the voice of her lord:—Pouring forth her tears, as ſhe moved. Straight ſhe came to the ſtately halls—of Hector the deſtroyer of men! Within, ſhe found her damſels convened. She waked, o'er all, the ſudden woe. Hector, though alive, they mourned: And filled his lofty halls, with their cries. They never hoped

hoped to ſee the chief, returning from the bloody fight: From the force and the hands of the foe.

Nor Paris, in his halls delayed. Bright, in varied arms, he came forth: Striding, in haſte, through Troy, confiding in the ſpeed of his feet. As a courſer, long detained in his ſtall,—high-pampered, at his manger, with corn,—breaks looſe, and ſkims o'er the field, beating the ſolid earth, as he bounds. To his wonted, ruſhing river, he flies with pride. Aloft his haughty head he rears, and, on his ſhoulders, pours his long mane. He, truſting to his beauty, moves. His fleet limbs bear him, with eaſe, along; To his wonted paſtures,—to the well-known herd of his mares. So moved the ſon of royal Priam, deſcending from the towers of Troy. Gleaming, like the ſun, in his arms, he ſtately moved, exulting along: And plied his ſwift feet to the gate. Straight the noble Hector he found; juſt leaving the place, where he met his ſpouſe beloved.

To the hero firſt began Alexander of form divine: "Brother revered," he ſaid, "by much too long I have kept thee from war: Nor came I, to the time of thy high commands."—"O chief!" great Hector replied, "None of mankind, who judges aright,—can thee, in deeds of war upbraid; For thou art ever brave in fight. But thou remitteſt of thy accord: Nor wilt thou, at times engage.

My

My heart is ſaddened within my breaſt, when the Trojans pour, on thee, reproach: They, who many toils, for thee, have borne. But let us hence!—Theſe, hereafter, we ſhall ſettle with joy: Should Jove grant to our prayers, that to the ever-living gods, we may crown the free urn, in our halls. When we have expelled, from Troy, our foes;—and driven them acroſs the main."

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK VII.

THUS, as he ſpoke,—through the gate, ruſhed forward illuſtrious Hector. By his ſide, ſtately ſtrode Alexander. Both burning, along their ſouls, to aid their loved friends, on the field: To turn the tide of fight, on the foe. As when ſome god awakes a gale,—to longing ſailors, becalmed on the main: When fatigued, with the poliſhed oar, they rouze the deep: Their limbs are unbraced with toil. Thus, to the longing Trojans, the heroes appeared in the field.

THE heroes the ſlaughter began. Alexander, firſt, a warrior ſlew: The race of the king Areïthous: Meneſthius, dwelling in Arna: The ſon of the club-bearer Areïthous and Philomeduſa of large blue eyes. Hector pierced brave Ëioneus,

neus, with his pointed ſpear. Through the neck, by the helm, paſſed the ſteel. Death unbraced his limbs, as he fell to the ground. Glaucus, the ſon of Hippolochus: Brave leader of the Lycians in arms,—ſtruck Iphinous with his lance,—in the midſt of the burning fight: Iphinous, the ſon of Dexius, through the ſhoulder he pierced,—as he vaulted aloft, to his car. To the earth fell the chief, in his blood. His limbs are unbraced, as he lies.

The blue-eyed Minerva beheld them: Slaying her Argives in dreadful fight. Rouzed, from the tops of Olympus,—to ſacred Ilium, the goddeſs deſcends. On her courſe, came forward Apollo: From Pergamus beholding the queen: Where he ſat, wiſhing conqueſt to Troy. At the beech, met the awful powers. To her, firſt, began the king,—Apollo the offspring of Jove!

"Why rouzed again!" he began, "O daughter of thundering Jove! Why deſcend'ſt thou, from loſty Olympus? What deſign urges forward thy mind? Comeſt thou, to give to the Greeks,—the ſtill unſwayed fortune of arms? For thou pitieſt not in thy ſoul, the Trojans, that fall in their blood. But ſhouldſt thou liſten to me, in ought: And now to liſten were better far. Let us ſtop, for this day, the fight. Hereafter let the war be renewed: Till a period to Ilium they find: Since, thus, it ſeems good to the ſoul,

of two daughters of heaven, to deſtroy,—to lay Troy, in ſmoke, on the ground."

To him, in turn, replied the blue-eyed daughter of thundering Jove: "So be it! Thou that ſhoot'ſt from afar! The ſame the thought that aroſe in my ſoul: That ſent me from lofty Olympus,—to the battles of Greece and of Troy. But haſten: Unfold to me ſtraight: Say, how thou mean'ſt to ſtop their fury in arms?"

To the goddeſs again began, the king,—Apollo, the offſpring of Jove: "Let us rouze the undaunted ſoul of Hector the breaker of ſteeds: To defy ſome Argive hero to arms. In ſingle combat oppoſed,—to urge the dreadful ſtrife. The ſons of Greece will ariſe in rage,—and rouze ſome warrior to contend with Hector divine."

He ſpoke: Nor diſapproved in ought,—the blue-eyed daughter of Jove. Helenus, the loved ſon of Priam, perceived their purpoſe in his ſoul. In his prophet-mind aroſe the will, of the conſulting gods. Near Hector the kingly augur ſtood. He thus began in his ear:

"Hector, ſon of Priam! O equal to the councils of Jove! Wilt thou obey Helenus in ought? At once thy loved brother and friend? Bid the Trojans to ceaſe the fight. Bid the Argives their fury appeaſe. Defy the braveſt of the Greeks.

Greeks. Provoke the firſt of the foe to arms. Demand a warrior on the field: To meet thee face to face, in fight. Nor yet comes thy fate to fall. The hour of death is not arrived: For, thus, to mine ears, came the voice of the immortal gods."

Hector heard, with joy, his words. He ruſhed forth, between the hoſts, graſping, in the middle, the ſtaff of his ſpear. He preſſed, backward, the Trojan ranks:—And the warriors ſtood all, on their arms. Agamemnon ſtopt the fury of Greece. Silence grew, darkly, along the lines. The blue-eyed Pallas and far-ſhooting Phœbus—ſat aloft, two vultures in form,—on the high beech of their father, Ægis-bearing Jove. Pleaſed with the heroes they ſat. The crowded lines ſpread gloomy, along the plain: While, unequally, o'er them aroſe—bucklers and helmets and glittering ſpears. As when the ruffling breath of the weſt is poured gently on the breaſt of the main: The firſt breeze of the riſing wind. The deep darkens beneath its wing, as it flies. So ſpread the ranks of Greece and Troy: In ſhadowy order, along the field.

Hector ſtood forth, in the midſt. He thus, to both, his words addreſſed:—"Hear me, O Trojans! Attend, Argives in arms renowned! Liſten to what his ſoul, bids Hector to propoſe to the hoſts. Our treaties, Jove, who ſits

on

on high—has not thought fit to confirm. He meditates new diſaſters to both: Nor will he put a period to war: 'Till the Greeks high-towered Ilium deſtroy—or, vanquiſhed, ſhrink back to their hollow ſhips. With YOU there are chiefs, in war renowned. Let him, whom his daring ſoul ſhall urge,—iſſue forth and contend with ME. Let him, hither, come forth, from his friends. Let him meet Hector, in open fight. But theſe are the terms, I propoſe! And Jove be witneſs, from his ſkies! Should the chief, who contends in fight,—ſlay Hector, with his long-pointed ſpear; —let the victor bear the arms of the ſlain to the ſhips: But the body return to my friends—to be burnt, on the lofty pile,—midſt the tears of the people of Troy. But ſhould I in the fight, prevail. Should mighty Phœbus give me fame: The arms of the foe I will bear to ſacred Ilium: To ſuſpend the trophy in the fane,—of great Apollo who ſhoots from afar. But his corſe to his friends I will give: To the ſhips to be borne away. Let Greece his obſequies perform. Let her rear his gathered mound to the ſkies: On the Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore. This, hereafter, ſome one will behold: Some mariner of future times—as, o'er the dark deep, his veſſel he guides:—" This the memorial remains: The tomb of a chief ſlain of old: Who, contending in the glorious ſtrife, fell by illuſtrious Hector's ſpear." Thus, hereafter, ſome warrior will ſay: And never ſhall periſh my fame."

THUS

Thus ſpoke the hero aloud. Silence darkened o'er all the foe. To refuſe the combat they feared. To accept it, they dreaded much more. Menelaüs, at length, aroſe: And, upbraiding, aloud, began: While crowding ſighs burſt forth, from his ſoul: "O cowards! Vain boaſters of Greece! Argive women, not warriors of Argos! This the laſt ſtage of diſgrace! The heavieſt weight of heavy woes! Should none of the ſons of Greece, ſtart forth to meet Hector in arms! But to your native dirt return. Become water and earth again: Each ſitting, heartleſs, in his place:—Inglorious, diſhonoured and loſt!—Againſt the chief myſelf will arm. The fate of conqueſt is placed above: And let the immortals decide."

He ſpoke, and reſumed, at once, his arms. Then hovered o'er thee, Menelaüs, thy fate! Subdued by the hands of Hector,—who much excelled thee in fight. But ſudden, before thee, aroſe the kings of Greece, and forbade the fight. The ſon of Atreus, the firſt, aroſe: The far-commanding Agamemnon. He took the chief by the hand: And thus addreſſed his brother by name:—"Why this frenzy, O Menelaüs! This madneſs ſuits not force like thine. Reſtrain thyſelf, though grieved in ſoul. Avoid, through contention, to fight: To meet in combat a ſtronger foe: To lift thy ſpear on the ſon of Priam,—whom the firſt war-

riors of Achaia fear: Achilles, great Achilles himſelf—than THEE much braver in war! Achilles ſhudders to meet the chief, in the ſtriſe of the glorious field. But THOU ſit down in thy place: Or to thy native troops retire. The Greeks ſome other warrior will rouze: To meet this awful chief in fight. Undaunted, though the hero may be! Yet, I deem, he will gladly retire: Should he eſcape the burning fight: The dreadful conteſt, with the chief in arms."

THUS, as Atrides wiſely ſpoke: He bent, at once, his brother's ſoul. He obeyed the voice of the king. His ready ſervants came round him, with joy. They, from his ſhoulders his armour withdrew. In the midſt prudent Neſtor aroſe. Thus to Greece, his words he addreſſed:

"O GODS!" ſaid the aged chief, "What mighty woes invade our land? How will the ſteed-ruling Peleus mourn o'er our ſhame, in his age! The leader of the warlike Myrmidons! In council great, and renowned in the field! HE, heretofore, of me enquired,—while joy roſe on his ſoul, in his halls: He enquired concerning our chiefs: Their lineage and their warlike race. But ſhould he hear, that ſhuddering with fear,—all ſhrunk, from the preſence of Hector! Frequent to the immortal gods, the king would raiſe in prayer, his hands: That his ſoul might forſake her grief; and ſink to the ſhades below."

"O WOULD

" O would to father Jove! To Pallas! To the far-ſhooting Phœbus! That, now, I were young in years, as when, by the ſwift-ruſhing Celadon—the gathered Pylians and Arcadians, renowned at the ſpear,—fought by the walls of Phëas,—by the ſtreams of the roaring Jardan. Ereuthalion ſtood, in front of the foe: A hero, like the gods, in form! Bearing on his ſhoulders the arms,—of Areïthous, reigning afar: Of Areïthous afar renowned! called the club-bearing king,—by warriors, by high-boſomed maids. For neither, the tough bow he bent: Nor launched, in battle, the ſpear. He broke, with his iron-club,—the deep ranks of the foe in war. Him, at length, Lycurgus ſlew; by treachery not open force. In the narrow path he ſlew the king: When availed not his iron-club. Before him Lycurgus ſtood with his ſpear. He extended him, in death, on the ground. Of his arms the ſlain he deſpoiled: The gift of brazen Mars to the king. Theſe, thereafter, the victor bore: When he ſtrove in the bloody field."

" But when Lycurgus waxed old, in his halls,—to Ereuthalion he gave the arms: Ereuthalion, his much-loved friend: To bear the ſplendid prize, in war. In theſe the hero came forth. He, to combat, the braveſt defied. They ſhook, o'er their lines, with fear. None ſuſtained the rage of the chief. But me my ſoul urged on to fight: Daring,

then, beyond my ſtrength;—for of the chiefs I was leaſt in years. Hand to hand, the warrior I fought. Minerva crowned me with fame. Him, huge in ſize and brave in arms, I laid, transfixed, in death, on earth: And wide ſtretched his corſe on the plain. Would that, as then, I were young!—That ſtill my ſtrength remained! Then ſoon would Hector divine,—have a foe to encounter in arms. But you, who ſtand the firſt in place: Who boaſt you are firſt in arms,—decline to meet Hector in fight. You ſhrink from a noble foe."

Thus upbraided the aged chief. Straight, nine heroes aroſe. Firſt aroſe the king of men: The far-commanding Agamemnon. Next, was the ſon of Tydeus: Diomedes in battle renowned. The Ajaces, after the chief, aroſe: Both in matchleſs valour clothed. The fifth was the great Idomeneus. Next Meriones, equal to Mars in arms. Eurypylus ſucceeds to theſe: The gallant ſon of the great Euæmon. Thoas ſtarted up with ſpeed, the warlike offspring of Andræmon. Laſt aroſe Ulyſſes divine. All theſe ſtept forward in arms: Bent on godlike Hector to lift the ſpear.

Nestor roſe again to the chiefs. Thus ſpoke the aged breaker of ſteeds: "Let all now determine by lot. Let him, whoſe fate it is, engage. Much will he aid the warlike Argives: Much honour derive to his fame: Should he

from the combat eſcape: And riſe with fame from the ſtrife of the ſpear."

Thus he ſaid. Each chief marked his lot; and threw it into the helm of Atrides. The people, at once, ſtood in prayer. They raiſed their hands, aloft, to the gods. Thus each to heaven breathed forth his vows: Eying the broad face of the ſky:—"O father Jove!" they thus began, "Give the lot to the elder Ajax: Give it to the ſon of Tydeus, or to the king of men himſelf: The ſovereign of rich Mycènæ!"

Thus, in prayer, they ſpoke. The aged Neſtor ſhook the whole in the helm. Forth flew the lot of Ajax. The lot which moſt they wiſhed flew forth. The ſacred herald bore it round: Shewing it to all the leaders of Greece. They recognizing not the ſign; diſowned it one by one. But when to Ajax the herald came: bearing it through the circle of chiefs. The hero ſtretched forth, at once, his hand. He placed it, on the well-known ſign. He knew it, as he turned it round. Sudden joy flamed o'er his ſoul. He threw it, at his feet, on the ground: And thus the hero began aloud:

"O friends of Argos, the lot is mine! Much I rejoice, in my ſoul: Since, I deem, I ſhall conquer in arms,—and

foil, in combat, Hector divine. But you, with prayer, aſſiſt my hopes: While I aſſume my martial arms. Raiſe your hands to the great ſon of Saturn. But pray, in ſecret, leſt the Trojans ſhould hear your voice. Or even prefer your vows aloud, ſince I can dread no mortal in arms. For none, if well I judge, by force—by ſkill, by ſtratagem, none,—ſhall drive me from the field of fame: Or triumph o'er my fall. Not ſo unſkilled in glorious war—was Ajax in Salamin born: Or, in his iſle, to battle trained."

He ſpoke: And, o'er their lines, the hoſt prayed to Saturnian Jove. Thus each, to heaven, breathed forth his vows: Eying the broad face of the ſky:—"O father Jove! Thou that reigneſt from Ida! O moſt auguſt, and greateſt of gods! O give the victory to Ajax. Give him glory unequalled in arms. But if mighty Hector thou loveſt. If, o'er his fame thou doſt preſide: Give equal ſtrength to both in fight. Give equal renown to their ſpears."

Thus prayed the hoſt, o'er their ranks. Ajax ſheathed himſelf in ſteel. But, when, o'er his body, he drew,—his arms, reflecting dreadful light: Rouzed, he ruſhed large along: Like huge Mars, when he moves in wrath. When he ruſhes to the battle of heroes: Whom Jove ordains to urge the ſtrife: To deal in diſcord, that waſtes the ſoul. Such Ajax moved large along: The bulwark of Achaia he!

—Smiling,

—Smiling, with dreadful features, he moved: Striding with wide ſtrides along;—Shaking aloft his brandiſhed ſpear. Much the Argives, through their hoſt, exulted in their ſtriding chief. But terror invaded the Trojans: Thrilling cold, through every limb. To Hector himſelf, his gallant ſoul,—began to throb, within his breaſt. [But the time of yielding to terror was paſt. Nor could the hero, now, retire;—For he himſelf had provoked the war.

Ajax came forward near the foe: Bearing his ſhield, like a tower on high: His brazen ſhield, covered o'er with the hides of ſeven bulls. The ſhield, which labouring Tychius made: Of armourers, by far, the beſt! Dwelling in his halls in Hyla. This artiſt made the various ſhield. Seven bull-hides, folded, formed the orb. A plate of braſs, behind, is ſpread. Bearing this ſhield, before his breaſt: The ſon of Telamon advanced. Standing near the godlike Hector,—he, threatening, began aloud:

"Hector!" the hero ſaid, "Now, ſingly engaged, thou ſhalt know;—what leaders the Greeks have in war;—beſide Achilles, the breaker of lines:—The lion-hearted Achilles! Who, now, in his hollow ſhips, retired,—broods o'er his extended rage: Againſt the ſhepherd of his people Atrides. But ſuch are we, who here remain; That many dare

to

to meet thy ſpear. But thou the combat begin. Stretch thy hand to the ſtrife of arms."

To him great Hector replied: Shaking, aloft, his various helm: "Ajax, deſcended of Jove! Son of Telamon! Leader of armies! Nor ME like a feeble boy, affright. Nor like a woman, untutored to arms. I know, to the right, to raiſe my ſhield. To wield it to the left, I know. In ſtanding fight to dare I am taught. To ſet my ſteps to the clamours of Mars. On the car, I have learned to launch the ſpear. From my ſteeds to hurl forward, the war. But THEE, with art, I will not ſtrike. For brave thou art, and great in arms! No ſtratagem ſhall be followed by Hector: But open force, on ſuch a foe."

HE ſaid: And, brandiſhing aloft, hurled forward, his pointed ſpear. He ſtruck the ſeven-fold buckler of Ajax. Through the plate of braſs paſſed the ſteel. Six folds pierced reſiſtleſs, the lance: But in the ſeventh, the point, inactive, remained. The noble Ajax aſſailed the foe. He hurled with force his heavy ſpear. He ſtruck the ſon of Priam, on the round orb of his brazen ſhield. Through the ſhield paſſed, rapid, the lance: Through the corſlet exerting its point, it tore the tight coat, on his ribs, behind. Inclining he eſcaped the ſteel: And ſhunned death, as it flew, by his ſide. Hand to hand, they recovered their ſpears. They

cloſed

cloſed again, in dreadful fight: Like lions tearing the herds, —or mountain-boars unequalled in force and rage. The ſon of Priam again launched the ſpear. The point bends back, from the brazen boſs. Ajax, bounding onward, ſtruck the ſhield of the foe. Through and through paſſed the lance; And ſhook the ruſhing chief, as he came. O'er the neck drove the ſteely point. From a ſlight wound, burſts the ſable blood.

Nor Hector, diſmayed, ceaſed the fight. Bending backward, he graſpt, in his hand, a ſtone, which lay in moſs, on the field: Dark-pointed, of enormous ſize! This the chief threw on the foe. On the center boſs of the ſhield it fell. The braſs, harſhly-grating reſounds o'er the orb. Next Ajax aſſumed a ſtone: Of rougher form and larger ſize. He threw it, whirling aloft,—following its flight, with all his ſtrength. On the ſhield of Hector it fell, with its force. It broke the braſs and grazed his knees. Half-extended on earth the hero lay: Leaning on his broken ſhield. But Phœbus raiſed him, at once, from the plain. With ſwords unſheathed, advanced the chiefs. But the heralds ruſhed in between: The ſacred meſſengers of men and of Jove! One from the Trojans came: One from the Argives with brazen mails: Talthibius and the aged Idæus,—both for their prudence renowned. Between the heroes, their ſcepters

they

they placed. Thus Idæus, ſkilled in wiſe councils, began:

"Cease, ſons, beloved! Ceaſe the combat. Suſpend the ſword. Both are equally dear to Jove,—the high ruler of ſtorms. Both are unmatched in fight. To either army your valour is known. But now, Night deſcends with her ſhades. Obey the Night divine."—"Idæus!" ſaid the great ſon of Telamon. "To Hector addreſs thy requeſt. It was he that defied the braveſt to arms. Let him from the combat deſiſt: And Ajax will obey the Night."

To the hero, Hector replied: Waving, aloft, his various helm: "Ajax! To thee gave the gods—ſtrength of body and valour of ſoul. Wiſdom in council is alſo thine: Of the Argives thou art firſt at the ſpear. Now, let us the combat ceaſe: For to-day put off the war. Hereafter, we ſhall fight, in the field: Till fate itſelf ſhall ſtep between:—And give, to one or other, the palm of fame. But now, Night deſcends, with her clouds. Let us obey the Night divine. Go,—gladden Greece at her hollow ſhips. But gladden moſt thy friends beloved: Thy valiant companions in arms. While I to Priam's lofty city retire: To cheer the drooping warriors of Troy: Her glowing dames, with ſweeping trains: Who, for me, with uplifted hands,—ſhall crowd the aſſembly divine. But let us each ſome gift exchange: Some fair memorial

memorial to future times. That the warriors of Greece may own: That the ſons of Ilium may ſay: "Theſe fought for renown alone: Then, in friendſhip, departed from war."

Thus, as he ſpoke, he gave his ſword,—diſtinguiſhed with ſilver ſtuds. With its ſcabbard, he ſtretched it forth: With its belt wrought, curious with art. Ajax his girdle gave: Bright o'er with Phœnician red. The heroes parted at once: The one to the Argives came: The other ſtrode to the warriors of Troy. Joy ſpread o'er all the hoſt: When they ſaw their hero, coming forward, alive and unhurt: Eſcaped from the valour of Ajax: From the chief's invincible hands. In triumph, they bore him to Troy: Scarce believing he yet was ſafe.

Ajax, on the other ſide, is borne along, by the warlike Argives. Him rejoicing in his fortune, they led, to Agamemnon divine. To the tents of the ſon of Atreus, the leaders of Argos convened. The king of men, amidſt his joy,—ſacrificed, in his tents, a bull: Fat, five-year-old! To the all-powerful ſon of Saturn. The carcaſe they ſtrip of the hide. In portions, they divide the fleſh: And tranſfix each piece, with the ſpits. They roaſt them againſt the flame. All, before them in order is laid. But when they had ceaſed, from their toil, they ſat down. The banquet is prepared: They eat: Each mind content, with the equal

feaſt. The chine is beſtowed on warlike Ajax,—by the hero Atrides, the all-commanding Agamemnon. But when hunger and thirſt were both removed: The aged Neſtor aroſe to the chiefs. Revered for prudent counſels before: He now unveiled a new advice. With ſoul devoted to the hoſt: The prudent leader began:

"Son of Atreus!" he ſaid, "other leaders of the Argives in war!—Many of our friends are low: Many long-haired Argives lie ſlain, on the field: Whoſe blood has been poured, by pernicious Mars,—near the bright-ruſhing ſtreams of Scamander: While deſcended their ſouls to the regions of death. It becomes the ſovereign of Argos, to intermit, for to-morrow, the war: That, convened, we may bear, on our cars,—the bodies of the lately ſlain: Dragged together, by oxen and mules. Let us burn them, at once, near the ſhips: That each may bear home the bones of his friend. When we ſhall return in peace; to the ſhores of our native land. Round the pile, let us rear a tomb: A gathered mound that ſhall riſe on high:—The common memorial of all. Along the ſhore, let us rear a wall—with lofty towers and a bulwark of ſtrength: At once, the defence of the ſhips and the hoſt. In the wall let us open wide gates: Firmly built on either ſide. Through each be a road for our cars. Before the wall, let a trench be ſunk: To ſtop the progreſs of ſteeds

and

and of men: Should the war of the haughty Trojans,—urge forward its tide, on our camp."

He ſpoke: And the leaders of Argos, the counſel of the aged approved. The aſſembled Trojans in council met, in the citadel of lofty Ilium. Turbulent, diſordered, they met: At the gates of the prudent Priam. To them wiſe Antënor aroſe: And, thus, his words to all addreſſed:

"Hear me, O Trojans! Dardanians and allies, attend. Let me explain to all, what his ſoul bids Antënor to ſpeak. Let us Argive Helen reſtore: With all her wealth to the ſons of Atreus. Now, under broken treaties, we fight: Nor, deem I, we ſhall ever ſucceed; till we make ſome amends to the foe."

Thus ſpoke the prudent Antënor. To them, in the midſt, aroſe the noble Alexander: The ſpouſe of the long-haired Helen. "Antënor!" the chief began: "Unpleaſing are thy words to my ſoul. A better counſel thy wiſdom might give: Than that, which has come to our ears. But if theſe are thy ſerious thoughts: The gods themſelves have diſtracted thy mind. But I will addreſs, in my turn,—the valiant rulers of ſteeds in war. To the Trojans I freely profeſs: That I never my ſpouſe will reſtore. But the wealth, which I brought from Argos: Which I bore, o'er the main,

to Troy: All to the foe I will give,—and add to theſe much wealth of my own."

Thus ſaying, the hero ſat down. In the midſt of his people aroſe,—Dardanian Priam,—equal in council to gods. With ſoul devoted to the hoſt: Their aged ſovereign began: "Hear me, O Trojans! Dardanians and allies, attend!—That I may alſo to all explain—what his ſoul bids Priam to ſpeak. Let the army, o'er their troops take repaſt. Remember the watch, as heretofore. Guard againſt the nightly aſſault. Let Idæus, with morning, proceed,—to the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers. Let him bear to the ſons of Atreus,—to Agamemnon, to great Menelaus: Let him bear the offer of Paris: In whoſe cauſe this contention aroſe. Let him add too this prudent requeſt: A ſhort truce from reſounding war: Till the dead we to flames ſhall conſign. Hereafter ſhall the fight be renewed: Till Fate itſelf ſtep in between:—And give, to one or other, the field."

He ſpoke; and they heard his voice. All, their aged ſovereign obeyed. The hoſt, o'er each troop, took repaſt. With morning proceeded Idæus—to the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers. In council at the ſhip of Atrides, he found the Argives: The fierce followers of Mars in arms! In the midſt ſtood the clear-voiced herald. He thus began aloud, to the chiefs:

"Sons

"Sons of Atreus! Other leaders of Argos in war! Great Priam has given in command: And other Trojans, illuſtrious in arms. They bade me to bear to the ſhips: Should the Argives incline their ears. To explain the offer of Alexander; In whoſe cauſe this contention aroſe. The treaſure the chief will reſtore: The wealth, which he brought o'er the main: Would he had periſhed ere that day! All her wealth the chief will reſtore: And add rich treaſures of his own. But the youthful ſpouſe of the great Menelaus,—Paris will never reſtore:—Though much the Trojans intreat the chief. They alſo gave in command a requeſt: A ſhort reſpite from reſounding war: Till the dead, we to flames, ſhall conſign. Hereafter, ſhall the fight be renewed: Till Fate itſelf ſtep in between: And give, to one or other, the field."

He ſpoke: And ſilence darkened around. At length, in the midſt of the chiefs,—the warlike Diomedes began: "Let none receive the wealth of Paris: None Argive Helen herſelf receive. To all it manifeſt appears: Even to children untutored in ought: That ruin hangs o'er the Trojans: That the laſt hour of Ilium is near."—He ſpoke. Greece ſhouted around: Approving the manly words, of Diomedes, the breaker of ſteeds.

The great Agamemnon aroſe. He thus addreſſed his words to Idæus: "Idæus!" the hero ſaid, "Thou heareſt the mind of the Argives. Their anſwer, in their ſhouts, aſcends: And I their purpoſe, confirm. Nor of the truce to burn the dead,—my ſoul in ought diſapproves. Nor to be envied to the ſlain: To thoſe, who fell bravely in war, —is the laſt grateful rite of the flaming pile. Of the truce be witneſs, O Jove! High-thundering ſpouſe of white-armed Juno!"

He ſpoke, and raiſed his ſcepter to all the gods. Back, Idæus trod his way: To ſacred Ilium, expoſed to the winds. The Trojans in council he found: And all the Dardan powers convened;—waiting his return from the hollow ſhips. At length, the holy herald came. In the midſt he his meſſage explained. All ruſh, at once, to their various toils. Some bear the dead on their cars. Some raiſe aloft the wooden piles. The Argives, on the other ſide, —ruſh ſudden, from all their ſhips: To bear the bodies from the field: To fell the wood to erect the pile.

The riſing ſun ſtruck the world, with his rays: From the calmly heaving depth of the ocean wide,—aſcending, in glory, the ſky. The Trojans mixed with Greece, in their toils. Scarce known were the ſlain to their friends: But, the gore being waſhed away,—their loved features roſe diſtinct

on

on the view. Pouring warm tears on the dead: They placed them, aloft, on their cars. Great Priam forbade them to weep. They, in ſilence, on the pile, placed their friends: Grieving in their ſecret ſouls. When, with fire, they conſumed the ſlain: To ſacred Ilium, they all returned. Nor were the Argives leſs eager in toil. On the pile they placed, in heaps, the dead: Grieving in their inmoſt ſouls. But when, with fire, they the ſlain had conſumed: To their hollow ſhips they returned, in their tears.

When yet ſcarce Aurora appeared: While grey twilight is mixing with Night. Round the pile of the Argives ſlain: A choſen band of Achaia aroſe. They rolled a huge mound on the dead: The common memorial of all. Along the ſhore, they reared a wall: With lofty towers and a bulwark of ſtrength: At once the defence of the ſhips and of the Argive powers. In the wall, wide gates they diſcloſed: Firmly-formed, on every ſide. Through each led a road for their cars. Without, a deep trench they ſunk: Wide, extending round the wall: Stuck thick, at the bottom, with ſtakes.

Thus laboured the long-haired Greeks. The gods ſat, with thundering Jove. With wonder the huge work they ſurveyed. At length, the earth-ſhaking Neptune began: —"O father Jove!" ſaid the god. "What mortal in the extended

extended world,—ſhall, hereafter his ſoul diſcloſe to the gods? Or claim their heavenly aid with prayer? Doſt thou not behold, how the Greeks have reared a wall before their ſhips? Have round it ſunk a trench profound;—nor wonted offerings, have paid to the gods? The glory of the work ſhall ſpread: Where'er the light diffuſes itſelf on the world. Forgot ſhall the walls paſs away: Which I and Apollo, in evil hour,—built for the hero Laomedon, around his ſacred town."

Much, with his brother enraged, began the cloud-compelling Jove: "Ha!—Thou that ſhakeſt the ſolid world! What words have eſcaped, from thy lips? Some other of the gods might dread,—the fame, which from this work ſhall ſpring: Some power more feeble than Neptune,—in ſtrength of limbs and force of ſoul. Thy glory ſhall ſpread as far—as light is diffuſed o'er the world. Of this no more. When the long-haired Greeks ſhall depart. When, in their ſhips, they ſhall croſs the main: To the loved ſhores of their native land; Whelm thou the falling wall in the deep,—cover the wide ſhore, with thy ſands: That, from ſight, may vaniſh for ever—the huge works of the Argive powers."

Thus ſpoke the gods, in their halls. The ſun of heaven ſunk down in the weſt;—wholly finiſhed is the work of the Argives.

Argives. Fat oxen are ſlain, through the tents. Supper ſmoaks wide through the camp. From Lemnos arrived a fleet: Bearing wine to the Argive hoſt: The ſhips of Euneus, the ſon of Jaſon: Whom, to the leader of armies,—the beauteous Hypſipylé bore. Apart to the ſons of Atreus, —a thouſand meaſures were the gift of the king. The reſt the long-haired Argives bought. Some with braſs and others with ſteel. Some, the hides of oxen gave. Some the oxen themſelves exchanged. Others purchaſed wine with ſlaves. The joyful banquet is prepared, through the hoſt.

All night the Greeks ply the feaſt: And the Trojans and their allies in Troy. All night—ſad omen of woe!—burſt the dreadful thunders of preſcient Jove! Pale terror invades the hoſt. They pour, unceaſing, on earth, the wine. Not one dares to drink, till, on the ground,—he ſprinkles libations to all-powerful Jove. At length, they lie down to reſt. They drown their labours and fears, in repoſe.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK VIII.

THE ſaffron-robed Aurora ſpreads the world, with returning light. The gods meet in council above;—with the thunder-delighted Jove. On the higheſt ſummit of Olympus they ſit: Where riſe its hundred heads to the ſky. In the midſt ſpeaks the father of gods. The immortals bend forward to hear:

"HEAR my voice, all ye gods! Daughters of heaven all attend! Liſten to the words of your father!—To what his ſoul has ſuggeſted to Jove. Let no female power preſume—no male of immortal race,—to break in ought, my high commands. Aſſent all, and, in ſilence, ſubmit. Give ſcope to my firm decrees. What power ſoever ſhall dare to deſcend,—to aid or Greece or Troy in fight: Diſhonoured, wounded

wounded o'er all his limbs: To Olympus he ſhall return. Or, ſeized in this powerful hand,—I will hurl him to Tartarus involved in ſhades: Far, far from the light of heaven: Under earth, to the pit moſt profound. Gates of iron on threſholds of braſs, harſhly grate, as they ſhut him from ſight. As far beneath the regions of death,—as high heaven aſcends o'er the world. Then ſhall he know, in his woe, how much, in power, I excel all the gods. But leſt ought of doubt ſhould remain: Make trial, ye gods, and know all. Suſpend our golden chain from the ſky. Hang ALL by one end, with ALL your force. But you never can drag from his ſky,—Jove, firſt in wiſdom, and greateſt in power! Though much your joint force you ſhould ſtrain with toil. But when my pleaſure ſhall prompt ME to pull: With the earth, with the ocean, the gods I can raiſe. To the top of Olympus the chain I will bind,—and all Nature ſhall hang, in my ſight. So much I tranſcend the gods: So much the human race in power."

He ſpoke. Awful ſilence hung o'er all the powers. His ſpeech they admired and feared: For fiercely ſpoke the father of gods. At length Minerva ſlowly aroſe, and, thus, the blue-eyed queen began:—" O father Jove! Son of Saturn! Firſt and greateſt of kings! Well to us all is known,—that thy power is invincibly great. But our ſouls

are laden with grief,—for the warriors of Greece, who muſt fall: Who muſt periſh beneath thy wrath. Yet we ſhall abſtain from the field: As ſuch the commands of Jove. But to the Argives we will counſel ſuggeſt; That all may not die, in thy rage."

To her, with a ſmile, replied,—the awful ruler of gloomy ſtorms:—" Confide in thy ſoul, Tritonia! My daughter beloved, confide. Thee my words regard not in ought. To Pallas I wiſh to be mild."—Thus he ſpoke and joined to his car,—his brazen-footed ſteeds, that fly on the winds: Spreading, on their ſhoulders, their golden manes. In beaming gold is clothed the god. A whip of gold ſhines forth in his hand: As, in ſtate, he mounts his high car. He urged forward his bounding ſteeds. Not, unwilling, they flew, on the wind. The mid-way tract they held aloft,—between earth and the ſtarry ſky. To fountain-watered Ida he came: The lofty mother of all that is wild. On Gargarus arrived the god,—within his own holy pale—where ſmoaked, unceaſing, an altar to Jove. There the father of gods placed apart,—his flying ſteeds, now looſed from the car. He involved them, with darkneſs around. He himſelf, on the higheſt point,—ſat, exulting in all his ſtate: Turning his eyes on Ilium: On the ſhips of the Grecian powers.

The Greeks take a ſhort repaſt,—and, o'er their camp, aſſume their mails. The Trojans, on the other ſide:—Through their high-walled city are armed. Fewer in number they!—But ready to contend in fight: So hard neceſſity commands;—for their loved children and tender wives. All the gates are opened wide. Forth ruſh the troops in arms. Horſe with forming foot are mixed. Huge tumult ſpreads o'er the field.

When, now, collected, on either ſide,—the hoſts plunged, together, in fight. Shield is harſhly laid to ſhield. Spears craſh on the brazen corſlets of men. Boſſy buckler with buckler meets. Loud tumult rages o'er all. Groans are mixed with boaſts of men. The ſlain and ſlayers join in noiſe. The earth is floating with blood around. Whilſt morning beamed on the hoſts: Whilſt encreaſed the ſacred day;—the ſhafts fell equal on either ſide. The people tumbled in death, on the field. But when, to mid-heaven the ſun aſcends: Then Jove exalts his golden ſcales. In either ſcale he placed the fates of a hoſt: The diſmal fates of long-ſleeping death. The balance, by the middle, he held. The fatal day of Achaia inclined. To the earth ſunk the fates of the Greeks. The ſcale of Troy aſcends to the ſky.

The father thunders loudly from Ida. He hurls the flaming bolt on the armies of Greece. Aſtoniſhed they ſtart, o'er their lines. Pale terror invades the hoſt. Nor Idomeneus durſt then remain. Nor Agamemnon, commander of all. Terror ſeized the bold Ajaces. The aged Neſtor ſtayed alone,—the protector of Achaia in arms! Nor, willing, the hero remained. His wounded ſteed the chief detained. The ſteed was pierced by Alexander,—the godlike ſpouſe of long-haired Helen. In his forehead was fixed the ſhaft,—where the long hair grows firſt on the brow:—A place where death enters with eaſe. With pain, in the harneſs he reared. Through his brain paſſed the deadly point. Rolling large round the ſteel: He frightens his fellow-ſteeds, in his fall.

When Neſtor, riſing with his ſword,—had juſt cut the traces in twain,—ruſhing forward came the ſwift ſteeds of Hector. Through the crowd of purſuers, they came: Bearing a driver bold in war. There the aged had fallen in his blood,—had not great Diomedes perceived,—and thus, with loud and dreadful voice, exhorted Ulyſſes to arms:—"Noble ſon of Laërtes! Ulyſſes for prudence renowned! Why doſt thou fly? Why turn thy back? Why, like a coward, ruſh through the crowd? Beware, dread chief, beware,—leſt ſome ſpear pierce thy back in thy flight.

Stop, ſon of Laërtes. Let us ſave the aged from death. Let us meet this tremendous foe."

He ſpoke: Nor the chief heard his voice. Swift he paſſed to the ſhips of Greece. The ſon of Tydeus, though now left alone,—ruſhed forward to the front of the foe. Standing before the car of Neſtor,—he thus, with winged words began:

"O aged chief!" the hero ſaid: "Many young warriors preſs thee in fight. Thy ſtrength is unbrac'd o'er thy limbs. Heavy age now involves thee around. Weak is thy driver and ſluggiſh thy ſteeds. Aſcend Neſtor, aſcend my car. Behold the ſpirit of my ſteeds: Taught to bound with rapid ſpeed, o'er the plain: To purſue or avoid the foe. Theſe lately I took from great Æneas: Skilled to ſtrike, with panic, the lines. Thy ſteeds let our valiant attendants lead. But mine we ſhall guide to the foe: That Hector ſoon may perceive,—whether rages this ſpear in my hand."

He ſpoke. Nor, in ought, diſobeyed—the aged breaker of warlike ſteeds. His courſers he delivered in charge,—to their valiant attendants in arms: To Sthenelus renowned in fight: To Eurymedon of valour approved. Both aſcend the car of the ſon of Tydeus. Neſtor took the bright reins in his hand: And urged to Hector, the eager ſteeds. To him, as he ruſhing advanced—the ſon of Tydeus hurled, forward,

ward, his ſpear. It ſtrayed, from the chief, as it flew: But through his valiant driver paſſed: Through the gallant Enipeus, the ſon of magnanimous Thebæus. Through his breaſt, as he held the reins,—ruſhed the lance. From the car he fell. The horſes ſtart, as his armour reſounds. His ſtrength is unbraced o'er his limbs. His ſoul takes her flight, on the winds. Sorrow roſe o'er Hector's ſoul. For his valiant friend raged the chief. But he left him, there, on the ground, though grieving for his companion beloved. Through the line, for a driver he flew. Archeptolemus ſoon he found: The daring offspring of great Iphitus. Straight the ſwift car he aſcended. He drew back the reins to his hands.

Then had ſlaughter raged amain. Then had dreadful deeds been done! Then had the Trojans, like timid lambs, —been penned within their lofty walls: But that quickly the father of gods—perceived the ſon of Tydeus, from high. In dreadful thunder involving his form,—he launched the bolt, from his red right hand. Before the ſteeds of Diomedes it fell: And whizzing, plowed the riven ground. Terrible aſcended the flame,—as, blue, the glowing ſulphur burned. The frightened ſteeds ſtarted wide, in the car. From Neſtor's hand fell the beauteous reins. Terror ſeized his inmoſt ſoul. To Diomedes, he thus began:

" Son of Tydeus fly, with ſpeed. Turn thy ſwift ſteeds from the field. Perceiveſt thou not that Jove is thy foe? That ſucceſs is from heaven denied? To HIM the ſon of Saturn gives fame. To-day, he Hector befriends. Hereafter to us he may turn. What man can oppoſe the will of Jove?—In oppoſing, the braveſt muſt fail: For HE, by far is the greateſt in power."

" True is all thou haſt ſaid, aged chief," Diomedes, in turn, replied. " But bitter grief aſſails my heart. My ſoul is clouded with woe. Hector, hereafter, will ſay: Amid the Trojans boaſting aloud:—" The ſon of Tydeus fled from my ſpear: In his ſhips he hid his coward head." —This, hereafter, the chief will boaſt. Then open, earth, and receive me from ſhame."

To the hero aged Neſtor replied: " Ha!—ſon of warlike Tydeus, what words have eſcaped from thy lips! Should Hector call THEE feeble in fight. Should he call THEE a coward aloud. The Trojans would not give ear to his words. The Trojan dames would deny them all: The beauteous wives of ſhield-bearing Trojans,—whoſe youthful huſbands fell on earth, from thy hand."—Thus ſaying, he turned the ſteeds to flight. Through the crowd of the flying, they bound. Hector and his Trojans were near.

With wild clamour, they pour their darts. Great Hector aloud exclaims,—and ſends, after the flying, his voice:

"Son of Tydeus, once honoured by Greece;—with the firſt ſeat at the feaſt: With the chine, the repleniſhed bowl! Diſgrace hovers on THEE from thy friends. Thou woman in manlike form!—Go and periſh, thou timid girl! Never when Hector yields to thee,—ſhalt thou aſcend our lofty towers,—or bear our dames to the hollow ſhips. Go, periſh, thou timid girl! Thou ſooner ſhalt fall by this ſpear."

He ſpoke: And Tydides ſtood in doubtful ſuſpence,—whether to turn his ſteeds to the fight,—to urge the battle againſt the foe. Thrice he reſolved to return. Thrice from the ſummits of Ida,—thundered loud the preſcient Jove. The awful ſign of the god came forth,—portending victory to Troy. Hector rouzed the Trojans to war;—And, thus, exclaimed the hero aloud:

"O Trojans! Allies of Lycia! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Be daring in battle, O friends! Remember your wonted renown. Well I perceive within my ſoul,—that Jove propitious ſmiles on high: Granting victory,—giving glory to ME: But deſtruction to the armies of Greece. Fools that they were, to build theſe walls! A bulwark feeble

and deſpiſed! Unequal to turn the ſtrength of Hector away. Theſe ſteeds, with eaſe, ſhall paſs their trench. But when to their hollow ſhips I ſhall come: Remember all to launch the fire. To involve their veſſels in flame. That, midſt the ſmoke aſtoniſhed, pale,—this hand may ſink them all in death."

Urging his ſteeds, the hero ſpoke: "O Xanthus and thou Podargus! Æthon ſwift, and generous Lampus! Repay, now, with ſpeed all the care: The love which Andromachè beſtowed,—the daughter of the great Eëtion. To you the firſt, ſhe gave the wheat: To you ſhe gave to drink the wine. She ſerved you all before your lord:—Before me, the loved ſpouſe of her youth. Haſten now. Purſue the foe. Let us ſeize the ſhield of Neſtor. That ſhield, whoſe fame has reached to heaven:—All gold o'er its ſhining orb. Let us from the ſhoulders of great Diomedes,—tear the high-wrought corſlet away,—the arms, which labouring Vulcan made. Should we ſtrip both the chiefs of their arms,—this night, this very night the Greeks,—would aſcend their ſwift ſhips in their fear,—and bear their ruined armies acroſs the main."

Thus, boaſtful the hero ſpoke. Sudden rage ſeized Juno revered. She moved herſelf, on her golden throne. Broad Olympus ſhook, down to its baſe. To the mighty power

of the main: To Neptune the goddeſs began:—"Alas! thou that ſhak'ſt the huge earth! Wide-commanding lord of the main! Pitieſt thou not, from thy inmoſt ſoul,—the rigid fate of the falling Argives? Who thine altars have laden with gifts,—in fair Helicé and ſacred Ægæ. To them, therefore, thou wiſheſt ſucceſs. Should WE, who favour the Greeks,—ſhould WE repel Troy from the field,—and reſtrain in his courſe, the wide-reſounding Jove. Soon would he grieve in his ſoul,—ſitting lonely, on ſtormy Ida."

To her, much enraged in his ſoul,—the king of Ocean thus replied: "Juno, daring in ſpeech! What words have eſcaped from thy lips? Nor I, with the great ſon of Saturn,—will ever contend, in his rage. Neptune will never ſtrive with Jove. For he, by far, is the greateſt in power."

THUS ſpoke the gods, in their ſkies. The ſpace between the wall and the ſhips,—is crowded with ſteeds, with cars, with buckler-bearing men: Thither driven, heaps on heaps,—by Hector the ſon of Priam,—equal to Mars himſelf in arms,—when Jove had covered the chief with renown. Now the ſhips he had burnt with fire,—if Juno had not placed it in the ſoul of the king,—in Agamemnon's active ſoul,—to rouze the Argives, with ſudden words. Through the tents, through the ſhips he ſtrode:—Holding a broad purple

purple robe, in his manly hand. He ſtood aloft to view—in the huge, dark ſhip of the noble Ulyſſes. In the midſt of the camp it lay. He ſends his loud voice to both the wings;—To the quarter of Telamonian Ajax: To the ſhip of the great Achilles. At either extreme of the camp,—the two heroes had dragged their ſhips on the ſtrand: Confiding in their valour: In the ſtrength of their matchleſs arms. Exclaiming, with his utmoſt force,—the king rouzed, thus, the Argives to fight:

"Ha! Shame and diſgrace to arms! Argives, ſpecious only in form! Whither are thoſe vauntings fled? Thoſe boaſts of our valour unmatched? Which, in Lemnos, we vainly made,—when bending o'er the ſmoking feaſt—and crowning our bowls with wine? We promiſed, that each Argive in arms—would the force of two hundred Trojans oppoſe. Now, we all prove not equal to one: To Hector, who ſoon, with flaming brand,—will the whole navy of Argos deſtroy.—O father Jove! Did ever king—ever ſovereign of nations in arms,—feel ſuch ruin from thy rage? Such glory ever loſe, through thy wrath? Yet, thine altars I never paſſed—when in my ſhips I plowed the main: When, in evil hour, I came to Troy. On all, the fat of beeves I burnt: The ſavour of victims raiſed to Jove: Wiſhing, in my prayers, to raze,—the high-built city of ſacred Troy. But,

O Jove,

O Jove, grant at leaſt, this requeſt. For once, indulgent, hear my prayer. Let my people eſcape with life. Suffer not, thus, the Argive hoſt,—to periſh by faithleſs Troy."

He ſpoke. The father pitied his tears. He granted his people to his prayers: To his vows their ſafety reſigned. Straight an eagle he ſent from above: The moſt perfect of birds, that fly. In his talons a fawn he held,—the young ſon of the bounding hind. By the beauteous altar of Jove, —the gaſping fawn he threw on the ground:—Where the Argives were wont, with prayer,—to offer victims to all-fortelling Jove.

When the Greeks, with joy, beheld,—that the ſacred omen deſcended from Jove. With ardor they ruſhed on the Trojans. Fierce battle returned to their ſouls. Then none of all the Argive hoſt,—though many ruſhed forward in arms,—could boaſt, before the ſon of Tydeus,—to have driven his ſteeds o'er the foſs,—and, hand to hand, to meet the foe. He firſt the ſlaughter began. A hero, clothed in mail, he ſlew: Ageläus the ſon of Phradmon renowned. To flight the chief had turned his ſteeds. Between his ſhoulders entered the lance: And ſhewed its bloody point, through his breaſt before. He tumbled, at once, from his car. On his body reſounded his arms.

To

To the war the ſons of Atreus advanced! Agamemnon and great Menelaus. Next appeared the bold Ajaces: Both clad in valour of ſoul. Behind them came forward Idomeneus. Next Meriones, equal to Mars in arms. Eurypylus near them aroſe: The gallant ſon of renowned Euæmon. Teucer was the ninth, in the field,—bending the reſulting bow. Beneath the ſhield of the elder Ajax,—the warrior ſtood, with his ready ſhafts. The ſon of Telamon ſtretched o'er him his ſhield. The hero, looking round, drew the ſtring. Through the crowd flew the eager ſhaft. The wounded foe breathed his ſoul, as he fell. Teucer returned to the ſhield of Ajax: Like a child to his mother's arms. O'er him ſpreads aloft the bright orb.

Who, firſt, of the Trojans fell, by Teucer dreadful at the bow? Orſilochus, firſt, he ſlew: Ormenus and brave Opheleſtes: Dætor, Chromius renowned: Lycophontes in form like the gods: Hamopäon the ſon of Polyæmon: Melanippus unequalled in arms. All theſe, ſlain by his ſhafts, fell, in heaps, on the bloody ſand. The king of men beheld the chief. He rejoiced, as the Trojans he ſlew: Breaking their deep line, with his bow. Near the valiant youth he ſtood: and thus, in his ear began:

"Teucer, O much beloved! Son of Telamon, leader of armies! Thus ſend thy ſhafts on the foe. Pour a ray of light

light on the Greeks. Raiſe to gladneſs thy father's ſoul. He, while yet thou wert young in years,—though born by a ſecret bed,—reared thee with care in his halls. Raiſe him, though far remote, with thy deeds. Add glory to his high renown. But, now, to THEE I pledge my faith: Nor ſhall my promiſe e'er fall to the ground. Should ever Ægis-bearing Jove: Should Pallas, his daughter beloved,—give to theſe hands to deſtroy: To lay in ruins the high-built Troy. Next to myſelf I will place,—a prize of value in thy hands. A tripod, two ſteeds with their car: Or beauteous damſel thy bed to aſcend."

To the king replied the blameleſs Teucer.—" Son of Atreus, moſt auguſt of mankind! Why, bent on blood as I am,—doſt thou incite my rage? Nor I, as far as aids my force,—will the conteſt of arms decline. Now, ſince the tide of battle we turned,—many warriors, with my ſhafts, have I ſlain. Eight long-barbed arrows I ſent. Each took place, in ſome warlike youth. But from THIS furious chief, —all my arrows ſtrayed, as they flew."

HE ſpoke: and urged a ſhaft from the ſtring. To pierce Hector was the wiſh of his ſoul. From the hero again ſtrayed the death. Through the blameleſs Gorgythion it flew: The warlike ſon of the aged Priam. The barbed arrow pierced his breaſt. Him, as from Æſyma ſhe came,

—his beauteous mother bore to the king: The glowing charms of Caſtianira,—like the deathleſs daughters of Jove, in form. As a poppy, which, lonely, in a garden is reared, —inclines its bluſhing head to one ſide,—when o'ercharged with the vernal ſhower: So, to one ſide, bends the head of the youth: weighed down with the heavy helm.

Teucer again urged a ſhaft, from the ſtring. To pierce Hector was the wiſh of his ſoul. From the hero flew wide the death. Great Apollo turned the arrow aſide. But Archeptolemus, the bold driver of Hector—ruſhing on to the bloody fray,—on the breaſt the deadly arrow ſtruck. Down dropt the chief from the car. The horſes ſtart as his armour reſounds. His ſtrength is unbraced, o'er his limbs. His ſoul takes her flight on the winds. Sorrow roſe, on the ſoul of Hector. For his valiant friend raged the chief. But he left him, there, on the ground,—though grieving for his companion beloved. His brother Cebriones the hero commands—to draw the beauteous reins to his hands. Nor delayed the youth to obey.

From his bright car bounds the chief, in his rage. Dreadful ſwells his voice, as he moves. A ſtone he ſeized in his hand robuſt,—and ruſhed ſtraight forward on Teucer. Much to cruſh him he wiſhed, in his ſoul. The chief, from his quiver, had extracted a ſhaft. He placed it, on

the bounding nerve. Him, in act drawing backward the ſtring,—on the ſhoulder the hero ſtruck. On the joint fell the whirling weight: A place, where death enters, with eaſe. On that part ſtruck the rugged ſtone. The nerve is broken. Looſe hangs the numbed hand, from the joint. Back on his knees he falls. The bow drops twanging, on the earth. Nor Ajax his brother neglects. Ruſhing on, he ſtretches o'er him his ſhield. His two loved friends came at length,—Meciſteus, the ſon of Echius and the noble Alaſtor. The groaning chief, on their ſhoulders, they bear —to the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers.

The thunderer again comes forth. He rouzes the ſouls of the Trojans to arms. To the deep trench they repell the Greeks. In the front moves the furious Hector: Rolling fiercely his eyes around. As when ſome generous hound in the chace,—purſues a lion or mountain-boar. Truſting to his fleetneſs he flies,—and, aſſails the fierce ſavage behind: His ſide or his haunch he attacks,—marking well, when he turns him around. So Hector the Argives ſubdued: Slaying the laſt, as they fled amain.

When o'er the ditch—o'er the rampire they paſſed: When many fell, ſubdued by the foe. Near the ſhips, on the ſhore, they ſtood. Each other they encouraged to fight. To all the gods they exalted their hands. Each his voice raiſed,

raiſed, in prayer, aloud. Hector, mean time, to every ſide,—o'er all drove his long-maned ſteeds: Rolling round his Gorgon eyes. In looks like deſtroyer Mars. Juno beheld him from high. The white-armed goddeſs pitied her Argives. Straight to the blue-eyed Pallas,—ſhe thus her winged words addreſſed.

"Alas! warlike daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Shall we not, in this laſt extream—aid the Argives now falling in war? Or, compleating their diſaſtrous fate—muſt they periſh by the wrath of one chief? Unbounded is the fury of Hector. The ſon of Priam rages amain. Many are the dire deeds of his hand!"

To her blue-eyed Pallas replied. "Long this Hector his fury had loſt: Long his ſoul had been poured on the winds, —beneath the deadly hands of the Argives: Transfixed in his native land. But that my Sire ſtill rages in ſoul: Cruel, unjuſt, and oppoſed to my will! Things paſt have eſcaped from his mind. He remembers not my ſervice of old. When I, often, ſaved his ſon beloved: Preſſed with toils, which Euryſtheus impoſed. To broad heaven looked the chief in his tears. To aid him I deſcended from Jove, by command. But had I this divined in my ſoul;—when he ſent him to the ſtrong-gated chambers of death,—to bring from Erebus profound,—the fierce dog of relentleſs Pluto:

He ſhould not have returned to the light,—from the hoarſe, deep-ruſhing ſtreams of the dreadful Styx. But, now, his once-loved daughter he hates: He only ſilver-footed Thetis regards:—Thetis, who kiſſed his ſacred knees: Who ſeized his beard with her ſuppliant hand: To honour her wrathful ſon;—Achilles, the deſtroyer of towns! But hereafter, the time will come: When Jove will call me his blue-eyed maid. Haſten thou, and bear us hence. Join thy fleet ſteeds to the car of gold. Whilſt I enter the halls: The houſe of Ægis-bearing Jove! To arm for tremendous war. Soon ſhall the trial be made: Whether Hector, ſo great in arms,—whether this illuſtrious ſon of Priam,—ſhall rejoice, when we both ſhall appear,—rolling death, through the lanes of war. Some Trojan ſhall feaſt with his fat,—ſhall glut the dogs and birds of prey: Laid low, at the ſhips of Achaia."

She ſpoke: Nor diſobeyed in aught,—the white armed ſpouſe of thundering Jove. To harneſs her golden-bridled ſteeds,—repairs, with ſpeed, the queen revered: The awe-ful race of the mighty Saturn. Mean time, the blue-eyed Minerva,—the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove,—poured her looſened robe round her form: Down to her father's pave-ment of gold. Her varied, her beauteous mantle: Wrought by her hands divine. The arms of her Sire ſhe aſſumed:

The

The Mail of ſtorm-commanding Jove: Preparing to iſſue forth to diſaſtrous war. To the beamy car ſhe aſcends. She graſps, within her hand, the ſpear: With which ſhe levels the battles of heroes: When flames the wrath of the daughter of Jove. Juno urged the courſers to ſpeed. The gates of heaven harſh-grating aloft, open wide of their own accord. The gates which the Seaſons keep: To whom broad Olympus is delivered in charge: To open the gathered cloud,—or heaven to cloſe in tremendous ſhade. Through this broad path, the fleet courſers they drove. Father Jove, from Ida, beheld. Sudden rage roſe dark o'er his ſoul. He rouzed the golden-winged Iris to ſpeed. Thus he gave his commands divine:

"Go, haſten, Iris, thy ſpeed. Stop THESE. Let them fly from my rage. Not equal is the match between: Should Jove contend with both, in arms. For this to both I declare: Nor vain the reſolves of Jove! I will lame their ſteeds, as they fly: From their ſeats hurl headlong themſelves: And break the car, with this flaming bolt. Nor ſhall THEY, in ten revolving years,—heal the ſcars, which the thunder will make. Then ſhall the blue-eyed Pallas know: When to fight, with her father Jove. Nor ſo much burns my wrath againſt Juno. SHE kindles not half my rage: Wont as ſhe is to mar my reſolves: To oppoſe the thoughts of my ſoul."

HE

He ſaid: Iris haſtened along. Her ſpeed equalled the blaſt, as ſhe flew. From the ſhaded ſummits of Ida ſhe roſe; to high Olympus with hundred heads. Near the gates of the ſeat of gods: On broad Olympus of many vales. She met the goddeſſes come forth. She thus explained the commands of Jove:

"Ha! Whither tend ye, with this ſpeed? Why rage ye thus, in your ſouls? The ſon of Saturn forbids. The Greeks muſt unaided remain. Liſten both to the threats of Jove:—Should ye urge all the god to his rage! He will lame your ſteeds, as they fly: Yourſelves hurl headlong down from your ſeats: And break the car, with his flaming bolt. Nor ſhall ye, in ten revolving years,—heal the ſcars which the thunder will make. Then will the blue-eyed Pallas know: When to fight with her father Jove. Nor ſo much burns his wrath againſt Juno,—wont ever to mar his deſigns: To oppoſe the thoughts of his ſoul. But thou, in boldneſs unequalled!—In ſhameleſs impudence would'ſt thou!—call forth the firſt of the gods to arms? Lift thy huge lance on thy father Jove?"

She mixed, as ſhe ſpoke, with the winds. To Pallas, the queen of heaven began: "Daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Nor hence bids my ſoul to proceed: To contend, for mortals, with father Jove. Let one fall ſlain on the field.

field. Let another the conteſt ſurvive. Each following the fate at his birth. But let Jove, as ſeems beſt to his ſoul,—diſpoſe of Trojans and Argives in war."

She ſpoke; and turned about her car. The Hours looſed the golden-maned ſteeds, as they came. They are led to ambroſial ſtalls. The bright car on the wall reclines. The queens reſumed their golden thrones: And, mixed with gods, were troubled in ſoul.

Jove riſes, on ſtormy Ida. He mounts his car and aſcends the winds. To high Olympus its ſovereign came: To the ſeats of the deathleſs gods. His flying ſteeds mighty Neptune unlooſed. The bright car is laid in its place: Covered with its linen around. To his golden throne, aſcends the god. Vaſt Olympus ſhakes all, as he ſtrides. Apart from the ruler of ſtorms, ſat blue-eyed Pallas and white-armed Juno. Sullen, and in darkneſs, they ſat: Nor on Jove turned their radiant eyes. The god knew the cauſe of their grief,—and thus to both the queens began:

"Why ſits in ſadneſs, Minerva? Why in ſorrow the white-armed Juno? Not long have ye toiled in the fight. Nor many of the Trojans are ſlain: To you the object of bitter hate. But vain was the mad attempt. My ſtrength, my invincible hands,—not all the gods, on Olympus, ſhall

ſoil. Did not terror invade your ſouls? Thrilled not fear, through your goodly limbs? Ere yet you the battle beheld? Or viewed the dreadful deeds of the field? But this I now, declare to both,—and unchanging are the counſels of Jove!—That if farther you had puſhed your deſigns, —ſtruck with thunder, diſcomfited, loſt,—on your cars you had never returned,—to high Olympus, to the ſeats of the gods."

He ſpoke; and, murmuring with lips compreſſed—ſat blue-eyed Pallas and the ſiſter of Jove. Near each other, they, ſullen, ſat: Revolving miſchief for Troy, in their ſouls. Minerva, in ſilence, remained;—enraged at her father Jove: For heavy wrath ſat, in ſhades, on her mind. Nor Juno her paſſion reſtrained. Burſting forth, ſhe aloud began:

"Unjust ſon of prudent Saturn! What words have eſcaped from thy lips? Well to the gods is known,—that thy power is invincibly great. But our ſouls are laden with grief,—for the warriors of Greece, who muſt fall; Who muſt periſh beneath thy wrath. Yet we will abſtain from the field;—as ſuch the commands of Jove. But to the Argives we will counſel ſuggeſt; That all may not die in thy rage."

To

To the white-armed goddeſs, replied,—the ruler of tempeſts, Jove: "To-morrow, if ſuch is thy will,—Juno graceful with large rolling eyes! To-morrow thou ſhalt behold—the all-powerful offspring of Saturn,—darkening the wide army of Greece: Pouring forth death in his rage. Nor from battle and blood ſhall abſtain great Hector, unequalled in fight;—till, at his ſhips, is rouzed to arms, the ſwift ſon of the godlike Peleus. On that day, ſhall the chief be rouzed,—when, round the corſe of the fallen Patroclus, they ſhall ſtrive, in the narrow paſs,—before the navy of Argos. So the firm fates have decreed! Nor I regard, in ought, thy rage: Not, ſhould'ſt thou wander afar,—to the laſt limits of earth and the main: Where Iäpetus ſits, in grief:—Where Saturn, involved in ſhades,—unlighted by the high-rolling ſun,—unrefreſhed by the wandering winds: For deep Tartarus ſpreads its darkneſs around. Not, if, ſtraying, thou thither ſhould'ſt move,—would Jove regard thy rage, in ought: Thou firſt in boldneſs of all the gods!"

He ſpoke; nor to the god replied,—the white-armed daughter of Saturn. In Ocean ſunk the ſplendid light of the ſun: Drawing deep Night o'er the world. Unwilling, Troy ſaw the falling light. But grateful to the vanquiſhed Argives,—ſhady Night, on the field, aroſe.

A council of the warlike Trojans,—is held by illuſtrious Hector. Apart, from the ſhips, they convened: Near the banks of the gulphy ſtream. A ſpot unſoiled with ſlain they choſe. They bounded from their cars to the ground. Round the voice of Hector they crowd. The chief, beloved of Jove, in his hand,—held a ſpear eleven cubits in length. Bright ſhone the poliſhed lance. Round the ſtaff rolled a ring of gold. Leaning forward, on this ſpear, with winged words, he began aloud:

"Listen, O warlike Trojans! Dardanians and allies, attend! This inſtant, I believed, from my ſoul,—that ſlain the Argives and their navy deſtroyed,—in triumph I might have returned,—to Ilium expoſed to the winds. But darkneſs came down on my hopes. Night has chiefly ſaved the Greeks: Their navy on the ſhore of the main. Now let us ſacred Night obey. Let us ſpread the repaſt to the hoſt. Looſe the high-maned ſteeds from the car. Place to each the wonted food. Bring oxen, bring fat ſheep from the town. Bring bread, bring the generous wine. Collect much wood to one place. Through the night, to the early morn;—kindle many fires, on the field. Let the ſplendour to the heavens aſcend. Leſt beneath the ſhades of Night,—the long-haired Greeks ſhould urge their way,—through the vaſt back of the hoary main. Leſt, in ſilence, they

aſcend their ſhips;—and, unaſſailed, leave the ſhores of Troy. But permit them not, thus, to depart. Let each bear a wound to cure at home; Or pierced, when his ſhip he boards in haſte,—with barbed ſhaft or pointed ſpear. That henceforth the nations may dread—to roll mournful war, on the heroes of Troy."

"Let the heralds, beloved of Jove,—our high commands to Ilium bear. Let the youths of tender age,—let the old whitened o'er with years,—round the walls, keep the nightly watch,—in the lofty towers upreared by the gods. Nor idle be the ſofter ſex. Let each, in her own high walls,—heap the fire and exalt the flame. All theſe be the guard of Troy;—leſt, while abſent the troops,—a hoſtile band ſhould the city ſurprize.—Be my words by the Trojans obſerved. What ſuits the night, to your ears is conveyed. With morning, to aſſembled Troy,—I will, again, my words addreſs. With hope, I raiſe to heaven my prayer: To Jove, to all the other gods,—that they will grant to Hector's ſword—to drive theſe ill-fated invaders away: In evil hour they ſurely came,—in their dark ſhips, o'er the main."

"But ſtrict be our watch, through the night. With morn in ſhining arms arrayed,—we ſhall rouze dreadful Mars at their hollow ſhips. Then ſhall trial be made,—

whether the ſon of warlike Tydeus,—Hector ſhall repel from their fleet to their wall—or fall, in death, beneath his ſpear,—and give his bloody ſpoils to the foe. To-morrow ſhall his valour be proved,—ſhould the warrior ſuſtain my ruſhing lance. But much I hope; that ſlain by this hand, —midſt the carnage of fallen friends,—the riſing ſun ſhall beam on the hero's blood. Would I were as certain to live! Immortal like the deathleſs gods—void of age through the progreſs of years! Would I were adored like Apollo! Like Pallas honoured by mortal men!—As that the returning day will riſe with ruin to the Argives!"

Thus Hector ſpoke in the midſt. The Trojans ſhout around to the ſkies. They looſe their ſweating ſteeds from the yoke: Tying each to his proper car. Sheep and beeves are brought from Troy. Bread is brought and generous wine. The wood is gathered round in heaps. The winds bear the ſmoke to the ſkies. Much elated, the warriors in arms,—ſat, the night, by their martial tribes: And many flamed their fires on the field!—As when, in heaven, the pure-beaming ſtars—around the bright crefcent appear—when not a breath ſtirs the gentle air. The high capes riſe diſtinct to the eye: The mountain-cliffs and gleaming groves. Wide opens blue heaven on the ſight,—diſplaying all its hoſt to the view. O'er his ſoul rejoices the ſwain.

So

So many flamed the Trojan fires,—between the hollow ſhips of the Greeks,—and the ruſhing ſtreams of the loud Scamander. A thouſand were the fires in the field. Round each fifty warriors ſat. Their faces brightened to the beam. Their ſteeds ſtood near at their cars: With oats and yellow barley fed. While each looking oft to the eaſt,—waits the coming forth of the morn.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK IX.

THUS the Trojans kept the watch, through the night. But the Greeks yield to heaven-ſent Flight: The pale companion of cold Diſmay. Pierced with grief are the ſouls of the chiefs. The braveſt are weighed down with their woe. As when two winds rouze the deep in their wrath: The northern blaſt and the weſtern gale; iſſuing forth, in a ſtorm, from Thrace,—and falling with their force on the main. In dark ridges are reared the waves. Weeds and foam are rolled wide on the ſhores. Thus, rouzed, broken, troubled and dark, were the minds of the Grecian powers.

WOUNDED in his ſoul, with his grief,—the ſon of Atreus ruſhed, diſordered, along. He commanded the loud-voiced heralds,—to call to council, by name, each chief: With ſtill

voice

voice to call the Argives. Through the leaders the hero toiled. Darkened o'er with their woes, they ſat mute. Agamemnon, in the midſt, aroſe. The tears poured, wandering, down his cheeks. As a fountain of water, on high, —pours its dark ſtream down the face of a lofty rock. So guſh the tears from the king,—as deeply-ſighing, he thus began:

"O FRIENDS! Bold leaders of Argives! Sovereigns of nations in arms! Sore am I ſmote in my fame, by the hand of Saturnian Jove. HE—cruel! heretofore his promiſe gave; that after the fall of high-walled Troy,—I ſhould return home, with renown. But now he deceives all my hopes. He ſends me diſhonoured to Argos,—after loſing my people in war. But ſuch is the heavenly will of almighty Jove: Who many proud cities has bent to the duſt,—who many, hereafter, will bend:—For HE is unrivaled in power! —Then haſten all. Obey my words. Obey the preſſure of the times. Let us fly, in our ſhips, to the loved ſhore of our native land; For never ſhall we take, in arms, the wide-ſtreeted city of Troy."

HE ſpoke. Silence darkened o'er all the chiefs. Long mute ſat the Greeks in their grief. At length, in the midſt, aroſe—Diomedes renowned in arms:—"Son of Atreus!" the hero began: "I, the firſt, will thy counſel oppoſe. As

is

is meet, I reprove thee, O king! But let not wrath, now, invade thy ſoul. Thou the firſt, in the face of the Argives, didſt throw reproach on my valour in war. With cowardice thou haſt branded my name,—called me feeble and cold in arms. This all is well-known to the Argives: To the young,—to the warriors in years. Of two gifts thou the leaſt haſt obtained,—from the ſon of the prudent Saturn. He gave a ſcepter to thy hand: He raiſed thee honoured above mankind. But valour to thee he denied: The firſt of empires, the nobleſt of powers! Miſtaken man!—How could'ſt thou believe, in thy ſoul,—that the Greeks would adopt thy ſcheme? That the Greeks were ſo timid in war? So void of valour? So careleſs of fame? But if urges thy mind to return. Go; Wide open lies thy way o'er the main. Thy ſhips ſtand the next to the ſea. The powers of Mycenæ are ready for flight. Go. The other Greeks will remain,—till we Ilium ſhall level with earth. But ſhould they alſo ſhrink like thee:—Let them fly to the loved ſhore of their native land. I and Sthenelus will fight alone, till we the fate of Ilium have found: For not, without a god, have we come to the Trojan ſhore."

He ſpoke. All the Argives ſhouted round;—admiring the ſpeech of the king. In the midſt prudent Neſtor aroſe,—and, thus, ſpoke the ruler of warlike ſteeds: "Son of Tydeus!"

Tydeus!" the aged began: "Unmatched is thy valour in war. In council thou adviſeſt the beſt: In wiſdom as in battle renowned! No Greek will reproach thy advice. None what thou advanceſt oppoſe. But thy words have not finiſhed thy thoughts. Few in number, my ſon, are thy years. Thou might'ſt have been my youngeſt born. Yet, with prudence, thou urgeſt thy words: Suggeſting, what is juſt to the kings. But liſten alſo THOU to Neſtor. I, who boaſt, o'er thee, my age,—will complete what thy wiſdom began. Nor ſhall any my words diſapprove: Not Agamemnon, who reigns o'er all. Without friends, without laws, without home,—is HE who loves inteſtine war!—The horrid broils of a jarring ſtate!"

"But let us obey the ſacred night. Let a watch be planted in arms;—near the trench, which ſurrounds our wall. To this the young I appoint. But THOU, ſon of Atreus, THOU begin: For thou art the greateſt in power. Call the leaders to the feaſt. It ſuits the times and becomes the king. Full are thy tents with wine,—which the ſhips of the Argives, each day,—bring from Thrace, through the ſpacious main. The means of feaſting are all prepared: For many obey thy commands. When convened are the leaders of Greece,—HIM obey, who adviſes the beſt. Much in need ſtand the Greeks of advice. Wholeſome counſel our ſtate much requires. Near our navy proudly

hovers the foe. He lights the plain with a thouſand fires. But who of us can rejoice at the ſight? This night is pregnant with fate. It deſtroys or preſerves the hoſt."

He ſpoke; and they liſtened with joy. The youth with ardor obeyed his commands. The watch iſſued forth in their arms. Their leaders preceded, as they moved. The ſon of Neſtor, the young Thraſymedes,—Aſcalaphus and Ialmenus the offſpring of Mars: Meriones, Aphareus and bold Deïpyrus: The ſon of Creon, Lycomedes divine. Seven were the chiefs of the watch. A hundred youths followed each to the field: Stretching forth their long ſpears in their hands. In the ſpace, between the trench and the wall—they kindled fires and partook the repaſt.

Atrides convened the chiefs, to his tent. The joyful feaſt was ſpread to all. To the ready food they extended their hands. But when hunger and thirſt were both removed;—the aged Neſtor the firſt aroſe. To lay open his counſel the chief began: Renowned for his counſels approved! With heart devoted to the hoſt,—the aged exalted his voice.

Son of Atreus! O honoured the moſt! Agamemnon, Sovereign of men! With thee I will firſt begin: With thee, as is meet, I will end. The king of many nations thou art. Great Jove has given power to thy hands: His

ſcepter

ſcepter and laws to govern mankind. Thee, therefore, it moſt becomes,—to give counſel and hear advice. Nor only to hear but to perform—what others ſuggeſt of good. On thee the honour will reſt. Whatever thou adopteſt is thine. Now, therefore, I, aloud, will declare,—the counſel, which to Neſtor ſeems beſt. Nor better will another propoſe: For long I weighed it in my ſoul. The thought from the time aroſe,—when thou, awful deſcendant of Jove! forced'ſt from enraged Achilles, Briſëis in the glow of her charms. Oppoſed to my will was the deed. Much I diſſuaded the king of men. But yielding to the rage of thy mighty ſoul, —thou haſt diſgraced the braveſt of heroes,—whom the gods themſelves crowned with renown. The ſon of Peleus thou haſt diſgraced,—and ſtill retain'ſt his prize in thy hands. But let us deliberate now: How beſt we can bend his ſoul: Whether with preſents of price,—or ſoothing words to lull his rage."

To him replied the king of men. "O aged chief!" the hero began: "With truth thou haſt numbered my faults. I have erred, nor deny I my crime. Like armies, in force, is the man,—whom Jove has loved, from his ſoul. Much, honoured, by the god, is the chief: For whom Greece, o'er her tribes is ſubdued! I have erred, led aſtray by my rage. But his wrongs I now wiſh to repair,—with mighty

gifts, to appeaſe his ſoul. The rich preſents to all I will name. Seven Tripods untouched by the flame. Ten talents of pureſt gold. Twenty caldrons of burniſhed braſs. To theſe twelve ſtrong ſteeds I will add;—already victors in the race,—who with fleetneſs won, often, the prize. Not loſt to riches were he!—nor wanting in high-valued gold!—whoſe ſtores ſhould equal the wealth,—that THESE ſwift ſteeds have brought to their lord. Seven blameleſs damſels I alſo will give;—all Leſbians, ſkilled in female arts. Theſe in peopled Leſbos I choſe,—when it fell by the hero's ſword. In beauty, in form divine,—the damſels the race of women excel. Theſe I will give to the chief;—and, leading theſe, the white-boſomed Briſëis,—whom by force, I have torn from his arms. An awful oath I too will add:—that I never aſcended her bed,—nor mixed in love, with her glowing charms. All theſe he ſhall, now, receive. Hereafter, ſhould the gods lay in duſt—the lofty city of noble Priam;—with gold, with braſs, he his navy may load,—when WE, the Greeks, ſhall divide the ſpoil. Twenty Trojan dames let him alſo chuſe,—next to Argive Helen, in beauty and form.

"BUT ſhould we return to Grecian Argos,—to the fertile ſoil of my native land: Let him then be my ſon-in-law,—honoured equal with young Oreſtes:—My only ſon, reared in ſtately

ſtately Mycenæ—amid my ſtore of abounding wealth. Three daughters are mine, in my lofty halls: Chryſothemis, bright in her charms, Laodicé, lovely in form, and the beauteous Iphianaſſa. Of theſe let him take her he loves,—without dowry bear her away,—to the halls of the godlike Peleus. But I will rich preſents beſtow,—ſuch as father never gave to a child. Seven cities ſhall call him their lord: Cardamylè, Enopè fair,—Hira with her graſſy fields, the lofty walls of the ſacred Pheræ,—Anthea of vallies profound, the beauteous Epëa and Pedaſus renowned for its vines. All theſe ſpread the ſhore of the main—near the limits of ſandy Pylos. Rich are the dwellers in flocks,—abounding in lowing herds. Him, as a god, they will honour,—laying before him their gifts. Beneath his ſcepter they, as ſubjects, will bend,—and liſten with joy, to his laws. This I will perform to the chief,—if he will deſiſt from his rage. And let him renounce his rage: Pluto only relentleſs remains,—implacable, inflexible, hard,—and hated moſt of the gods by mankind. Let the hero, for once, yield to me, —as greater than him in command,—as exceeding, in my number of years."

To the king, thus, Neſtor replied,—the aged ruler of warlike ſteeds! "Son of Atreus, unequalled in power! Agamemnon, ſovereign of men! Not unworthy are the gifts thou

thou beſtoweſt,—on Achilles the leader of armies. But now let us rouze choſen chiefs,—to bear the meſſage to the tent of the king. Theſe Neſtor himſelf will chuſe;—and let the heroes obey my words. Let Phœnix, beloved of Jove,—be their leader to great Achilles. Next be the mighty Ajax. The laſt, the noble Ulyſſes: Of heralds let Hodius attend,—let Eurybates follow the chiefs. Bring water to pour on their hands. Let ſilence to all be enjoined. That prayers may be offered to Jove;—if the god will pity in ought."

He ſpoke. All aſſent to his voice. Straight the heralds the water brought,—and poured the holy ſtream on their hands. The youths crown the urns with wine. In cups the ſacred draught is ſent round. But when the libations were made;—when they drank, what ſeemed good to their ſouls. They haſtened, on their way, from the tent of Agamemnon, the ſovereign of all. Much aged Neſtor gave in command. He turned on each his alternate eyes: but moſt he dwelt on the noble Ulyſſes. Him he prayed to bend to his vows,—to turn the ſoul of the ſon of Peleus.

Slow, they moved forward their ſteps,—on the ſhore of the reſounding main. Many prayers they poured forth to Neptune,—who encircles the world, with his waves. That he

would deign to bend the heart,—the ſtubborn ſoul of the ſon of Peleus. To the tents of the hero they came,—to his ſhips on the ecchoing ſhore. Him ſitting they found, in his place,—unbending his mind at the harp: His beauteous, his poliſhed harp. Its neck of ſilver on high. A part of the ſpoils of Eëtion—when fell his lofty town by the foe. With this, his mighty ſoul he ſoothed,—and ſung the actions of chiefs, to the ſound. Oppoſed to the king ſat Patroclus,—in ſilence waiting the end of the ſong. The heroes ſlowly approached. Before them moved Ulyſſes divine. Tall, in his preſence they ſtood. Starting Achilles aroſe. With the lyre in his hand, his ſeat he forſook. Patroclus alſo roſe from his place: When firſt he beheld the chiefs. Graſping their hands in his hand, the great Achilles addreſſed them thus:

"Hail to the warriors! he ſaid, "Friends indeed are ye both to me! Sure dire neceſſity drives,—when thus you come to my tent, in my wrath. But of Argives I love you the moſt!"—He ſpoke and led them forward within. In chairs of ſtate the heroes are placed. Purple carpets glow under their feet. Straight to Patroclus he ſpoke: As he ſtood, by his manly ſide.—"A larger urn bring hither, Patroclus. Mix the wine. Give his cup to each chief.

The

The moſt loved of the friends of Achilles,—are, now, beneath his roof."

Patroclus obeyed his friend beloved. The chief a huge caldron placed on the flaming fire. Within, he laid the chine of a goat,—of a fatted ſheep, of a high-fed hog. Automedon held forth the fleſh to the chief. In pieces the hero cut the whole. On ſpits each piece is fixed by his hand. Patroclus kindled a mighty fire. When the fury of the fire was laid. When the flame ſubſided around. With ſacred ſalt the whole he ſtrewed: raiſing the andiron aloft. When he had well roaſted each piece:—he ſpread them, ſmoaking, on the table with care. Patroclus brought, in baſkets, the bread: Dealing it around the board. But the great Achilles himſelf divided the fleſh to the gueſts. Againſt Ulyſſes divine;—the hero ſat by the wall oppoſed. To make an offering to the gods,—he commanded his friend beloved. The wonted pieces he threw, in the fire;—and poured a libation on the ground: To the ready food they extended their hands. But when thirſt and hunger were both removed, Ajax made a ſign to Phœnix. Divine Ulyſſes perceived:—and filling his cup to the brim,—drank to the ſon of warlike Peleus.

"Hail

"Hail to Achilles," he ſaid. "Not wanting is the equal feaſt; Nor in the tents of Agamemnon,—Nor here, with the ſon of Peleus. Many are the dainties with both,—to grace the banquet, to cheer the ſoul. But this is no time for the feaſt. Its joys, now, command not our care.—Dire ruin hovering round us we ſee.—We ſee and dread it, O deſcendant of Jove! In doubt we, already, ſtand,—whether ſafe ſhall remain our ſhips,—or whether all ſhall, in flames, be involved. In doubt we ſtand, O Achilles: Unleſs thou clothe thyſelf in thy ſtrength. Near our fleet, before our wall,—are ſeen encamped the ruthleſs foe: The haughty warriors of Troy: Their allies come from afar. O'er their lines, they kindle fires. Their boaſtings ariſe with ſucceſs. None, they ſay, can ſtop their courſe. None ward off ruin, from the navy of Greece. The ſon of Saturn aids their arms. Jove thunders, with auſpicious ſigns. Hector confiding in his ſtrength,—rolls his dreadful eyes around: Horribly raging in the favour of Jove. Nor man nor god the hero dreads. Mighty fury has wrapt him, in flames. He prays to heaven for ſpeedy light: He ſolicits the morning divine. His vaunts already reach our ears. He boaſts, that ſevering the beaks from our ſhips,—the hulls he will conſign to flames:—That the Greeks he will ſlay with his ſpear,—diſmayed in ſmoke and aſtoniſhed with fire. Much I dread, O king, in my ſoul,—that the

gods will his threats perform. That, now, the fates decree our fall,—ordain us to periſh at Troy,—far from our native Argos, the fruitful mother of warlike ſteeds."

" But thou, beloved of Jove, ariſe. Ariſe, if it pleaſes thy ſoul. Though late, O aid the Argive powers. Defend thy mournful friends from the fury of Troy. Hereafter, ſhould we fall in our blood: Grief, heavy grief would cloud thy mind. Regret would ſeize thee, when too late: When to aid is beyond thy power. Think, timely, O chief! on our ſtate. From the Greeks drive the fatal day. Remember, O my friend beloved! Bring to mind the laſt words of Peleus. The words of thy father, on that day;—when he ſent thee to Agamemnon, from Phthia:—" My ſon," the aged king began, " the gods may grant thee valour in war, if ſuch is their will divine; But meekneſs on thyſelf depends. Reſtrain thy ſwelling ſoul, in thy breaſt. It becomes thee beſt to be mild. Avoid wrath; avoid deſtructive ſtrife. That the Greeks may honour my ſon. That the young may join the old, in thy praiſe."—Thus the aged gave in charge. His words have eſcaped from thy ſoul."

" But now, though late, even now, relent. Expel mournful rage from thy mind. To thee Agamemnon will give,—at thy feet lay preſents worthy of both,—ſhould'ſt thou ceaſe, from deſtructive wrath. Yet if—but firſt attend

tend to my words. To thee I will, in order, recount,—the mighty gifts, which Agamemnon beſtows. Seven tripods untouched by the flame. Ten talents of the pureſt gold. Twenty caldrons of burniſhed braſs. To theſe twelve bounding ſteeds he will add,—already victors in the race,—who, with fleetneſs, won often the prize. Not loſt to riches were the man,—nor wanting in high-valued gold,—whoſe ſtores ſhould equal the wealth,—which theſe ſwift ſteeds have brought to their lord. Seven blameleſs damſels he, alſo, will give. All Leſbians, ſkilled in the female arts. Theſe in peopled Leſbos he choſe: When it fell, O chief! by thy ſword. In beauty, in their form divine,—the damſels the race of women excel. Theſe he will give to Achilles,—and, leading theſe, white boſomed Briſëis: Whom, by force, he had torn from thy arms. An awful oath he alſo will add. That he never aſcended her bed,—nor mixed, in love, with her glowing charms. All theſe he, this inſtant, will give. Hereafter, ſhould the gods lay in duſt,—the lofty city of noble Priam. With gold, with braſs, thou thy navy may'ſt load. When WE the Greeks ſhall divide the ſpoil. Twenty Trojan dames, thou may'ſt alſo chuſe;—Next to Argive Helen, in beauty and form."

BUT ſhould we return to Grecian Argos,—to the fertile ſoil of our native land. Let Achilles be his ſon-in-law.

Honoured equal with young Oreſtes: His only ſon, reared in ſtately Mycenæ,—amid his ſtore of abounding wealth. Three daughters are ſeen, in his lofty halls: Chryſothemis, Bright in her charms, Laodicè, lovely in form, and the beauteous Iphianaſſa. Of theſe take her, whom thou loveſt: without dowry bear her away,—to the halls of the godlike Peleus. But the king will rich preſents beſtow. Such as father never gave to a child. Seven cities ſhall call thee their lord. Cardamylé, Enope fair,—Hira with her graſſy fields, —the lofty walls of the ſacred Pheræ,—Anthèa with vallies profound, the beauteous Epëa and Pedaſus renowned for its vines. All theſe ſpread the ſhore of the main,—near the limits of ſandy Pylos. Rich are the people in flocks,—abounding in their lowing herds. Thee, like a god, they will honour. Before thee, they will lay their gifts. Beneath thy ſcepter, they, as ſubjects, will bend,—and liſten, with joy, to thy laws. This to thee the king will perform,—ſhould'ſt thou deſiſt from thy wrath."

"But if odious to thy ſoul is Atrides. If thou his preſents and his perſon abhorr'ſt. Pity, at leaſt, the other Argives. O'er their camp to the mourners attend. Iſſue forth to a nation's relief. Like a god, they will honour Achilles: And laſting glory ſhall beam on thy name. Soon will Hector fall by thy hand. To thy ſpear he, confiding, will come;—

preſump-

preſumptuous in pernicious rage. Now, the warrior thinks, from his ſoul—that not his equal, among the Greeks,—came to Troy o'er the foamy main."

To him, the godlike Achilles replied: "Noble ſon of great Laërtes! Ulyſſes for prudence renowned! It behoves me to open my ſoul:—To unveil my heart; to declare my reſolves. To put, at once, an end to requeſts. To remove ſuits, like theſe, from mine ear. A foe to my ſoul is the man,—deteſted as the regions of death,—who hides one deſign in his mind,—yet produces another, in words. But I, undiſguiſed, will declare,—lay open what ſeems beſt to my ſoul. Nor Agamemnon will bend my heart,—nor all the other Greeks in tears. What avails it me to have fought? What favour to me has been ſhewn? What reward for preſſing the foe? Equal in ſpoil is the truant and bold; in honour equal the coward and brave. With equal regret falls the deedleſs man,—with him who laboured in bloody fields. What reward had Achilles for toils? For bearing ſuch fatigues in his ſoul? For expoſing his life in the fight? As the bird, to her callow young, brings the food, which her toil has found,—while ill ſhe fares, on her flagging wings. So laboured Achilles for Greece. So, ſleepleſs nights have I led! So, bloody days have I paſſed in

in fight? And why all this conteſt with foes?—For the wives of the ſons of Atreus!"

"With my fleet, twelve towns I deſtroyed. By land, eleven I levelled with duſt. Much ſpoil I gathered in all. But all I brought to the ſon of Atreus. He, remaining at his ſhips,—remote from danger, received the ſpoil. Small the preſents he gave to the hoſt. The moſt the king himſelf retained. To other leaders, to other kings he preſents made, he gifts beſtowed. They remain ſtill firm in their hands. Me of the Argives alone he robbed. My loved ſpouſe he holds, in his arms. And let him enjoy her at will. Why wage the Argives war with Troy? Why rouzed Atrides whole nations to arms? Why hither wafted the gathered hoſt? Was it not for the ſake of Helen? To recover the long-haired queen? Love they alone of mortal men? Love the ſons of Atreus alone their wives? Sure every good, each feeling man,—loves, cheriſhes his tender ſpouſe. Her, alſo, I loved, from my ſoul,—though a captive, ſhe came to my arms."

"Seized as he has my prize. Defrauded as I am by your king. Let him ceaſe to tempt my ſoul. Let him deſpair to perſuade. But let him, Ulyſſes, with thee,—with other kings conſult, with ſpeed,—how beſt he can turn the hoſtile

fire, from the ſhips of Greece. Much already has he done! Much performed, without my aid. A mighty wall the king has built. A broad, deep ditch he ſunk around. With ſtakes its bottom is lined. But all theſe fail to repel the foe: To ſuſtain the force of bloody Hector. Whilſt I led in battle the Greeks; not remote from his walls, he rouzed the war. To the Scæan gates he only came; to the ſacred beech of father Jove. There only once, he ſuſtained my approach. Scarce eſcaped he, with life, from my lance."

"But now as battle I decline. As, on Hector I lift the ſpear no more. To-morrow,—after offering to Jove; —after praying to all the gods: To-morrow, my ſhips I will load. I will launch them, at once, to the main. Your eyes, if ye will, may behold,—ſhould things like theſe command your care,—with early morn, you will behold,—my dark ſhips ſailing on the Helleſpont,—manned, with warriors ſkilled, at the oar. Should Neptune a proſperous voyage grant,—the third day ſhall land Achilles in fertile Phthia. Much treaſure left I at home,—when hither I came, in evil hour. Much will I bear hence in my ſhips;—of gold, of ruddy braſs, of poliſhed ſteel. Beauteous damſels I alſo will bear:—The fruit of conqueſt, my diviſion of ſpoil. The only prize your monarch gave;—Atrides, who gave, by force has reſumed."

"Bear back my words to Atrides. Aloud my laſt anſwer proclaim. Let the indignant Argives hear all. Let thoſe, whom he hopes to defraud, learn of me. Ever ſhameleſs as he is,—inſolent and wantonly bold,—the ſight of me he will always avoid. My face he dares not to behold. Nor in his councils will I join. Nor ever with him lift the ſpear. Me once he diſgraced and deceived. Again he ſhall never deceive. Once is enough for your king. Let him be ſilent and periſh. Preſcient Jove has diſtracted his ſoul. Hateful are his gifts to me. Him I deſpiſe and abhor. Not if ten, if twenty fold,—he gave the wealth, he now enjoys,—or what, hereafter, he may add to his hoard. Nor the treaſures of rich Orchomenus,—nor what Egyptian Thebæ holds,—ſo famous for her wealthy ſtores. Thebæ, with her hundred gates renowned. Through each paſs two hundred chiefs; borne forward, by their ſteeds on their cars. Not all ſhould bribe me to his lure. Not, if as many preſents he gave,—as ſands or duſt crowd the ſhores of Troy. Not with all would he ſooth my wrath:—Or bend to his purpoſe my ſoul: Till he has felt for his crimes,—till he is puniſhed, for this bitter diſgrace."

"Nor I the daughter of Atrides will wed. No, ſhould ſhe contend in lovely form,—in beauteous features with golden Venus. In works ſhould ſhe rival Pallas,—the blue-

eyed

eyed Pallas, in female arts. Not ſuch would I wed his daughter. Let him ſome other Argive chuſe: A chief more pleaſing his ſoul;—than Achilles, far greater in power. Should the gods preſerve my life. If ever I reviſit my land, Peleus will chuſe for me a wife. Many Argive dames are in Hellas! Many daughters of chiefs in Phthia,—who defend their happy ſtates, from the foe. Of them the maid whom moſt I may love,—I will make my glowing ſpouſe. There longs my weary ſoul to reſt: To paſs my tranquil days in peace,—wedded to a lawful wife: To a ſpouſe that pleaſes my ſoul:—Enjoying the poſſeſſions and wealth,—which aged Peleus has acquired."

"Nor equal, in my mind, to life,—is all the wealth, which fame reports—proud Ilium contains, within her well-peopled walls: What, heretofore, ſhe held, in the days of peace, ere the ſons of the Argives ſhook her ſhores, in arms. Nor thoſe rich treaſures ſtowed, with awe,—within the marble gates of the bowyer god;—the dome of Phœbus Apollo, in the ſacred limits of rocky Pythos. By battle, by force are acquired, both fleecy flocks and lowing herds. Tripods are alſo obtained, and the yellow heads of the bounding ſteeds. But the life of man returns no more; nor acquired nor regained is the ſoul,—which once takes its flight on the wind. My mother-goddeſs has foretold,—the ſilver-footed Thetis

brought to mine ear—that double is the path of my fate,—through life to the dreary tomb. That here if I remain at Troy,—waking battle around her walls: My return ſhall be loſt to my land,—but that my fame ſhall for ever live. But ſhould I, in my ſhips return,—to the loved ſhore of my native land: That renown ſhall be loſt to my name: But far ſhall my liſe extend in years:—That late the cloud of death ſhall deſcend,—to hide me from the world."

"But I would counſel Greece to return,—adviſe you all to raiſe the ſail. No period to war is in view. Lofty Ilium ſhall not fall by your arms. Jove ſpreads his broad hand round her walls. The thunderer protects her from foes. Confirmed are the Trojans in ſoul. But you—return to the princes of Greece. Bear mine anſwer to their ears,—for this the office you both have in charge! Let them form ſome reſource in their ſouls,—ſome plan more to favour their wants;—to ſave their hollow ſhips from the foe,—to ſave the armies of Greece in their ſhips. Some new meaſures let them form. This has failed. And for ever ſhall fail. I cheriſh wrath in my ſoul!—Go! But Phœnix ſhall remain. In theſe tents he ſhall paſs the night. To-morrow, with me he may return,—to the loved ſhore of my native land: He may return, if ſuch his choice. By force I will not bear him from Troy."

He ſaid. Silence darkened the brows of the chiefs. Mute they ſat, aſtoniſhed in ſoul:—For harſhly his refuſal he ſpoke. Phœnix roſe, at length, in the midſt,—the aged ruler of warlike ſteeds! Diſſolved in tears, thus, with ſighs he began; For much he feared for the navy of Argos:

"If to return is thy deſign, illuſtrious Achilles!—If to leave theſe ſhores the reſolve of thy ſoul. If the armies to ſave thou declin'ſt;—if to turn the fatal flame from the ſhips away;—Ah! Why ſhould I, be left, my ſon! How, alone, can I here remain? By thy ſide is the place of Phœnix. With thee I was ſent by thy ſire,—by the ruler of ſteeds the aged Peleus. On that day, I received thee in charge,—when he ſent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon—a youth,—not ſkilled in all-equalling war: Nor in council, where men acquire renown. For this he ſent me with Achilles. To inſtruct thee in all were his high commands. To teach thee to ſpeak, with fame, in council, with renown, to act in the field."

"Nor abſent from thy ſide have I been: Nor will I, now, be left behind. No; my ſon beloved, though a god ſhould promiſe, as he glides from his ſkies,—to do away age from my limbs,—to reſtore me to the bloom of my years. To make me what I was, on that day,—when I left Hellas of beauteous dames,—flying from the wrath of

my father;—from Amyntor, unequalled in arms. His rage aroſe for the long-haired maid—who warmed the hero's ſoul to love. For her he contemned his ſpouſe: For her deſerted my mother's bed. Suppliant ſhe came to her ſon. My knees ſhe embraced in her grief. She begged, ſhe requeſted with prayers,—that I ſhould firſt gain the maid to mine arms;—and turn her ſoul, from the aged chief. Her I obeyed. The maid I won. My father heard and raged in his ſoul. Much he prayed the infernal gods. He invoked the horrid furies to grant,—that never loved offspring of mine,—ſhould ſit on his aged knees. The gods his imprecations heard. Granted was his horrid prayer—by the dreadful infernal Jove;—by Proſerpine, baleful queen!"

"Nor longer ſuſtained my ſoul,—to remain, with a father enraged,—to dwell in his lofty halls. Round me ſtood all my friends. My relations all ſtood around. With their prayers they detained me at home. Many fat ſheep they ſacrificed. Many crooked oxen they ſlew. Many boars they ſtretched dead in the hall: And roaſted all to Vulcan's flame. Much generous wine was drawn and drunk,—from the urns of the aged chief. Around me, for nine nights, they ſlept. By turns they kept watch by my ſide. Nor extinguiſhed were ever the fires. One burnt in the porch of the well-built hall. In the antichamber another flamed. But

when the tenth night, at her noon,—lay heavy, with her gloom, on the world. The well-joined doors of my chamber I forced. Darkly, I glided along. O'er the wall of the court, I leaped with ſpeed. Deceiving the youths on guard: Unknown to the damſels, who watched."

"I FLED amain from my native home: From Hellas of ſpacious vales. I ſoon came to fertile Phthia,—the mother of flocks and of herds. To Peleus, the king I came. He received me, with joy, in his halls. He loved me, as a father loves his ſon:—His only ſon, born in the eve of his years,—of his wide poſſeſſions the heir. In the fartheſt bounds of rich Phthia I dwelt,—o'er the Dolopès extending my ſway. Much of my care wert THOU,—O Achilles, equal to gods! From my ſoul, I loved thee, O chief! Nor thou, with any other, would'ſt move,—nor to the public feaſt repair,—nor to the wonted repaſt in the hall. On MY knees only would'ſt thou ſit: Receive thy food, from me alone,—or taſte the wine, from my hand. Often haſt thou drenched my breaſt;—often poured forth the wine from thy mouth,—in thy froward, infant years. Much have I ſuffered from thy youth. Much, in thy ſervice, have I toiled. Loſt to hope, in a race of my own: As the gods were to give me no ſon; thee,—O like the immortals in form! Thee I adopted for my ſon:—To turn the hand of death, from my age."

"BUT,

"But, godlike Achilles, hear my voice. Subdue, O chief, thy mighty ſoul. It becomes thee not to harden thy heart. The gods themſelves are bent with prayer. The deathleſs gods the firſt in force,—in honours firſt and the greateſt in power,—by ſolemn ſacrifice are won,—by ſoftly-breathing vows are gained.—For libation, for the ſavour of victims,—they avert their flaming wrath from mankind. The ſuppliant, indulgent, they hear; The repenting they ever forgive. Prayers are the daughters of higheſt Jove. Lame, wrinkled, and blear-eyed, they ſeem. In the foot-ſteps of injury they tread—and heal the woes, which ſhe ſpreads on her path. Strong, robuſt, and ſwift of foot is the fiend. The ſlow prayers, in ſpeed, ſhe far out-runs: ſtrewing evils on mankind as ſhe flies. But they follow and repair all her wrongs. Whoever ſhall the daughters of Jove revere: When near they approach, in their courſe. Him they will aid in his need. His voice they will ever hear. But he that rejects them, with pride,—that turns them away from his ear: they requeſt of their father Jove,—to ſend injury to haraſs his ſteps: to puniſh HIM for the impious affront."

"But thou, O Achilles, revere,—honour thou the daughters of Jove. Yield to the goddeſſes—give ear. They have ever bent the ſouls of the brave.—Had HE no preſent

preſent gifts propoſed. Had he named no future reward. Had Atrides ſtill his folly retained: Nor I would bid thee thy rage to allay. No aid I would for Greece requeſt, though broken and diſtreſſed in war. But he, at preſent, gives thee much. In future, he promiſes more. He ſends, as ſuppliants, to thy knees,—the firſt,—the choſen chiefs of Greece. The moſt honoured in the hoſt of the Argives, —the moſt beloved by thee of the Greeks. But thou, relent, contemn not their words. Let them not have come hither in vain. Till now thy reſentment was juſt. Henceforward thy wrath is a crime."

"The praiſes of ancient heroes,—have come down, from their times, on our ears. When wrath wrapt, with fury, their ſouls,—with ſoothing preſents their rage was allayed. The ſtill voice of intreaty they heard."

"A story recurs to my ſoul: the long-paſt tale of former days. Liſten, O friends, for it reſembles the times. The Curëtés were engaged in arms; with the Ætolians, unmoved in war. Round Calydon the nations fought. Mutual were the deaths in the ſtrife. The Ætolians defend the beauteous Calydon. The Curëtés burn to waſte it, with arms. This dreadful evil, in her wrath, the golden-throned Diana had raiſed. Againſt Oeneus the goddeſs raged.—Neglected in his offerings to heaven;—for the plenteous fruits of his golden

golden fields. The other gods the ſavour ſhared. To the daughter of Jove alone no holy altar was raiſed. Or forgot or neglected, by Oeneus: For much to blame was his devious ſoul."

"The offspring of Jove, in her wrath,—the queen, who delights in the bow, ſent a mountain-boar from the woods,—fierce with his ſnow-white tuſks. Much damage he made, as he moved,—along the fertile fields of Oeneus. Many tall trees, from their roots,—with all their flowery honours crowned,—he, heaps on heaps, laid low on the earth, in his rage. Him the ſon of Oeneus ſlew,—Meleager unequalled in arms. Many hunters had the hero convened,—many fleet hounds, from his city, had called:—For, not by few, could the boar be ſubdued. Enormous was the monſter in ſize—Many roſe from his tuſks to the mournful pile. Round him, the goddeſs unappeaſed,—rouzed loud tumult, and bloody war. For the head of the ſavage they fought,—for the ſhaggy hide of the boar:—The Curëtés undaunted in arms,—the Ætolians, unmoved in the fight. Long as great Meleäger fought,—ſo long the Curëtés had failed. Nor they, before the town, could remain: though many they ſtood, formed, in the field. But when Meleäger yielded to wrath,—to rage, which often ſwells the ſoul,—which even the wiſe has ſubdued."

"Enraged,

"Enraged from his ſoul, at his mother Althëa,—in the arms of his ſpouſe, retired, he lay: In the arms of the bright Cleopatra,—the daughter of Marpeſſa, unmatched in her form. Idas was her father renowned,—the firſt of mortal men in fight;—of the race, who THEN trod the earth. Idas, for his beauteous ſpouſe,—raiſed on Apollo his daring bow. Her father and mother revered,—their fair daughter Alcyone called. The name aroſe from her mother's grief,—like Alcyone in misfortune and tears,—when the far-ſhooting Phœbus came by force on her glowing charms.—In the arms of his ſpouſe lay, the great Meleäger,—fomenting the dark wrath of his ſoul: At his mother's imprecations enraged. In deepeſt woe, to all the gods,—ſhe wildly ſtretched her hands in prayer,—madly pale for her brother ſlain. Much ſhe ſtruck the huge earth, with her hand; calling, from her inmoſt ſoul,—on Pluto,—on horrid Proſerpine. On both her knees diſtracted ſhe lay. Her tears drenched her bare breaſt, as they fell. She prayed aloud, for death to her ſon. The furies heard, as they wandered in ſhades. In darkeſt hell, they heard her voice. Joy flamed o'er their iron hearts."

"Loud tumult now invades the gates. The dreadful clamour of arms aſcends. The towers ſhake aloft on their walls. To Meleäger the elders come. The choſen prieſts

of the gods implore. They pray him to aſſume his arms, —to repell the foe from the walls: and promiſe mighty gifts for his toil. In the rich fields of beauteous Calydon, —they bade him chuſe the ſpot he loved,—fifty acres of fertile ſoil. One half planted with the vine,—the other cleared wide for the plow. Much his father intreated the chief,—the aged ruler of courſers, Oeneus! Trembling with years he aſcended the ſteps,—to the chamber, where lay Meleäger: Shaking the glued planks of the floor,—as he ſunk, on his knees to his ſon. Much his ſiſters beſought the chief. Much his venerable mother implored. More hardened grew the youth, at her voice. Much his companions moſt beloved: Much the deareſt of his friends!—But none could bend his ſoul in his breaſt."

"His very halls ſhake at length by the foe. On the towers the Curëtés aſcend. Wide, the city is all in flames. To Meleäger, with mournful cries,—at length entered his beauteous ſpouſe. She beſought him with tears, aloud. All the evils ſhe, in order, recounts,—which fall on thoſe hapleſs men,—whoſe city is ſtormed, by the foe. The men are ſlain in every ſtreet. The flames rage o'er the ſinking town. The children bound, are captive led. The high-boſomed women are ſeized. His ſoul ſtarts, at the horrid tale. He roſe in wrath and aſſumed his arms. Bright he ſtrode along in

in the pride of his ſoul,—and from the city repelled the foe. The Ætolians the rich preſents refuſed: Unrewarded he drove the evil away."

"But thou, think not thus, in thy ſoul. Let no god ſway thy fury ſo far. Relent, in time, O friend beloved. Let not fire ſeize our ſhips ere thou aid'ſt. Receive the offered preſents, and come. Thee like a god the Argives will honour. But ſhould'ſt thou, after ſcorning his gifts,—enter battle, the deſtruction of men: Not equal honours will crown thy renown: Though from Greece, thou ſhould'ſt drive the war."

To him the great Achilles replied.—"Phœnix, father, aged chief, beloved of Jove! Of that honour I ſtand not in need. Me Jove will honour, I deem, from his ſoul. The glory, which deſcends from the god,—ſhall attend me at the ſhips of the Argives,—while the ſpirit remains in my breaſt,—while move my limbs, with life, along. But this to thee, I farther tell,—and thou record it in thy mind. Diſturb not my ſoul with theſe complaints—melt not with tears my heart,—to gratify the ſon of Atreus. To favour him becomes not thee,—leſt hate ſhould ſucceed to my love. It becomes thee to think like thy friend: To make a foe of the man I abhor. Here reign thou equal with me. Divide my honours and ſhare my power. The chiefs will

bear back MY reſolves. Here remaining, paſs the night in repoſe. But when the morn ſhall rear her light on the world,—we together, ſhall conſult,—whether to return to our land,—or here to ſtay before high Troy."

He ſpoke: And, with a ſecret nod, to Patroclus gave his commands. To ſpread the thick bed for Phœnix: that the chiefs might think, ſtraight, of return. Mean time, the godlike ſon of Telamon,—great Ajax thus began:

" Noble ſon of Laërtes! Ulyſſes, for prudence renowned! Let us hence.—It appears not to Ajax,—that here the object of our words will ſucceed. But, to bear an anſwer to Greece,—though unpleaſing, becomes us, with ſpeed. The leaders long for our return. But Achilles has placed in his breaſt,—a haughty ſoul, unknowing to yield. Relentleſs man! He cares not for the ſighs of his friends: —Though honoured, o'er the hoſt, at their ſhips. Unfeeling chief! A brother receives the price of a brother's blood. Fathers, for their ſlain ſons, are appeaſed. The murderer pays the high fine of his crime:—And in his city, unmoleſted, remains. The heart of the parent relents: The rouzed rage of his ſoul ſubſides. To thee alone, ſon of Peleus! the gods have given an inflexible mind: A heart relentleſs, unſwayed and unkind! And whence is this ſtubborn

ſtubborn wrath!—for one captive woman, the ſlave of thy ſword! Seven beauteous in form we propoſe: And add gifts unequalled to theſe!—But thou, clothe in mildneſs thy ſoul. Thy dwelling, ſon of Peleus, revere. Beneath thy roof we the Greeks repreſent. Above others we regard thy renown. Of all the Argives we moſt are thy friends."

"Ajax divine!" Achilles replied: "Son of Telamon! Leader of armies! All thou ſeem'ſt, from thy ſoul, to have ſaid. But my heart ſwells, with wrath, unappeaſed. With fury I reflect on the man. I remember Atrides with rage. He that rendered me diſhonoured in Greece:—Like a vile ſtranger, deteſted, deſpiſed. Go hence,—report mine anſwer with ſpeed. The bloody battle ſhall not rouze my ſoul: 'Till the ſon of warlike Priam,—till noble Hector ſhall come to my tents;—to my fleet, in the blood of the Argives,—and burn your navy with his fire. Round theſe tents,—around theſe dark ſhips of mine,—great Hector, though glowing in rage,—will, I deem, ceaſe his hand, from the fight."

He ſpoke: And each chief took his bowl. They poured their libations on earth; then returned to the ſhips of the Argives. The great Ulyſſes precedes, as they move. Straight Patroclus the damſels commands. They ſpread the thick bed for Phœnix. Obedient, they attend to his voice.

The

The ſkins of ſheep they firſt lay on earth. They ſpread above, the purple covering and fine-ſpun ſheets. There the aged lay down to repoſe,—'till the light of the morning divine. In the inmoſt receſs of the tent, lay Achilles, in form like the gods. By him lay his fair captive from Leſbos: The blooming daughter of Phorbas—Diomedé of form divine. Patroclus lay down to repoſe. In his arms was white-boſomed Iphis: Whom great Achilles had beſtowed on the chief;—when he took the lofty Scyros,—the ſacred city of great Enyeus.

The chiefs, arriving at the tents of Atrides; with golden cups, were received by the Greeks. Each, impatient, in their preſence, aroſe: And queſtioned them both with their eyes. The king of men, Agamemnon, ſpoke firſt.—"Say, Ulyſſes, high in renown! Great glory of Achaia, unfold! Will he turn the hoſtile fire from the ſhips? Or ſtill retain the haughty rage of his ſoul?"

The patient Ulyſſes replied: "Son of Atreus, in honours the firſt! Agamemnon, ſovereign of armies! He will not extinguiſh his wrath. He rather adds fire to his rage. Thee, at once, and thy gifts, he contemns. Thee he bids to conſult with the chiefs. To ſave the ſhips and the army of Argos. He threatens, when the morn ſhall ariſe, to launch his oared ſhips to the main. He counſels the Greeks

to return: Adviſes all to raiſe the ſail. No period to war ſhall ye find. Lofty Ilium ſhall not fall by your arms. Jove ſpreads his broad hand round her walls. Confirmed in their ſouls are our foes.—Thus ſpoke the chief. To THESE known, as to me, are his words; To Ajax, to the heralds divine,—both prudent, in their ſouls, to conceive. But aged Phœnix takes repoſe in his tents: For ſuch were the hero's commands. That he, with the chief, may return,—to the loved ſhore of his native land. To-morrow, if ſuch is his choice. By force he will not bear him from Troy."

He ſpoke. Silence darkened the brows of the chiefs. Mute, they ſat, aſtoniſhed in ſoul; For harſhly the anſwer he ſpoke. Long, ſilent, ſat the mournful ſons of the Argives. At length, in the midſt, aroſe—Diomëdes unmatched, in the fight.

"Atrides, firſt in renown! Agamemnon, ſovereign of men!—Would! thou had'ſt not, a ſuppliant been,—at the knees of the ſon of Peleus. Would! thou hadſt not proffered ſuch gifts! Already too great was his pride. Thine offers to his inſolence add. But let us diſmiſs him from thought. Let him depart or remain. Hereafter, the warrior will fight; When humour turns the tide of his ſoul: Or ſome god, deſcending, incites. But now, to MY counſel, attend.

attend. Obey what my mind ſuggeſts. Let the leaders retire to repoſe. But let them firſt refreſh their ſouls,—with the equal repaſt and with wine:—For this is the ſtrength and the vigour of armies! But when, in the eaſt, with her light,—the roſy-fingered Aurora appears,—ſtraight array the foot, in the field. Urge the horſe to commence the war. In the front, let Atrides appear: As firſt in power, be HE firſt in fight."

HE ſpoke. All the kings aſſent: Admiring the ſpeech of the chief;—Of Diomedes, the breaker of ſteeds. Their libations they poured to the gods. Then each, to his tent, retired. There, repoſing themſelves in night;—pleaſing ſleep involved them around.

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK X.

THE other leaders of aſſembled Achaia,—in ſleep, wear down, at their ſhips the long night. In pleaſing ſlumber, THEY lay ſubdued. But on the ſhepherd of his people, Atrides,—deſcended not ſoft repoſe. Wild rolled his anxious ſoul in his breaſt. As when the huſband of Juno, on high, darts his lightning, flaſh on flaſh, through the night: When he prepares to wrap, in tempeſt, the world,—to ſend his hail or flaky ſnow,—to whiten o'er the broad face of the earth. Or when he reſolves, in his wrath, to open the huge jaws of deſtructive war. So frequent, burſt the ſighs of the king;—deep-fetched from his inmoſt ſoul. Within, his ſtout heart fiercely heaves, with his cares.

In thought the hero turns his eyes,—where the Trojans lie encamped on the plain. Aſtoniſhed, he beholds their frequent fires,—ſpreading wide to the walls of Troy. The voice of their pipes reach his ears: The tumult and the clamours of men. When he turned to the ſhips his thoughts, to the nations of Achaia in arms,—from the roots he tore his long-hair,—in earneſt prayer to high-dwelling Jove. Much groans his generous ſoul, in his breaſt. At length it ſeems beſt to the king,—to bend his ſteps to the ſon of Neleus: To form ſome happy project with Neſtor,—to turn, from Greece, the evil day.

Starting, from his bed, roſe the king. Round his ample body his veſt he drew. The ſtately buſkins he bound on his feet. O'er his broad ſhoulders, the ſpotted hide of a lion he threw. Large and tawny fell the rough ſpoil to his heels. He graſps the long ſpear in his hand. Equal cares Menelaus invade. Sleep weighed not his eyes to repoſe. Much he dreaded new woes to the Argives: Who had croſſed the wide main, in his cauſe. Who had come, in his quarrel, to Troy,—rolling war to her troubled ſhores. O'er his broad ſhoulders, the chief—threw a ſpotted leopard's hide. The brazen helm, on his head, roſe aloft. His mighty hand graſps the ſpear, as he ſtrides.

To wake his brother the hero moved. To rouze HIM whom the Argives obey: Who is honoured, like a god, by the hoſt. Fitting, on his ſhoulders, his beauteous arms,—the king he found, at his own dark ſhip: And raiſed him, with his coming, to joy. Firſt the warlike Menelaus began:—"Why, thus, in arms, O brother revered! Would'ſt thou ſend ſome ſpy from the ſhips! Some friend to explore the foe? Much I dread, that none will be found,—to dare this taſk of peril alone: Singly to advance to the foe,—through the ſtill boſom of Night. Bold muſt the chief be in arms:—Unconquered in the force of his ſoul!"

To him replied Agamemnon: "O Menelaus, beloved of Jove! Much we both need ſome prudent advice;—to ſave the Argives and their ſhips, from the foe. Changed from us is the ſoul of great Jove. To Hector's offerings the god is inclined. Never have I ſeen, with theſe eyes:—Nor came it, by report, to mine ears,—that one chief, in one day, e'er performed ſuch arduous deeds, in the field,—as Hector high-favoured of Jove,—has, on the ſons of Achaia, atchieved. Yet a mere man is the chief. Nor derives he his blood from a god: Nor of a goddeſs is the warrior born. But ſuch were his feats, that the Argives—will long remember the fatal day,—which brought ſo many woes, from his hand. But thou to Ajax repair. From ſleep Idomeneus

rouze. Hold thy rapid way to their ſhips. To the noble Neſtor I bend my ſteps. To raiſe the aged chief, in his night. To bid him the guards to inſtruct,—the ſacred troop, who defend the wall. Him they will in all obey: Since his ſon bears the chief command, and Mariones, unequalled in arms. For to theſe we gave the firſt charge of the night."

To the king, Menelaus replies: "What commands ſhall I bear to the chiefs? What orders ſhall thy brother obey? Shall I with the warriors remain? Shall I ſtop till thou comeſt to their ſhips? Or to thee return, through the night? When thy charge I have given with care?"

There remain," ſaid the ſovereign of Argives: "Leſt we ſtray from each other, in night: For many are the ways, through the camp. Send thy voice before, as thou moveſt. Bid the Argives to watch o'er their lines. Call to each, by his father's name. By his race, call each warrior to arms. Honour all, as thou giv'ſt thy commands. Nor ſwell, in ought, the pride of thy ſoul. Like the meaneſt, we, the leaders, muſt toil: Since Jove, at our birth, expoſed us to equal woes."

He ſaid: And diſmiſſed his brother,—to bear, through night, his high commands. To the ſhips of the aged Neſtor,

Neſtor, the king took his anxious way. The ſhepherd of his people he found,—in ſoft repoſe, in his lofty tent. His varied arms lay all by his ſide: His ſhield, his two ſpears, his ſplendid helm. Near him lay the high-wrought belt: Which girt the loins of the aged chief: When he armed for the battle of heroes,—leading forth his people to war. Nor yet had yielded the king to years: Nor ſhrunk from fight, in mournful age. Half-riſing, he leaned on his arm: And thus ſpoke to the ſon of Atreus:

"Who moves through the camp alone? Who holds his way through gloomy Night? When other mortals calmly ſleep? When deep repoſe has invaded the world? Wanteſt thou one of the watch? Or doſt thou wander after ſome friend? Speak. Approach me not, in ſilence. What are thy wants? Explain."

To him, the king of men replied:—"O Neſtor, ſon of warlike Neleus! Greateſt glory of Achaia in arms! Behold before thee, the ſon of Atreus: A king, whom, of mortal men,—great Jove has plunged the deepeſt in woes. Nor an end to my ſorrows appears; till my ſpirit fly, on winds, from this breaſt: Till my limbs loſe their motion, in death. Thus I ſtray, through the night, alone: As ſoft repoſe has deſerted mine eyes. Diſaſtrous war lies deep, on my heart: The gathered woes of the Argive powers. Much

I fear

I fear for the fate of the Greeks. My ſoul has ceaſed to be firm. Grief has quite diſtracted my mind. My heaving heart beats high to my breaſt. Beneath me tremble my failing limbs. But now if ought grows in thy thoughts: For thee alſo ſleep ſeems to deſert. Ariſe. Let us to the guards deſcend. Let us ſee, whether, wearied with toil,—they have reſigned to repoſe: Forgetful of their taſk, at the watch. Near—near us encamps the foe. Nor know we, but, this inſtant, they mean,—to ruſh on Greece, through the gloomy night."

To him the aged breaker of warlike ſteeds: "Son of Atreus, in glory the firſt! Agamemnon, ſovereign of men! Nor preſcient Jove will for Hector perform—all the towering hopes of his ſoul. With many cares ſhall labour the chief,—ſhould Achilles his arms reſume,—and turn his heart, from deſtructive rage. But THEE I will follow with joy. Yet let us others rouze from repoſe. Let us call the ſon of Tydeus, renowned at the ſpear. Let us noble Ulyſſes awake. Let the ſwift ſon of Oïleus ariſe: And the gallant race of the warlike Phyleus. Send ſome meſſage to the verge of the camp: Where their ſhips lie the fartheſt of all; —to rouze the godlike Ajax;—to call Idomeneus, reigning afar. But though dear to my ſoul is the chief,—though Menelaus I much revere;—his indolence I now muſt blame:

Though

Though thy wrath ſhould ariſe on thy friend. In repoſe he paſſes the night,—and leaves the toil to his brother alone. Now he ought to go around to the chiefs. To rouze their falling courage, with prayer: For dreadful are the perils which hover o'er all."

The king of men, Agamemnon replies: "O aged warrior!" the hero ſaid; "At other ſeaſons, accuſe the chief. Often, he the toil has declined. But nor then he to indolence yields,—nor wanders, from the thoughts of his ſoul. To me he looks up, in his deeds. He waits for my high reſolves. Now, before me, he ſtarted from reſt: And came to my tent for commands. I have ſent him to the chiefs, thou haſt named. Let us join them, at the gates of the camp. To the guards I adviſed them to come. We ſhall find them, convened, at the watch."

To the king aged Neſtor replied: "While, thus, he acts, he eſcapes from the blame, and gains the obedience, of Argives. They will him obey, when he urges to war. They will liſten to all his commands."—He ſpoke and drew his veſt round his breaſt. The ſtately buſkins he bound on his feet: And o'er his ſhoulders, he threw,—a purple mantle both ample and large. The ſhaggy pile flouriſhed o'er it, with pride. He graſpt the huge ſpear in his hand,—pointed before with beaming ſteel. Through the

camp

camp he foremoſt advanced. He rouzed from ſleep Ulyſſes, —equal to the counſels of Jove. Loud ſpoke the chief in his ear. The voice reached the hero's ſoul. He ruſhed forth, at once from his tent: And, thus, to the kings he began:

"Why wander ye thus through the ſhips? Why, alone, through the Night divine? Riſe ſome recent woes to the Argives? What new neceſſities urge?"—"Noble ſon of Laërtes!" the aged breaker of ſteeds replies: "Ulyſſes for prudence renowned! Be not diſpleaſed, O chief! Great the woes, which oppreſs the Argives. Follow us. Let us others rouze. Let each in council give advice. Whether to fly o'er the main: Or here to urge again the fight."

He ſpoke. To his tent returned the prudent Ulyſſes. On his ſhoulders he threw his broad ſhield: And trod in the path of the kings. To the ſon of Tydeus they bent their way. Without, his tent they found the chief, in his arms. Round the hero ſlept, in order, his friends. Beneath their heads were laid their broad ſhields. Their ſpears inverted ſtood fixed in the ground. The bright points ſhone, aloft, to the ſkies—like the lightning of father Jove. The king himſelf ſlept in Night; on the rough hide of a ſavage bull. His head, on a purple carpet was laid. Near him ſtood Neſtor divine.

divine. With his foot, he touched the king, as he lay: And, thus, upbraided, with lofty voice;

"Arise, ſon of warlike Tydeus. Why giveſt thou all the night to repoſe? Knoweſt thou not that the Trojans in arms,—lie encamped, on the riſing ground? Near the ſhips, they their ſtation have placed. Small the ſpace, which divides the foes!"—He ſpoke: The chief ſtarted, at once, from reſt: And thus, to aged Neſtor, replied:—"Too ſevere on thy years thou art. Thou takeſt no reſpite from toil. Are there not many warriors of Argos? Many youths to awake the kings? To bear orders through all the camp? But thou, aged chief, art not to be won from toils!"

To him the aged breaker of ſteeds: "True, O my friend! are the words thou haſt ſaid. I have gallant ſons, in the camp. Many thouſands obey my commands;—of whom one might awake the kings. But ſuch a train of woes fall, at once, on the Argives!—Our fortune reſts on a moment's point: Whether ruin invades the hoſt: Or life is reſtored to our cauſe. But repair to the ſon of Oïleus. Awake the offſpring of warlike Phyleus. Thou art leſs in thy number of years. Thou haſt pitied my toils, through the night."

He ſpoke: The chief, o'er his ſhoulders, the ſpotted hide of a lion, threw. Large and tawny fell the rough ſpoils behind. He graſpt the ſpear in his hand; and held, along the camp, his way. From ſleep awaked, the chiefs he led. To the gathered troop of the guard, they came. Nor ſleeping were the chiefs of the watch. They, ſtanding, held forward, their arms. As faithful dogs, in the night,—watch the folds of the ſheep around. Afar they hear the lion's voice, coming, headlong, through the woods, from his hills. Loud they bark, on every ſide. Their howls join, with the clamours of men: And ſleep flies, on its wings, from them all. So ſleep fled from their lids—as they held the tedious watch of the night. To the plain they turned their fierce eyes. They liſtened for the tread of the foe. The aged rejoiced o'er the chiefs. Thus, Neſtor confirmed them, with words:—"Go on," he ſaid, "my ſons beloved. Keep the watch. Drive ſleep from your eyes. Leſt the Trojans may invade us, through Night: And we become the ſport of the foe."

This ſaying, the trench he paſſed. The kings followed his ſteps, as he moved. Thoſe, who came to council, advance. Meriones and the ſon of Neſtor attend. Nor unbid come the chiefs of the watch. Them to council, the heroes called. Paſſing the deep trench, they ſat down. A ſpot unſoiled with

ſlain

ſlain they choſe: Where raging Hector from ſlaughter had turned: When many Argives had fallen by his hand;—when Night involved him around. There, ſitting, they each other addreſſed. Firſt the aged Neſtor began:

"O FRIENDS!—Is there here any chief; who, truſting to his own daring ſoul,—will paſs to the camp of the foe? To try to ſeize ſome ſtraggling Trojan? To hear the diſcourſe of the foe? To learn what, in Night they conſult? Whether here to remain near the ſhips? Or to return to their city, they mean: Having vanquiſhed the Greeks, in the field? Theſe, perhaps, the warrior may hear: And, in ſafety, return to his friends. Great is the fame of the deed: And uncommon ſhall be its reward. To him ſhall each chief of the Argives,—give a black ewe, for his toil. A female that ſuckles a lamb. Nor matched is the beauteous prize. At the feaſt, he, diſtinguiſhed, ſhall ſit: Moſt honoured at the banquet of joy."

HE ſpoke: Silence darkened o'er all the chiefs. But in the midſt ſpoke the great Diomedes: "O Neſtor! my heart prompts me on. My riſing ſoul the danger demands. I will enter the camp of the foe. I will pierce the lines of the warlike Trojans. But ſhould ſome other warrior attend: Some chief the danger divide; then more aſſured in my ſoul—with greater boldneſs I would advance. When two

move together to dangers: One ſees what the other eſcapes: and double is their chance to the beſt. But when, ſingly, we perils attempt: The ſoul is dubious and cannot decide."

He ſpoke. Many wiſh to attend the chief. The two Ajaces ariſe in arms. Meriones the danger demands: Much demands the ſon of Neſtor. Menelaus ſtood forth, with his ſpear. The great Ulyſſes, in arms advanced;—and wiſhed to enter the hoſtile lines: To penetrate the Trojan camp: Ever daring was the ſoul of the chief! To them the king of men aroſe;—and, thus, in their preſence, began:

"O son of Tydeus!" he ſaid: "Deareſt of my friends to my ſoul! Chuſe the companion, thou loveſt. Chuſe the braveſt: For many attend. Nor thou, reſpecting rank in thy mind,—paſs over the ſtouteſt in arms. Look not to birth in thy choice. Nor be ſwayed, by his high command."

Thus ſpoke the king to the hero. For his yellow-haired brother he feared. Diomedes ſtood forth to the chiefs. Thus began the breaker of ſteeds; "Since to chuſe is thy high command: How can I forget, in my choice,—great Ulyſſes of actions divine? Wiſe is his heart in each toil. In perils his ſoul is brave. Him the blue-eyed Minerva loves.

loves. Let HIM attend me through Night: And let a thouſand fires oppoſe. Through all we ſhall both return: Since unequalled is his wiſdom, in war."

IN turn, the prudent Ulyſſes replies: "Son of Tydeus, nor praiſe me too much: Nor yet, in this preſence, blame. Thy words are addreſſed to the Argives. To them all, Ulyſſes is known. But, with ſpeed, let us hence. The night declines and the morning is near. The ſtars have paſſed and deſcend in the weſt. The greater portion of night is gone. Two thirds of the darkneſs is paſt. One third ſtill remains on the ſky."

THEIR dreadful arms they aſſumed, as he ſpoke. To the ſon of Tydeus, the bold Thraſymedes,—gave his two-edged ſword from his ſide: For his own at the ſhips had been left. A ſhield he alſo gave to the chief: A leathern helm without ſtuds, without creſt: Such, as youths bear, early, in war. Meriones gave a bow to Ulyſſes,—a leaden quiver, a deadly ſword. On his head, his leathern helm he placed: Bound faſt, within, with many thongs. Without,—are the white teeth of a boar. In rows the caſque they ſtrengthen on every ſide. In the midſt the ſoft bonnet he fits. The beauteous helm Autolycus brought,—from Eleon the city of great Amyntor: Having burſt the huge gates of the hero's halls. Autolycus gave the caſque to Amphidamas:

Warlike

Warlike Amphidamas to Molus. Molus left it to his ſon: To Meriones to bear it in war; and, now, it graced the lofty head of the great Ulyſſes.

Clad, in their dreadful arms,—the heroes took forward their way. By the ſide of the trench the leaders, in ſilence remained. To the chiefs, as they ſtrode to the foe,—blue-eyed Pallas, a heron ſent, on the winds. On the right flew the omen divine:—Undiſcerned, by the eyes of the chiefs: For gloomy Night had o'erſhadowed the world. The clangour of his courſe filled their ears. In the happy bird, great Ulyſſes rejoiced: And, thus, to Pallas, he prayed:—"Hear me," the hero began, "daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! In my perils thou ſtand'ſt by my ſide. Nor, by thee, unobſerved are my ſteps. Look down again, O blue-eyed queen! Give us, again, to return,—with glory laden to the ſhips of the Argives. Let ſome noble deed be performed;—which the Trojans ſhall feel o'er their ſouls."

"Hear alſo me!" ſaid the great Diomedes. "Invincible daughter of Jove, attend! Follow me, to the nightly foe: As thou didſt follow the noble Tydeus. When led to Thebes by thy hand divine, he bore the demands of Achaia in arms. At the deep Asöpus, his friends he left: The embattled Argives, with brazen mails. Full of peace were his words to the Thebans: But, returning, his deeds were in

in blood. Beneath thy hand divine, he fought. Thou mighty goddeſs, ſtood'ſt bright, by his ſide. So deign to ſtand near his ſon. With thine arm ward, from me, the foe. A year-old heifer, O queen! ſhall be thine; broad-fronted, unbroken and wild: Which never man placed, under the yoke. Her to thee I will offer, with prayer: Gilding, with gold, her horns."

Thus, praying, the heroes ſpoke. Blue-eyed Pallas heard, from her ſky. When, thus, their vows they paid, aloud; to the daughter of greateſt Jove: Onward they moved, in their ſtrength; like two lions, ruſhing through night. Through ſlaughter, through bodies, through arms, through blood,—they darkly ſtrode their dreadful way.

Nor permitted the godlike Hector,—his Trojans to ſleep the night. The nobles to council he called: The leaders and chiefs of the hoſt. In darkneſs the heroes met. Thus, Hector, with prudence, began: "Who" he ſaid, "will this ſervice perform? Who, my purpoſe, for a mighty reward? Great will be his recompence? To his hands I will give a car,—two high-creſted ſteeds to bear him in fight: The nobleſt, the fleeteſt, the beſt,—which Greece, at her navy, holds. He that dares my deſign to perform,—ſhall add renown to his great reward. If to the ſwift ſhips he will approach; and learn the ſtate of the foe. Whether they

they guard, as heretofore,—their ſhips, from the nightly ſurprize: Or meditate, ſubdued by our hands,—to urge their flight acroſs the main: Or, neglecting the watch of night,—lie fatigued, from their heavy toils."

He ſpoke. Silence darkened, o'er all the chiefs. Among the Trojans a man there was,—Dolon, the ſon of old Eumëdes. Eumëdes a herald divine,—rich in gold and wealthy in braſs. His ſon was hideous in his form,—but ſwift were his feet, in the race. His only ſon to manhood reared,—amid five ſiſters at home. Standing, in the midſt of the Trojans, Dolon, thus, to Hector ſpoke:

"O Hector, my heart prompts me on. My ſoul this peril demands. I will approach the ſwift ſhips. I will learn the ſtate of the foe. But thou, thy ſcepter raiſe aloft. Plight, before the gods, thy faith;—that thou, in truth, wilt give the ſteeds,—the chariot varied o'er with gold,—which bear the blameleſs ſon of Peleus to fight. Nor a vain ſpy ſhall Dolon prove: Nor fruſtrate thy wiſe deſign. To the center their camp I will pierce. To the ſhip of the ſon of Atreus; where, perhaps, the chiefs conſult,—to fly or to fight the foe."—Hector raiſed his ſcepter aloft: And plighted, thus, to the warrior his faith: "Bear witneſs, high-thundering Jove! Let the huſband of Juno witneſs bear: That never by thoſe ſteeds ſhall be borne—any Trojan, but

Dolon,

Dolon, to war. This to thee I affirm; That in them, THOU alone ſhalt rejoice."

He ſpoke. But vain the oath he ſwore! Yet it rouzed the ſoul of the youth. Straight, o'er his ſhoulders, his bow he placed: Around, the white hide of a wolf he threw. A ferret's ſkin formed his helm. His hand graſpt the pointed lance. From the hoſt he urged his ſteps to the ſhips: Never to return, from the foe; or to Hector to bring his report. Leaving the crowd of men and ſteeds,—with ſpeed he held onward his way. Him, at his near approach, divine Ulyſſes perceived; and thus to Diomedes began:

"Behold," he ſaid, "Son of Tydeus! A Trojan comes forward, through night. A ſpy, perhaps, to view our ſhips; or ſome plunderer to ſtrip the dead. But let him paſs along the plain. Let him bear beyond us his ſteps. Then ſhall we ſtart o'er the field;—and ſeize him as he flies. But ſhould he outſtrip us in his ſpeed; then drive him, with thy ſpear, to the fleet. Turn him from the camp of the foe. Cut off his retreat, from the town."

Thus ſaying, they ſtrode aſide, from the path. Down, among the dead, they lay. The Trojan paſſed, unperceiving, with ſpeed. But when he a diſtance had gone,—equal to the ſpace between two ploughs: When heavy mules form

the furrow with toil;—than oxen better far at the ſhining ſhare. Starting, the chiefs bound away. Dolon ſtood, at the ſound of their tread. He hoped, from his inmoſt ſoul, —that, at the high command of Hector,—ſome Trojans came ruſhing along,—to recal his ſteps to the camp. When they came, within a javelin's caſt,—he knew, too late, the tread of the foe. Quick he plied his joints, as he fled. Swift the heroes purſued him, through night.

As two greyhounds, ſkilled in the chaſe,—purſue a fawn or timid hare. Eager they preſs on its flight. Urging forward, through woody grounds. Shrill ſhrieks the panting prey, as it flies. Thus, the ſon of warlike Tydeus: Thus, the deſtroyer of cities, Ulyſſes,—cutting off his return to his friends,—purſued Dolon, with eager ſpeed. When now he had advanced toward the trench;—When almoſt mixed his flight with the watch: Pallas added force to Tydides, leſt ſome other warrior of Greece,—ſhould firſt glory to wound the foe. Raiſing, high, his pointed ſpear; the valiant Diomedes began: "Stop, or expect my ſpear. Not long ſhalt thou thus eſcape. Stop. Thou ſhalt not avoid the death, which flies from my hand."

The hero ſpoke and threw his ſpear. With deſign he erred from the man. O'er his right ſhoulder paſſed the point of the lance. In earth it fixed and ſhook the ſtaff.

Trembling

Trembling ſtopt the daſtard, at once. His teeth chattered harſh, with his fears: And paleneſs wandered along his face. Panting, the heroes approached. They ſeized the wretch, in their hands: And, diſſolved into tears, he began:—"Spare me, warriors!" he ſaid. "Receive a ranſom for my life. In my halls, I have braſs and gold: A ſtore of high-laboured ſteel. My father will precious gifts beſtow: A high price for my freedom will pay; ſhould he hear, that alive, at your ſhips, his ſon a captive remains."

"Confide." ſaid the wiſe Ulyſſes, "Let not death come acroſs thy ſoul. But ſay, reply to me in all. Conceal not ought of the truth. Why wander'ſt thou thus alone? Why tak'ſt thou thy way to the ſhips? While Night involves the world in ſhades? While other mortals yield to repoſe? Comeſt thou forth to ſtrip the dead? Or has Hector ſent thee, a ſpy, to view our ſtate at our ſhips? Or only wert thou urged, by thy ſoul?"

To the hero Dolon replied: His limbs trembled beneath, as he ſpoke: "Much to my loſs, againſt my mind,—Hector induced me to come. He promiſed to give me the ſteeds, the chariot varied o'er with braſs, which bears the ſon of Peleus to war. He bade me to paſs through the plain,—to hold my way through the Night. To approach to the camp of the Argives: To learn the ſtate of the foe.

Whether you guard, as heretofore,—your ſhips from the nightly ſurprize: Or meditate, ſubdued by our hands,—to urge your flight acroſs the main; Or, neglecting the watch of Night,—you lie fatigued, from your heavy toils."

Smiling, replied the wiſe Ulyſſes: "Nor ſmall the preſents, which covets thy ſoul;—the fleet ſteeds of the great ſon of Peleus! But reſtive they are and hard to rule,—to any mortal, but brave Achilles,—who is born of a mother divine. But ſay, reply to me in all. Conceal not ought of the truth. Where, haſt thou left the gallant Hector? Where, the ſhepherd of his people in Night? Where lie on earth his martial arms? Where, ſtand his warlike ſteeds? How placed are the guards of the Trojans? Where lie their various troops on the field? What is the reſult of their councils? Mean they to remain, at the fleet? To the city will the warriors return; Having vanquiſhed the Argives in arms?

He ſpoke: The ſon of Eumëdes replied: "To thee I will reply in all: Nor will I conceal ought of the truth. Great Hector, from the tumult remote,—ſits, in council, with the leaders of Troy,—near the tomb of Ilus divine. Of guards, thou, O hero, enquir'ſt. No certain watch the camp protects. No warriors in arms wake around. The native Trojans only watch; Thoſe whom neceſſities urge.

They

They ſtand, upon their guard, through the gloom. But the allies collected afar—give all the night to repoſe,—and leave the care of the army to Troy. Nor near are their children beloved. Far diſtant are their wives from the foe!"

To him the prudent Ulyſſes replied: "Tell me, Dolon: Explain thy words. Sleep they mixed with the warlike Trojans? Or, apart, are they ſunk in repoſe?"—"This alſo," Dolon began, "this, with truth, I will likewiſe unfold. By the main, lie the warlike Carians,—the Pæonians, ſkilled at the bow. Near are the Lelegës, the Caucons, the Pelaſgi divine. Toward Thymbra lie the Lycian bands. The haughty Myſians ſtretch their lines by their ſide. There the Phrygians, breakers of ſteeds: There the Mæonians, who fight in their cars. But why ſhould you queſtion me thus? Why ſearch minutely each point? If bent you are to advance through the Night: To enter the wide army of Troy. The Thracians are the fartheſt of all:—Newly-come, apart from the reſt. Rheſus, their king, lies in the midſt,—the gallant ſon of great Eöneus. His ſteeds the moſt beauteous, theſe eyes ere beheld! The beſt and the largeſt in ſize! Whiter than the driven ſnow! In the race, more fleet than the winds. His car is adorned with gold: With ſilver plated, high-laboured with art. He came to the

the field in arms of gold;—huge, wonderous and bright to behold. Such as no mortal ſhould wear! They fit only the deathleſs gods. But remove me hence to your ſhips. Or leave me here confined in chains: Till you return through the Night,—till the truth of my words is tried. Whether in all I well-inform;—or, in all, impoſe on your ears."

Sternly turning to the wretch, the great Diomedes replied: "Suggeſt not, I beſeech thee, Dolon,—cheriſh not eſcape, in thy ſoul. Though good the report, which thou bring'ſt, no foe muſt return, from our hands. Should we now diſmiſs thee to Troy: Should we a ranſom take for thy life. Hereafter thou might'ſt return to our ſhips,—to ſpy our ſtate or to meet us in fight. But if, ſubdued by my hands, thou, here, ſhalt pour thy ſoul in blood; nor Troy thou ſhalt aid in war,—nor danger turn on Achaia in arms."

He ſpoke: And as the wretch lifted his hand,—a ſuppliant, to ſeize the beard of the king;—the hero raiſing high his ſword, ſtruck, in the middle, his neck. Through both the ſinews paſſed the blade. Down dropt the head to the earth, ſtill muttering, as it rolled in the duſt. His ſkin-lined helmet the heroes ſeized: His wolf-hide mantle, his bow, his long ſpear. To warlike Pallas, Ulyſſes divine lifted high the bloody ſpoils in his hand; and, thus, addreſſed his

his prayer aloud: "Rejoice, O goddeſs! in theſe. Thee the firſt on Olympus we call. Of all the immortals thee firſt we invoke. But ſtill extend thine arm o'er our courſe. Lead us hence to the Thracian lines: To their ſteeds, to their place of repoſe."

He ſaid: And laid them high on a tamariſk; marking the place to the eye,—with heaped up reeds, torn from their roots,—and the lopt-off boughs of the branchy ſhrub. Leſt the night ſhould conceal the ſpoils,—as, ſwift, they returned o'er the plain. Forward they ruſhed, through the ſhade. Through arms, through ſlain, through blood, they ſtrode. To the lines of the Thracians they came. Broken with toil, lay the bands, in repoſe. Arranged, in three rows, on the earth,—their beauteous arms gleamed to the ſtars. Rheſus, in the midſt, lay aſleep. His ſteeds ſtood, bright by his car;—bound, with thongs, to the ſeats behind. Ulyſſes firſt beheld the king: And, thus, began to the great Diomedes:

"Behold! ſon of Tydeus, the man: The bounding ſteeds, O chief, behold!—Pointed out, by this Dolon, we ſlew. But thou, produce thy wonted force. It becomes thee not to ſtand idle in arms. Unbind theſe ſteeds from the car. Or ſlay the men, with thy ſword,—and the ſteeds ſhall command my care."

Blue-eyed Pallas breathed ſtrength on his limbs. Around, the hero ſlew amain. Broken groans crowd the path of his ſword. The bluſhing earth floats, wide, with their blood. As ruſhes a lion, by night on a fold,—of ſheep or goat, unguarded and left. Dreadful ruin he deals to the prey. So came the ſon of warlike Tydeus,—on the warriors of Thrace through the ſhade. Twelve fell by the hero's ſword. Wiſe Ulyſſes trod the ſteps of the king: And drew the dead, aſide, with his hand. Nor vain was the thought of his ſoul. He opened a path for the high-maned ſteeds: Left yet uninured to blood,—they ſhould ſtart, as they moved, o'er the ſlain. Above the king ſtood the ſon of Tydeus. Him, the thirteenth, he deprived of his ſoul. Gaſping he lay in death. At his head, by command of Minerva,—that night, ſtood a dreadful dream: The grandſon of warlike Oëneus.

Meantime Ulyſſes looſed the ſteeds. All their bridles he collects in his hand. He leads them forth, from the Thracian lines. His bow ſupplies the place of a whip. To take the ſplendid whip, from the ſeat of the car,—occurred not to his hurried mind. A ſign he made to the ſon of Tydeus. But the chief cheriſhed thoughts in his ſoul: To ruſh forward to bolder deeds. Or to ſeize the car, where lay the arms: To drag it onward, by the pole: On his ſhoulders,

ſhoulders, to bear it aloft. Or plunging deeper into death, —to give more Thracian ſouls to the wind. While rolled theſe thoughts within his breaſt: Minerva ſtood, unſeen, by his ſide,—and thus began to Diomedes divine:—"Place return in thy thoughts, ſon of Tydeus. Delay not thy return to the ſhips. Hence: Leſt, diſgraced with flight, thou ſhould'ſt be forced to rejoin thy friends. Leſt ſome other god, from his ſky, ſhould deſcend and awaken Troy."

He knew the voice of the ſpeaking power. Straight he mounted the bounding ſteeds. Ulyſſes urged them on, with his bow. They flew to the ſhips of the Argives. Nor an uſeleſs watch held the far-ſhootnig Phœbus, when Pallas he beheld near Tydides: In wrath, he entered the huge army of Troy. A Thracian leader he rouzed from repoſe: Hippocöon, in council renowned; the loved kinſman of hapleſs Rheſus. Starting, from his ſleep, he aroſe. He found empty the place where ſtood the ſteeds. The warriors gaſping in death he ſaw: Dreadful ſlaughter deforming the ground. Loud burſts his voice from his breaſt. He calls, by name, his friend beloved. The clamour of the Trojans ſwells around. Loud tumult pours in, on each ſide. With ſurprize, the bold deed they ſurvey: Which, unperceived, the chiefs had performed.

Now the heroes had come to the place;—where Hector's ſpy lay ſlain on the ground. Ulyſſes, beloved of thundering Jove, ſtopt the bounding ſteeds, in their courſe. The ſon of Tydeus leaping, at once, to the ground,—placed the bloody ſpoils in his hands. Again he mounted and laſhed the ſteeds. Nor unwilling they flew to the ſhips. Neſtor, firſt, heard the tread of their feet: And, thus, he the warriors addreſſed:—"O friends! brave leaders of Argives! Shall I tell, what my ſoul commands? The tread of ſwift-footed ſteeds ſeems to wander round mine ear. Would! that the great Ulyſſes,—that Diomedes, unequalled in arms,—drove hither the ſteeds from the foe,—the well-earned price of their toil! But much I dread from my ſoul,—that diſmal Fate has involved the chiefs: That the braveſt of the Argives have fallen—beneath the preſſure of gathered Troy."

The words were ſcarce ſaid, when they came. At once, the heroes alighted on earth. With joy they took the chiefs, by the hands: And Greece received them with friendly voice. To the warriors, firſt, began, the aged breaker of warlike ſteeds:—"Tell me, Ulyſſes, firſt in renown! Greateſt glory of Achaia, unfold! How came theſe ſteeds to thy hands? Are theſe the ſpoil of our foes ſurprized? Or are they the gift of ſome god on the way? In beauty they reſemble the rays of the ſun. I ever mix,

with the Trojans in fight,—nor have I yet, at the ſhips, remained,—though age hangs heavy on mine arm, in the fight: But ſuch ſteeds have I never beheld;—nor marked them in the lines of the foe. Some god deſcending gave the gift: For much-beloved are you both,—by the ſtorm-ruling Jove. By his daughter beloved are you both,—by the power of the large blue eyes!"

To him the wiſe Ulyſſes replied: "Neſtor, ſon of Neleus! great glory of Achaia in arms! With eaſe, might ſome deſcending god give better ſteeds than theſe to our hands: For than man, THEY are far greater in power. But the ſteeds, which thine eyes behold,—came lately to high-walled Troy. Thracians they are, aged chief! Diomedes has ſlain their lord: And twelve chiefs lie around him in blood. The thirteenth we ſlew, near the ſhips: The ſpy of Troy to the army of Greece. Him Hector had ſent, through the night; and other Trojans, in council convened."

THUS ſaying, he led the ſteeds o'er the trench. Exulting in his ſoul he precedes. The Argives, with gladneſs, his ſteps purſue. When they came to the tent of Tydides, with thongs, they bound the ſteeds in their place. To the manger they all are tied: Where ſtand the fleet ſteeds of the king: With pureſt corn, in order, fed. High in the ſtern of his ſhip, Ulyſſes placed the ſpoils of Dolon. With blood

ſtained, they hung aloft; while he, the rites for Pallas, prepared.

In the deep plunged the godlike chiefs. They bathed their bodies and limbs, in the main. But when the wave had waſhed off the blood; had cleanſed the ſweat and duſt away: To their poliſhed baths ſprung the heroes: And refreſhed their ſouls, as they lay. O'er their limbs they throw the oil: And, all their ſinewy joints anoint. To the joyful repaſt they ſit down. From the urn, to the brim, filled with wine,—they pour the rich libation to Pallas, the blue-eyed offspring of thundering Jove.

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK XI.

AURORA, from her ſaffron bed, from the ſide of the ſplendid Tithonus,—roſe, bluſhing, upon the world, —diſplaying light to the gods and to men. Jove ſent fell Diſcord from heaven, to the ſhips of the Argive powers. Dreadful was the goddeſs in form. Her hands held forth the ſignal of war. High, ſhe ſtood in rage, in the large, dark ſhip of the noble Ulyſſes. In the center of the camp it lay. She ſends her loud voice to both the wings: To the quarter of Telamonian Ajax; to the ſhips of the great Achilles. At either extreme of the hoſt, the two heroes had dragged their veſſels aſhore: Confiding in their valour, in the ſtrength of their matchleſs arms. There ſtood the goddeſs aloft. Wild ſcreamed her horrid voice to the ſky. Jarring, it ſtruck the ears of the Argives. She poured

ſtrength

ſtrength on their riſing ſouls: Urging them forward to ſlaughter and blood. To THEM battle more pleaſing became, than to return in their hollow ſhips,—to the loved ſhore of their native land.

DREADFUL ſwells the voice of Atrides. His commands to arm aſcend the winds. He clothes himſelf in burniſhed ſteel. Firſt, the beauteous greaves, on his legs, he draws: With ſilver claſps, faſtened graceful before. The breaſt-plate on his breaſt he placed: The gift of Cinyras, ſent from afar. To Cyprus reached the loud report: That the Greeks, in their thouſand ſhips,—were to roll war to the high-walled Troy. The ſplendid gift was ſent afar, to gladden the ſoul of the king. Ten pales held the breaſt-plate of poliſhed ſteel: Twelve of gold and twenty of tin. Dreadful dragons were rolled, on the plate: Three in number, of various dyes. They ſhone like rainbows of light,—which Jove bends, aloft, in his clouds,—a fatal ſign of diſtreſs to mankind. Round his ſhoulders he threw his ſword: Beaming forth, with its ſtuds of gold. Of ſolid ſilver the ſcabbard was formed. On a belt wrought with gold it hung looſe.

BEFORE him he reared his all-covering ſhield,—ſtrong, beauteous, of various work. Ten circles of braſs are rolled around. Twenty boſſes of tin crowd the orb: In the center aſcends ONE of burniſhed ſteel. There engraved was the

dreadful

dreadful Gorgon; rolling her baleful eyes around. There was terror, there was flight! And on the ſtrap, which hung the ſhield, a ſcaly dragon, in ſilver is rolled. Three were its heads bent, high, around: And all, from one neck, were ſprung. On his head the bright-claſped helmet he placed. Four horſe-hair creſts adorn the helm: And, dreadful, nod aloft in the wind. Two ſpears the king graſps in his hand. Pointed, before, were both with ſteel. Wide ſpreads their dazzling light to the heavens. Pallas and Juno, o'er his head, awake a myſtic, awful ſound: Honouring, each, from her ſky, the mighty king of the rich Mycénæ.

Each hero, to his driver, iſſues forth his high commands, —to hold the ſteeds, in order, along the trench. In arms, they ruſh on foot, to the field. Wide ſpreads the clamour of war: Ere yet the morn confirmed her light. Firſt the foot are ranged in their line. The cars, arrayed, ſuſtain the rear. The ſon of Saturn, between the hoſts,— wakes tumult and dreadful noiſe. Drops of blood he ſheds from his ſky; for the mild dew of the ſacred morn: For many heroes the god then deſigned, to ſend, untimely, to the regions of death.

The Trojans, on the other ſide, form their lines, on the riſing ground. Great Hector the battle arrays: Polydamas

blameleſs

blameleſs in ſoul,—Æneas, who, among the Trojans, was honoured, like a deathleſs god:—The three ſons of the great Antënor, Polybus, the noble Agënor, and youthful Acamas, in form, like the gods. Hector, in the front, lifts aloft his broad ſhield: As, a baleful comet, by night, glides red, behind the broken clouds. Now it burſts forth, in full blaze, now hides, in darkneſs, its awful head. Thus Hector appeared now in the front: Now ſunk, behind, as he formed the dark lines. All over flamed the chief, in his ſteel,—like the red lightning of father Jove.

As reapers ranged, at either end of a field,—haſten to meet, as they mow down the corn; or wheat or the golden barley, in the lands of a wealthy man. Succeſſive fall, behind them, the ears! Thus the Greeks, thus the Trojans advance. Bounding, on each other, they flew. Neither hoſt thinks of ſhameful flight. Equal fall the youths on each ſide. Like wolves, they ruſh wildly along. Dreadful diſcord beholds them, with joy. She alone of the gods is THERE. The other powers were abſent far. Quiet, they repoſed in their halls. In their beauteous halls, which aroſe,—on the top of the ſnow-clad Olympus. All accuſed the ſtorm-ruling Jove: As he meant to give glory to Troy. Regardleſs of all, the father ſat. Apart, in all his glory, he ſat: Viewing the city of the Trojans,—the navy of the

Argive

Argives powers; the dreadful ſplendour of arms, on each ſide: The ſlayers, the dying, the ſlain.

While the morning beams on the hoſts: While encreaſes the ſacred day: The darts fall equal, on either ſide. The people tumble, in death, on the field. But, at the hour, when the woodman prepares,—his light repaſt, in the mountain-groves: When his hands are relaxed with toil,—in felling the lofty trunks of the trees. A languor pervades his ſoul. The pleaſing thoughts of repaſt fill his breaſt. Then, with their valour, the Argives,—rouzing each other, broke the lines of the foe.

Agamemnon bounded forward, the firſt. He ſlew the ſhepherd of his people, Biänor. His friend the hero alſo ſlew: Oïleus, the ruler of ſteeds. Bounding, from his car, ſtood forward the chief. Through his forehead, as he came, paſſed the lance. The brazen helmet withſtood not the point. Through the ſkull ruſhed the deadly ſpear. All the brain is, within, diſcompoſed. Subdued, he fell, dead, in the duſt. There the king of men left the chiefs. Their armour from their ſhoulders he tore: And left their white boſoms, bare to the winds.

Right, onward, paſſed the king,—in his arms; to Iſus, to youthful Antiphus: The two ſons of the godlike Priam:

One ſpurious, one born of his ſpouſe. In one car moved the youths, in the fight. Iſus drove the ſteeds along. Antiphus launched the ſpear, from his ſeat. Them the great Achilles found, once, on Ida, feeding the flocks. With twigs he bound their youthful hands: And then, for a ranſom, reſtored. But, now, the renowned ſon of Atreus pierced Iſus, through the breaſt, with his ſpear. Antiphus he ſtruck with his ſword,—by the ear: From his car he tumbled dead on the plain. As, in haſte, he ſpoiled the youths of their arms: Both he knew, lying bare, on the field. At the ſhips, they were ſeen, by the king: When ſwift Achilles brought them from Ida.

As the lion, when he finds, in their ſeat,—the tender fawns of the bounding hind. With eaſe he tears the feeble prey: Seized within his horrid jaws. Round his teeth ruſh their ſouls, on the winds. The mother, though near, cannot aid. Sudden terror creeps cold, through her limbs. Through the woodlands and foreſts ſhe flies: And ſweats amain, as the ſavage ſhe fears. So none of the Trojans, though near,—could, now, repel death from the youths: For ſtruck with terror were they all, by the Argives.

Agamemnon ruſhed forth, on Piſander, on Hippolochus, unyielding in fight: The two ſons of the warlike Antimachus: Who, bribed by Alexander's gold, by preſents of high

high value, won,—ſuffered not the beauteous Helen, to be reſtored to the great Menelaus. The king of men ſeized his ſons, in the fight. In one car moved the youths, in the field. Both urged forward their bounding ſteeds. Wide flew the ſplendid reins from their hands. The horſes ſtart,—Diſturbed are the youths with fear. Like a lion, ruſhed, forward, Atrides. The hapleſs ſuppliants intreat, from their car.

"Spare us, ſon of Atreus," they ſaid. "Take a ranſom. O ſpare us from death. Great is the wealth of Antimachus: All ſtored, in his lofty halls! Much in braſs, much in gold, and much in high-laboured ſteel! Our father will rich gifts beſtow; a high price for the lives of his ſons: Should he hear, that ſafe from thy hands,—we remain, at the ſhips of the Argives."

Thus, with tears, they addreſſed the king. With ſoothing words the warriors ſpoke: But not mild was the voice they heard! "If, in truth, you are both the ſons,—of Antimachus, renowned in arms: Who adviſed, in council, the Trojans, to ſlay the godlike Menelaus: When he bore the demands of Greece, with Ulyſſes, the divine. To ſlay the chief he adviſed: To cut off his return to his friends. Now, the crimes of the father ſhall viſit his hapleſs ſons."

He ſpoke: And threw, from his lofty car,—the youthful Piſander on earth. Through his breaſt paſſed the deadly ſpear. Supine, he lay, in blood, in the duſt. Hippolochus leapt, on the ground. On the plain, is ſlain the youth. His two hands are lopt off, by the ſword. Through his neck paſſed the eager blade. His head fell to earth, by his ſide: And rolled, in blood, through the gazing crowd. Theſe he left, in death, on the field. Where the thickeſt engaged, he ruſhed. Behind him followed the Argives in arms. Foot ſlew the foot, as they fled. Horſe on horſe advanced, in blood. The duſt was rouzed in clouds from the field,—round the high-ſounding feet of the ſteeds. The huge battle inclined to Troy. The king preſſed the flying and ſlew. Loud ſwelled his urging voice to the Argives.

As when devouring fire falls, on the withered groves. This way and that it roaring moves,—borne wide, by the veering winds. The boughs fall in the ſtrength of the flame. The huge trunks are, in ruin, involved. Thus beneath the ſon of Atreus, fell the warriors of Troy, in their flight. Many were the high-maned ſteeds, that bore their empty cars through the lines. Their ſounding cars they bore along: Now of their gallant drivers deprived. But they, in blood, lay prone on the earth: To vultures, now, more pleaſing, than to their wives.

Jove

Jove withdrew Hector from darts, from the duſt, from the deaths of the field. Beyond the blood, that floats the earth: Beyond the tumult and clamour of arms. The ſon of Atreus hung forward on Troy. Loud ſwelled his urging voice to the Greeks. The flying hoſt reached the tomb of Ilus. Half the field, they had paſſed, in their flight; with eager ſpeed, to gain the town. Roaring, followed the king the wild rout. Duſt and blood ſtained his invincible hands. When to the Scæan gates they came: To the high beech of our father Jove. There, waiting for each other, they ſtood. Some ſtill fled amain o'er the field:—Like a herd of frightened beeves, ſcared at the lion's approach: When he aſſails them, in the ſtill ſeaſon of night. All he purſues, in his rage: But only one the ſavage deſtroys. He breaks her ſtrong neck, tears her limbs, drinks her blood, and her entrails devours.

Thus the king, the ſon of Atreus, hung forward, on the flying foe. The laſt he ſlew, as he ſtrode. O'er the field they fly amain. Many prone in duſt were laid; many fell, in death, from their cars: Beneath the bloody hands of the great ſon of Atreus: For above meaſure, he raged at the ſpear. But when he approached to the town: To the foot of its lofty wall. Then the father of men and of gods, ſat aloft on the tops of the ſtreamy Ida. Juſt deſcended from heaven, he ſat. The thunder kindles, as it grows, in his

his hand. He called the golden-winged Iris: And thus, the father of gods began:

"Go, ſwift Iris, deſcend. Bear my words to Hector divine. While he beholds the great ſon of Atreus, the ſhepherd of his people, in arms; raging wide in the front of the line: Deſtroying the ranks of the hoſt: Let the warrior, himſelf, retreat. But let him rouze all his troops to the fight: To meet the foe, hand to hand; to roll back the loud tempeſt of war. But when wounded is the king with a lance: Or pointed arrow diſmiſſed from afar. When the chief ſhall his car aſcend; then ſtrength I will give him to ſlay: Till to the hollow ſhips he ſhall come; ere the ſun ſhall deſcend, in the weſt: And ſacred darkneſs ariſe on the world."

He ſpoke: Nor, in ought, diſobeyed,—various Iris, with feet of wind. She deſcended, from cloudy Ida: And held her way to ſacred Troy. She found the ſon of warlike Priam,—the mighty Hector amid his ſteeds: On the high-wrought ſeat of his poliſhed car. Near him ſtood the ſwift-footed Iris, and, thus, her winged words addreſſed:

"Hector, ſon of warlike Priam! Equal to the councils of Jove! Father Jove diſpatched me from Ida: To bear his commands to thine ear. While thou behold'ſt the ſon of Atreus, the ſhepherd of his people in arms; raging wide in the

the front of the line: Deſtroying the ranks of men. Thou, from the battle, retreat: But rouze, firſt, thy troops to the fight; to meet the foe, hand to hand,—to roll back the loud tempeſt of war. When wounded is the king by a lance: Or pierced, by an arrow diſmiſſed from afar. When the chief ſhall his car aſcend, then Jove will give thee ſtrength to ſlay: Till to the hollow ſhips thou ſhalt come: Ere the ſun ſhall deſcend in the weſt: And ſacred Darkneſs ariſe, on the world."

Thus ſpoke the wind-footed Iris: And aroſe, from the hero's view. Hector to earth, from his car, bounds forward, in all his arms. Two ſpears fill the hands of the chief. Through the army he greatly moves: Urging forward his people to fight. Dreadful battle he rouzed around. From flight they, at once, turned their face: And ſtood forward againſt the Argives. The Greeks, on the other ſide, ſtrengthen their lines reſtored. The battle is renewed o'er the field. Bending forward, they plunge in the ſtrife. Agamemnon ruſhed forward, the firſt. Much he wiſhed to excel in the fight.

Unfold to me, O muſes! Bright dwellers of heaven's high halls! Who, firſt, came forward, in fight, to Agamemnon, the leader of armies? Whether a chief of haughty Troy? Or an ally in arms renowned? Iphidamas the ſon of

Antënor, great in battle, large in ſize! Bred in the fertile Thrace, the mother of flocks and of herds. Ciſſeus reared his tender youth, afar, within his regal halls. Ciſſeus his mother's ſire: The father of the lovely Theäno. When to the limits, he came, of manhood, that delights in renown: Still the youth he detained, and gave his daughter to his arms. Scarce entered he the hall of his ſpouſe; when glory he followed to Troy. With twelve hollow ſhips, came the chief, along the boſom of the main. He left his beauteous ſhips, at Percötè: On foot, he travelled to high-walled Troy. Such was the chief, that now advanced,—on Agamemnon the leader of armies.

When, near each other, the heroes approached: Bending, in the ſtrife of ſpears. Atrides from the warrior ſtrayed. His ſpear flew wide on the winds. Iphidamas ſtruck the king, on the belt. Beneath the breaſt-plate, the lance he urged. He threw all his force in the blow: Truſting to his powerful hand. But he pierced not the varied belt. The point met, firſt, the ſilver plate: And bent backward, ſtopping ſhort of a wound. The king of men ſeized the ſpear, in his hand. With all his force he drew forward the lance: And wrenched it from the graſp of the foe. He then ſtruck his neck with his ſword. His limbs, at once, were in death, unbraced. Thus fell the chief in the fight: And ſlept the iron ſleep of death. Hapleſs youth! From his ſpouſe

ſpouſe far remote,—aiding his country he fell. Far from his virgin ſpouſe: Whoſe favour he yet had not won. Much he had given for the maid. A hundred beeves he already gave, a thouſand he promiſed to give, of fleecy ſheep or choiceſt goats: Which wandered, as they fed, o'er his wilds.

The ſon of Atreus deſpoiled, now, the ſlain: And bore his beauteous arms, through the line. Cöon beheld the mournful deed. Cöon, renowned among men! The eldeſt born of great Antënor! Sudden ſorrow o'erſhadowed his eyes: For a brother ſlain by the foe. Unſeen, he ſtood, by the ſide of the king. He ſtruck, in the middle, his arm. Below the elbow entered the lance. Through and through paſſed the ſteely point. The king of men ſhrunk, with pain, at the wound: But he ceaſed not from battle and blood. On Cöon the hero ruſhed: Holding forward his long ſpear in his hand. He was dragging his ſlain brother along; Iphidamas of the ſame parents born. He held, by the foot, the dead: And called aloud, for the aid, of the brave. Him the king, as he drew the ſlain, ſtruck below the boſſy ſhield. His limbs are unbraced in death. On Iphidamas, lopped off by the ſword, the head of his brother fell, in blood.

Thus the two ſons of Antënor, beneath the hands of the great Atrides, fulfilled the decrees of Fate, and deſcended to

the regions of death. Through the ranks of the foe ruſhed the king,—with ſpear, with ſword, with mighty ſtones: So long, as from the gaping wound, guſhed forth, in its warmth, the blood. But when the wound became dry: When ceaſed the blood to flow amain. Sharp pains pervade the ſtrength of Atrides. Racking pangs glide through his frame: As when the Ilithyæ, who preſide o'er births, the daughters of white-armed Juno! fierce dealers of bitter pains! throw all their ſharp darts, unſeen, on hapleſs women that travail with child. Such pains pervade the ſtrength of Atrides. He bounds into his poliſhed car: And turns his ſteeds to the fleet of the Argives. Though tormented to his ſoul, with his pain: He, thus, aloud, incited the Argives to fight:

"O FRIENDS! chiefs and leaders of Argos! Turn the foe from the navy of Greece. Oppoſe the tide of fight in its courſe: For preſcient Jove to me denies: To contend, through the day, with the foe."—He ſpoke: The driver urged the ſteeds, to the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers. Not unwilling they flew along. They poured the white foam on their breaſts: With duſt their ſweating ſides are ſtained; as, they bore, from the battle of heroes, the pain-invaded king.

Nor unperceived by Hector, the ſon of Atreus forſook the field. He ſwelled his loud voice on the winds: And urged Lycia and Troy to the fight:

"O Trojans! gallant Lycians, Dardanians fighting hand to hand! Shew yourſelves warriors, O friends! Recal the wonted force of your ſouls. The braveſt of the foe has retired. Great Jove covers me with renown. Right forward urge your ſteeds on the Argives. Add greater glory to your fame."—He ſpoke: And rouzed the ſoul of each chief. As, when a hunter, his eager hounds, urges on, to the mountain-boar, or lion iſſuing forth from his den: So, on the Argives, the Trojans were rouzed, by Hector the ſon of Priam, equal to Mars, the deſtroyer of armies! In the front of battle, the chief himſelf—ſtrode large, exulting in his own great ſoul. He deſcended, with rage to the fight: Like a blaſt, that, burſting from heaven, falls, in its wrath, on the deep; And rouzes Ocean o'er all its waves.

Now, who firſt fell in fight? Who laſt, beneath the deadly lance,—of Hector the ſon of Priam, when Jove covered the chief with renown? Aſſæus firſt the hero ſlew: Next Autonöus and great Opïtes,—Dolops the ſon of Clytus, Opheltius and brave Ageläus. Æſymnus and warlike Arus, Hipponöus, ſuſtaining the fight. Theſe of the chiefs the hero ſlew. Unnumbered fell the crowd by his hand.

As when the rouzed ſtrength of the weſtern wind, drives before it the rain-threatening clouds, which the eaſt had rolled large on the ſky. Succeſſive move before it the ſwelling waves of the main. The white foam is ſtrewed along the deep, as veers the wing of the wandering wind. Thus, fell the frequent lines of the foe,—ſubdued by Hector divine.

Then had ruin come apace: Then deeds of woe had been performed: Then had fled the Greeks amain, rolled back to their hollow ſhips: Had not Ulyſſes waked to fight, the great ſon of the warlike Tydeus:—"Son of Tydeus!" the hero ſaid. "Why forget we our wonted ſtrength? Advance, O friend! Support my ſide. Diſgrace hovers o'er us, ſhould Hector—ſhould this kindler of diſmal fight, take the hollow ſhips of the Argives."—To the chief the ſon of Tydeus replies: "I will remain and thee ſuſtain. But vain is our proweſs in war. The cloud-compelling Jove is our foe. He wiſhes to give to Troy ſucceſs: To cover us with laſting woe."

He ſpoke: And, from his lofty car, threw, in death, Thymbræus on earth. Through his left breaſt paſſed the lance. Ulyſſes the warlike driver ſlew: Molion the friend of the hapleſs king. There they left the dead, in their blood; having thus ſtopt their progreſs in war. They themſelves

ſelves broke their ranks, as they moved: As when two mountain-boars, deſcending in rage, ruſh forward on the hunter's hounds; So, turning back from the flight, the chiefs the warlike Trojans ſlew. The Argives, with joy, their ſteps repreſſed: And breathed, from Hector's deadly ſpear. The heroes ſeized two youths in their cars; the braveſt of the Trojan hoſt: The two ſons of Percoſian Merops, in prophet-arts, above mankind. His ſons he detained from war,—from Battle, the deſtroyer of men. But they his voice diſobeyed: Forced by the Fates, which lead to death. Theſe fell by the ſon of Tydeus: By Diomedes, renowned at the ſpear. Both their ſouls he gave to the winds: And both deſpoiled of their arms. Ulyſſes ſlew the gallant Hippodamas. Hyperochus fell by his ſpear.

Jove equals battle to either ſide; as, from Ida, the plain he ſurveys. With mutual wounds, ſlew the hoſts. The ſon of Tydeus ſtruck a chief with his ſpear: Agaſtrophus, the ſon of Pæon, a hero great in fight. Nor near were the ſteeds of the chief: To bear him from the ſpear of the king. Troubled was his ſoul in his breaſt. His driver held them far in the rear. On foot he ruſhed, by the front of the line. He left his ſoul on the hero's ſpear. Hector perceived the chiefs. He ruſhed furious on both, in his arms. Reſounding the chief came along. The Trojan columns tread the path

path of the king. Tydides ſhuddered, as the chief he beheld: And, thus, ſpoke to the great Ulyſſes:

"Destruction rolls on us apace. All-furious, great Hector is near. But let us his rage oppoſe; and ſuſtain the ſtorm as it comes."—He ſaid, and threw his quivering lance. Nor ſtrayed the long ſpear from the foe. On his head, on the helmet it fell. Stopt ſhort is the ſteel by the ſteel. The point pierced not through, to the ſkin. The long, triple helmet forbade: The gift divine of Phœbus Apollo. Staggering the hero fell back and mixed, with the warrior crowd. On his knees half-inclined he fell. His hand robuſt ſuſtained the chief: And ſudden night aroſe, on his eyes.

The ſon of Tydeus advanced to his ſpear. Through the warriors, as they fought in the front: He advanced, to where it, fixed, remained in the ground. The ſpirit of great Hector returned. His car again the hero mounts: And drives amain amidſt the crowd,—eſcaped from the hands of death. The ſon of Tydeus ruſhing on, with his ſpear,—ſent, before him, his voice to the chief: "From death, thou haſt, now, eſcaped. Sure, near thee advanced was Fate. But Apollo ſtretched o'er thee his hand. To him alone, thy vows are paid, when thou iſſueſt to the clangour of ſpears. But thou ſhalt not eſcape from this lance: Should we meet

hereafter, in fight. Should ſome god, as to thee, lend his aid: And guide forward my ſpear, through the winds. But others I, now, will puſue; Such as Fortune will bring to mine arm."

He ſpoke: And the ſlain ſon of Pæon, he began to deſpoil of his arms. But Alexander obſerved the chief—the ſtately ſpouſe of the long-haired Helen. His bow, at once, the warrior bent, on the ſhepherd of his people, Tydides. Behind a pillar he ſtood,—the tomb of a man deceaſed: Of Dardanian Ilus; a hero honoured in former years. The beauteous corſlet he looſed from the dead: From his ſhoulders he took his broad ſhield. To the caſque he, now, laid his hand. Alexander drew the horns of his bow. Nor, in vain, flew the ſhaft from his hand. He ſtruck the right foot of the chief. Through and through the arrow paſſed: And ſunk its point, in the ground below. Forth from his ambuſh he ſprang: And loudly laughing, thus, boaſting began:

"Thou art wounded, ſon of Tydeus! Nor, in vain, flew the ſhaft from my bow. Would, it through the body had paſſed: That thy ſoul had come forth, round the ſteel. Then had Ilium ſome reſpite from woe: From the deaths, which thy hands deal around. Thee the Trojans all abhor; as trembling goats the lion's voice."

Uncon-

Unconcerned, the ſon of Tydeus replied: "Vile archer! Baſe railer! Skilled in no arms, but the bow! Should'ſt thou, fair ſeducer of maids! Should'ſt thou, in open war advance: Little would thy crooked bow thee avail: Thy frequent arrows, which fly from thy ſtring. Now thou glorieſt, as my foot thou haſt pierced. I value no wound from thy hand. Slight thou touch'ſt, like ſome woman or boy. Light ever are the darts of the feeble in fight. Not ſo flies the ſteel from this hand: Though ſlight the touch, yet that touch carries death. Straight the warrior gives his ſoul to the winds. His ſpouſe tears both her cheeks, with her hands. His children are orphans at home. Staining earth with his blood, he lies. More vultures crowd round him, than maids."

He ſpoke: And before him, ſtood forward Ulyſſes divine. On the plain, the hero ſat down: And, from his foot, drew the barbed ſhaft. Bitter pangs creep through all his joints. Straight the poliſhed car he aſcends. He drives amain to the hollow ſhips: Grieving, with pain, in his ſoul. Now Ulyſſes is left alone. No Argive remains by his ſide: For wide ſpreads the panic o'er all. Deeply-ſighing in his diſtreſs: The chief, thus, ſpoke to his mighty ſoul:

"Ah me! what courſe ſhall I take? Great the ſhame, if from numbers I fly! But worſe the peril, if, alone, I remain.

remain. Yet the Argives have left the field. Great Jove has turned others to flight. But why thus argues his ſoul with Ulyſſes? To me already is known: That the coward ſhrinks back from the fight: That the valiant the battle oppoſe. To ſtand firm is the part of the brave: Whether they fall, in their blood, or hurl death on the ruſhing foe."

While this he revolves in his ſoul; the ſhielded Trojans advance, with their ranks. In the midſt they incloſed the chief: Placing death, in the heart of their lines. As youthful hunters, with all their hounds, bear forward on a huge mountain-boar. From the bruſhwood the ſavage ſprings forth. He ſharpens his white tuſks, in his crooked jaws, On every ſide they aſſail him, with rage. The craſh of teeth aſcends the wind. Unabaſhed, they his fury ſuſtain: Though dreadful the foe they incloſe! Thus the Trojans Ulyſſes ſurround: Thus aſſail the beloved of Jove. Firſt Deïopites renowned, through the ſhoulder, he pierced with his ſpear. Then Thöon the hero ſlew: Then Ennomus, fearleſs in war. Cherſidamas as he bounds from his car,— fell in death, by the hand of the king. Through his navel paſſed the bright lance: Beneath the boſſy orb of his ſhield. On the duſt dropt the chief, on the ſpear. He graſpt the earth, in his dying hand.

These the hero left, in their blood. The ſon of Hippaſus, Charops, he ſlew: The much-loved brother of the generous Socus. To aid his hapleſs brother advanced—great Socus, in form like the gods. Near Ulyſſes, the warrior ſtood: And, thus, to the hero began:—"Ulyſſes, renowned in war! In ſtratagem verſant and toil! To-day, two chiefs ſhalt thou ſlay: Thou ſhalt glory o'er two brothers in death; and deſpoil them of their arms, with thy hand: Or elſe, by this ſpear ſubdued, thou ſhalt give thy ſoul to the winds."

He ſpoke: And ſtruck the orb of his ſhield. Through, paſſed the rapid point of the lance. Through the breaſtplate, infixed, it remained: And tore the ſkin, from his ribs, behind. Nor Pallas permits the keen ſteel—to mix with his bowels its point. The great Ulyſſes ſoon perceived, that, deathleſs, the javelin came. Backward ſtepping he held on his lance: And, thus, to Socus began:—"Ah! unhappy!" the hero ſaid; "o'er thee hovers deſtructive Fate: Thou haſt forced me to ceaſe from blood: To urge the battle, no more, with Troy. But to thee I affirm, that this day—ſhall cover thee with ſlaughter and death: That ſubdued by this ſpear of mine: To me thou ſhalt glory give, but thy ſoul to the ſhades below."

He ſpoke: The youth had turned his ſteps, and urged his flight from the king. Forceful came the ſpear from behind. Between the ſhoulders entered the lance: And ſhewed its bloody point, through his breaſt. Reſounding he fell, to the ground. Ulyſſes inſulted the ſlain:—"O Socus, in battle renowned! Son of Hippaſus, breaker of ſteeds! The cloud of death has o'ertaken thy ſteps. In vain was thy flight from my ſpear! To thee, unhappy! No parent in grief,—no father, no mother, in tears,—ſhall cloſe thy languid eyes in death. But thee birds of prey ſhall devour, beating thy corſe, with their flapping wings. When Ulyſſes ſhall yield to his fate; the warlike Argives will raiſe his tomb."

Thus he: And, from his ſide, from his ſhield,—drew back the ſtrong ſpear of the foe. Forth guſhed the blood, with the ſteel. Pains invade his manly ſoul. When the Trojans beheld the blood of the king, encouraged, they aſſail him all. Backward ſtepping, the hero retreats: And rears his loud voice to his friends. Thrice he ſwelled the dreadful ſound; And thrice heard the great Menelaus. Straight, thus, the chief Ajax addreſſed:—"Noble Ajax! ſon of Telamon! Leader of armies! Around me comes the voice of the great Ulyſſes. His voice, as in deep diſtreſs,—as if urged in the battle alone: Alone incloſed, in the lines of the

foe. Let us hence through the crowd. Let us aid. Much I dread the chief muſt fall: Left alone, though brave, 'midſt the foe. Great the grief were his death to the Argives!"

Thus ſaying, he ſtrode with ſpeed. The godlike hero attended his ſteps. They found Ulyſſes of Jove beloved. Round, the Trojans crowd, with their arms. As when the ſlaughter-loving lynces, in herds, find wounded the branchy ſtag: Whom, the hunter has pierced with his ſhaft. Bounding, he eſcapes o'er the wilds; while warm iſſues the blood from his ſide: While pliant his joints remain. But when he lies ſubdued by the ſhaft; him the lynces tear, on their hills,—within the dark ſhade of the grove. But ſhould fortune lead a lion, that way, trembling fly the lynces amain: And the ſavage devours the prey.

Thus, round the warlike Ulyſſes, the Trojans crouded many and brave. But, ruſhing on, with his ſpear; he turned away the evil day. Ajax approached to his ſide: Bearing high his ſhield, like a tower. Before him, tall, aroſe the chief. The frightened Trojans give way, on each ſide. Menelaus led Ulyſſes along. By the hand, he led the chief, through the crowd; till the driver approached, with his car. Great Ajax iſſued forth, on the foe. Doryclus he pierced, with his ſpear: Priam's ſon by a ſecret bed. Pandocus

Pandocus next he ſlew; Lyſander, Pyraſus and warlike Pylârtes.

As pours a ſwoln ſtream to the plain, white-foaming, as it roars down the hills,—when lower, aloft, the wild tempeſts of father Jove. Many aged oaks on its courſe, many pines it bears along: Then throws its troubled waters, with rage, in the main. Thus, rolling onward the flight of the foe, great Ajax moved over the plain: Laying ſteeds, laying warriors in death. Nor illuſtrious Hector heard: In the left wing of the battle, engaged; near the bank of the roaring Scamander. There chiefly fell the heads of the brave. There the loudeſt tumult aroſe: Round the great Neſtor in arms. Round Idomeneus, renowned at the ſpear. Through their lines Hector winds his deadly courſe. Dreadful were the deeds of his hand. Whether he waſted the ranks of warriors on foot: Or threw the beamy lance, from his car.

Nor yet would the Argives give way, had not the ſpouſe of the long-haired Helen: Had not Alexander removed, from the fight—the ſhepherd of his people, Machaon. His right he ſtruck with his ſhaft. Fear ſeized the Argives, breathing ſtrength; leſt the warrior ſhould fall by the foe. Straight Idomeneus advanced, through the lines; and thus to Neſtor divine began:

"O Nestor,

" O Nestor, ſon of Neleus! Great glory of Achaia in arms! Haſte, aſcend, with ſpeed, thy car. Let Machaon aſcend by thy ſide. Turn thy ſwift ſteeds to the navy of Argos. A phyſician equals, in value, a hoſt: Whether to cut the ſhaft from the wound; Or pain to expel, with his art."—He ſpoke: Nor Neſtor diſobeyed. Straight he mounted the poliſhed car. Machaon placed himſelf by his ſide: The ſon of the great Æſculapius,—renowned, for the healing arts. He applied the ſharp laſh to the ſteeds. Not unwilling they flew o'er the plain. Toward the ſhips, they held their way. The well-known path they trod with joy.

Cebriones, as he ſat in the car, by the ſide of illuſtrious Hector; beheld the Trojans, afar, diſperſed. To the chief, he addreſſed his words:—" Hector!" the warrior began: " While here we wind, through the Argive lines; on the fartheſt edge of reſounding war. The other Trojans, afar, are diſperſed. Horſe mix with foot, in the rout. Ajax diſſipates their ranks. Well I know his tremendous ſhield. Let us thither guide the fleet ſteeds. Let us drive the car, where, engaged,—both horſe and foot with ruin mix: Where mutual deaths are dealt around; Where the loudeſt clamour aſcends the ſky."

He ſpoke: And ſtruck the high-maned ſteeds. Beneath the laſh, they drew forward the rapid car. Between the Greeks and Trojans they ruſhed: Treading bodies, treading ſhields. In blood the whole axle is drenched: The car itſelf is ſtained, with blood: Which flew wide, from the feet of the flying ſteeds. Much the hero wiſhed to advance: To break the ſolid ranks of men; to bound, with death, upon the foe. Dreadful tumult he raiſed on the Argives. Nor ceaſed he to rage with the ſpear. He winds his courſe, through other lines; with lance, with ſword, with mighty ſtones. But he ſhuns the battle of Ajax: The ſon of Telamon's invincible hands.

But Jove, as aloft on Ida he ſat, threw terror on the ſoul of Ajax. Aſtoniſhed, he darkly ſtood. O'er his ſhoulders he placed his ſevenfold ſhield. Shuddering the hero retreats. He often bends his wild looks on the foe. He often turns his dreadful face: Then ſlowly lifts his limbs along. As when the hinds, with all their dogs, drive the lion away, in his rage,—from the wide pen of their lowing herds. They permit not the prey to his jaws; watching down the whole night, round the fold. He, greedy of blood, ruſhes on: But his efforts avail not in ought. Forward fly the frequent darts from their hands. The flaming torches they rear in air. Dreading theſe, he retreats, though arouzed.

With

With morning, apart, he retires; diſappointed and gloomy in heart.

Thus Ajax, unwilling, retreats: Thus, ſad in ſoul, forſakes the foe: For much he fears, for the navy of Argos. As when the ſlow aſs to a field,—holds, careleſs of boys, his way. Many battons reſound on his ſides. Yet, entering, he crops the tall ears. The boys batter him round with their ſticks: But feeble are blows from their hands. Scarce expel they him forth from the field: When his hunger, with corn, is allayed. Thus the Trojans renowned in arms; thus their aids, who came from afar; purſued the ſteps of the great ſon of Telamon: And ſtruck, with frequent darts, his broad ſhield. Now, mindful of the wonted force of his ſoul; he ſhews his face and repreſſes the foe: Now he turns his ſteps to flight. Behind him the Trojans pour. Oppoſed to them all was the chief: And ſtopt their progreſs to the navy of Argos. In the midſt raged, in ſilence, the chief. Showers of darts fly from valiant hands. Some in his broad ſhield ſtand fixed aloft. Many fall ſhort of their aim in the earth: And ſtop their progreſs, though eager for blood.

Him the ſon of Euæmon beheld, great Eurypylus renowned in arms. Oppreſſed with darts he ſaw the chief. He ſtood before him and threw his ſpear. The ſon of Phauſias

the

the hero ſtruck: The ſhepherd of his people, Apisäon. Beneath the liver the javelin paſſed. His limbs are unbraced in death. Eurypylus bounds on the ſlain; and draws, from the body, his arms. Nor unſeen is the ſon of Euæmon, by Alexander of form divine. He drew his bow. The arrow flew. He ſtruck him, as he ſpoiled the dead. In his right thigh is deep-fixed, the ſhaft. The arrow broke ſhort in the wound. Bitter pangs aſcend through his limbs. Backward he retreats to his friends: Avoiding death, which hovered near. Loud ſwells the voice of the chief; urging the Argives to fight:

"O FRIENDS, chiefs and leaders of Argives! Stop. Return. Turn away the evil day. Ward off the fate, which hovers o'er Ajax. Save him, thus, with darts overwhelmed. Nor, deem I, the chief will eſcape: From the tide of reſounding war. But you, ſtand forth and Ajax ſave. Round the ſon of Telamon, form."—Thus the wounded Eurypylus ſpoke. Near the hero, advancing they ſtood: Inclining from their ſhoulders, their ſhields; raiſing forward their pointed ſpears. To meet them great Ajax advanced. Turning, he ſtood before his friends.

THUS they fought, on the bloody field; like the rage of devouring flames. But Neſtor is borne by his ſteeds, to the ſwift ſhips of the Argive powers. Aloft, on the car, by

his ſide, ſat the ſhepherd of his people Machaon. Him the great Achilles perceived. He knew him, as he paſſed, in the car. In the ſtern of his own huge ſhip, the hero ſtood and beheld, afar, the dreadful toil of the field,—the mournful flight of the Argive powers. Straight he called aloud to Patroclus: He ſent his voice from the lofty ſhip. The warrior heard, within his tent. He iſſued forth, like dreadful Mars. Here was the ſource of all his woes! The gallant ſon of Menætius began:—"Why ſtrikes the voice of Achilles mine ear? What need of me has my valiant friend?"

To him, the great Achilles replied: "Noble ſon of brave Menætius! Deareſt of my friends to my ſoul! The Argives will, ſoon, I deem,—fall, as ſuppliants, before my knees. Diſtreſs urges, on every ſide, and ruin not to be borne. But go, Patroclus of Jove beloved. Aſk the aged Neſtor with ſpeed: What chief he brought in his car? What renowned hero from the field? From the back, he reſembled Machäon. Behind he bore the warrior's form. His face was not ſeen by mine eyes. For ſwift paſſed the ſteeds from my view."

He ſpoke: Nor diſobeyed, Patroclus, the voice of his friend beloved. With ſpeed, he ſtrode along his way: Through the tents, through the navy of Argos.—

Mean-

Meantime the heroes came, to the lofty tent of the ſon of Neleus. They deſcended from the car to the ground. Eurymedon looſed the ſteeds of the aged. The chiefs refreſhed themſelves from the heat: Standing on the ſhore of the main; receiving the light breeze, as it flew. The tent, at length, they entered both. In two chairs of ſtate they ſat reclined.

The mixed draught is prepared, with ſpeed, by the hands of the long-haired Hecomedè: The daughter of the great Arſinous, whom from Tenedos, the aged bore: When Achilles laid waſte the iſle. Her,—firſt choſen by Neſtor, the warlike Argives gave to the chief: As in council he all excelled. Before them a table ſhe placed: Beauteous, azure-footed, and ſmooth. Upon it a brazen baſon ſhe laid. An onion,—freſh honey ſhe brought, with a portion of ſacred flour. Near, ſhe placed the beauteous bowl, which the aged had brought from his halls, at Pylos. Diſtinct, with golden ſtuds, it ſhone. Four were the handles around. Two pigeons, carved, ſupport each ear: And ſeem to feed, though of gold. Double was the bottom beneath. When full, ſcarce another could lift it, with toil: But aged Neſtor raiſed it with eaſe.

In this, the pleaſing draught was mixed, by Hecamedè, like the daughters of Jove. The beverage was of Pramnian

wine. She raſpt the goat-milk cheeſe above. She ſtrewed the whole, with ſacred flour. When the draught was prepared, by her lovely hands, ſhe bade the chiefs to quaff the bowl: And they expelled their thirſt with the draught. In pleaſing talk the time they paſſed: Whilſt Patroclus approached the tent. Before the door ſtood the godlike man. Neſtor ſaw and aroſe from his place. He led him forward by the hand: And bade the chief to ſit down. Patroclus refuſed the offered ſeat: And, thus, with winged words, began:

"This is no time to reſt, O aged king, beloved of Jove! Nor now will thy ſuit prevail. Revered and impatient the man! who ſent me to enquire to thy tent, what wounded leader thou haſt brought from the field. Now I myſelf the chief perceive: I ſee the ſhepherd of his people, Machäon. To bear the report I return to Achilles. For well thou knoweſt, O aged deſcendant of Jove! that hard and wrathful is the chief: That often the guiltleſs he chides."

To him the aged Neſtor began: "Pities Achilles the hapleſs ſons of the Argives? Feels the chief for the wounded in fight? Alas! he knows not half the woes, that now are rouzed o'er all the hoſt. The braveſt lie, in grief, in their ſhips: Or wounded from afar, by the ſhaft, or hand to hand by the ſpear. Struck is the valiant ſon of Tydeus: Wounded Ulyſſes renowned, at the ſpear. Agamemnon bleeds,

bleeds, in his tent. Eurypylus is pierced through the thigh. Machaon I brought, from the field, ſtruck with a ſhaft from a bow. But Achilles, though brave in fight, values not the Argives in aught;—nor pities their ſore diſtreſs. Waits he till the fleet is loſt;—whilſt all the Argives, in vain, oppoſe? —Till the ſhips catch the flame from the foe? Till heaps on heaps, we all are ſlain? Till one ruin covers the ſhore?"

"My ſtrength, alas! is not the ſame, that once informed my active limbs. Would that my youth were returned! That my vigour were reſtored to theſe arms! As when between the warlike Elëans and my people fierce battle aroſe. For driven beeves we ſtrove in fight. The great Itymoneus I ſlew: The ſon of warlike Hyperochus, who held the ſcepter in ſea-waſhed Elis. Repriſals we made on his herds. He, driving the force from his beeves; was ſtruck in the front of the fight. He fell beneath the ſpear of my hand. His ruſtic troops fled amain from the place. Great was our ſpoil in the field. Fifty droves of lowing kine. Fifty flocks of bleating ewes. Of briſtly ſwine as many herds: As many of bounding goats. Thrice fifty ſteeds we drove away, rearing high their yellow manes: All females of generous breed: And moſt with beauteous colts were ſeen. Theſe we brought to ſandy Pylos. By night, we entered the town.

Aged

Aged Neleus rejoiced, in his ſoul. He rejoiced above his ſon; that ſo early my fame aroſe in war."

"The ſacred heralds went forth, with the morn. Aloud they raiſed their voice to all: To the injured, by ſpacious Elis. The Pylians gathered, with ſpeed, around, and the chiefs divided the ſpoil. To many owed the Epëi, for wrongs; though, broke by Fortune, we the Pylians were few. Not many were the years that had paſt,—ſince great Alcides afflicted the ſtate. The beſt, the braveſt fell in fight. Twelve were we, the ſons of Neleus. Of theſe I was left alone: The others periſhed in waſteful war. Thence aroſe the ſouls of the ſteel-clad Epëi: Us they inſulted and added injuſtice to woe.—The aged Neleus choſe, the firſt: A herd of beeves, a flock of ewes. Three hundred the hero choſe, with the ſhepherds, who drove them a-field. Much owed, to the king, the ſpacious Elis: Four ſteeds, with their poliſhed car; four, ſent to bear the prize in the race. For a tripod they ſtrove in the field. Victorious were the ſteeds of Neleus. But the king of men, Augëas, detained them all in his ſtalls. The driver he diſmiſſed, from wide Elis,—ſad in ſoul, for the ſteeds, which he loved. For theſe wrongs roſe the wrath of the aged: And much of the ſpoil he retained. Among his people the reſt,

reſt, he divides: Leſt any, deprived of his right, ſhould want his equal portion of ſpoil."

"This done, through the city, with care: We paid offerings to all the gods. On the third day, came the warlike Epëi. They all came, with all their ſteeds. With all their troops, they covered the plains. The two Moliones were armed in their line: Still boys, and unſkilled in the furious conteſt of arms. There is a town, Thryoëſſa by name; placed high on a ſteepy rock: Far, on the banks of Alphëus; on the utmoſt bounds of ſandy Pylos. This they beſieged in their wrath; and wiſhed to level its towers with the duſt. But when the whole plain they had paſſed; to us Minerva, from Olympus, deſcends. Through the night came the meſſage divine. Nor unwilling the Pylians convene: For much they burnt, with the rage of fight. Nor Neleus ſuffered me to arm. He hid my ſteeds and my poliſhed car: For he thought me yet unſkilled, in the labours of war. But even thus I ruſhed forth to the field; and ſhone, conſpicuous, amid the horſe: Though, on foot, I trod the plain: For Minerva led me, thus, to the fight."

"A river, by name, the Minyas,—throws itſelf in the main, near Arënè. There, we, the warlike horſe of Pylos, wait the bright return of the Morn. Through the night, poured the foot, from each ſide. Then, all in arms, with all

all our troops, we came, with the mid-day ſun, to the ſacred ſtreams of Alphëus. There to all-powerful Jove, we offered ſacrifice, with prayer. A bull we gave to the roaring Alphëus: A bull to the god of the main. But to the blue-eyed daughter of Jove, we ſlew a heifer unknown to the yoke. By troops we took repaſt, through the camp. We ſlept, in night, in all our arms: Round the courſe of the ſacred ſtream. But now the magnanimous Epëi ſpread their lines around the town: Longing to level its towers with the duſt. But ere their wiſh, they had obtained,—before them roſe the huge labours of Mars."

"Now, when the ſplendid ſun—ſhone forth, with his light, on the world: We bent forward to dreadful fight; to Jove, to Pallas raiſing our prayers. When, now, the loud conteſt began;—when the Pylians and Epëi ſtrove in arms! Firſt, I, a godlike hero ſlew, and ſeized his high-maned ſteeds in fight: Mulius, in battle renowned—the ſon-in-law of great Augëas. His eldeſt daughter the chief had eſpouſed: The beauteous, yellow-haired Agamëdè. She each powerful ſimple knew,—that broad earth, o'er its ſurface, ſhoots forth. Him, as he advanced in fight, I ſtruck, with my ſteely lance. Down dropt the chief, in the duſt. I bounded at once, to his car. To the fighting front I drove: But the magnanimous Epëi—fled amain o'er their lines; when

when they ſaw the leader of their horſe, in his blood: For HE was their braveſt in war."

"I RUSHED upon the flying foe,—like the dark whirlwind, that ſcours the wilds. Fifty cars I took, in the rout. Two warriors, in each, my ſpear ſubdued. They bit, in death, the bloody ground, as they fell. Then had I ſlain the ſons of Actor,—the Moliones young in arms; had not the wide-commanding Neptune, borne them, from the fight, in a cloud. Then great Jove, in his favour, gave,—a mighty conqueſt to the warriors of Pylos. We purſued the foe, amain, from the fight: Through the field, with bucklers, ſtrewed. We ſlew the warriors, as they fled; and collected their beauteous arms. To Bupraſium, fertile in wheat,—we drove, through blood, our flying cars: To the lofty rock of Olënos, to Aleſium, to fair Colönè. There Minerva turned our hoſt from purſuit. There, the laſt in their flight, I left ſlain. To Pylos, from Bupraſium we turned. We homeward drove our poliſhed cars. All returned their thanks for ſucceſs: To Jove of the deathleſs gods,—to Neſtor of mortal men."

"SUCH have I been in my youth; ſo I ſhone forth to mankind. But Achilles is brave for himſelf, alone. HE only enjoys his valour in war: Much, hereafter, I deem, he will grieve,—when our hoſt ſhall have periſhed at Troy. But,

O my friend beloved! remember the words of Menætius: His words in Phthia, on that day, when he ſent thee to great Agamemnon. We both were preſent in the hall,—I and Ulyſſes divine. All that paſſed, within, we heard. His commands came all to our ears. To the lofty halls of Peleus we came; when troops we collected, through the fertile Achaia. There we found, within the hall,—thy father, the hero Menætius. Thou, alſo, wert there, my ſon. Near thee ſtood the great Achilles. Then the breaker of ſteeds, aged Peleus,—was burning the ſacred thighs of a bull, to the thunder-delighted Jove. He burnt them, within the court of his halls. A golden cup he held in his hand. On the ſacred offerings he poured,—in rich libations, the dark-red wine. You both prepared the fleſh for the flame. Before the threſhold, with awe, we ſtood. Aſtoniſhed, ſtarted forth Achilles. He led us in, both, by the hand; and bade us to ſit, in the hall. Before us the feaſt is ſpread. The honours due to ſtrangers are paid.—When hunger and thirſt were both removed;—then I, firſt, began to ſpeak. Both I exhorted to follow the war to Troy."

"Much you wiſhed both to proceed. Much the aged gave in command. Peleus gave in charge to his ſon: The aged king adviſed Achilles: To bear himſelf always with valour,—in virtue above others to riſe. To thee, alſo, was given

given in charge,—by great Menætius, the ſon of Actor:—"My ſon," the aged warrior ſaid, "in birth ſuperior is great Achilles. In years thou excelleſt the chief. In battle he exceeds THEE far. But thou, give him prudent counſel,—admoniſh, inſtruct the king. He will liſten to thy words with joy: He will hear thy advice, when good." This the aged gave in charge. But thou remember'ſt not a father's commands."

"But thou relate all to the godlike Achilles. He will liſten, perhaps, to thy voice. Who knows, but, by the aid of ſome god,—thou ſtill may'ſt move his mighty mind? For powerful is the advice of a friend! But if ſome prophecy he ſhuns, in his ſoul: If aught his mother has brought from Jove: Let him ſend THEE, at leaſt, to the field. Let his other troops attend. Let the Myrmidons arm, by thy ſide: To try if aught of light thou can'ſt pour on the Argives. Let him give to THEE his beauteous arms,—to bear them, beaming, through the war. The foe may believe thee, Achilles: The Trojans may abſtain from the fight: And the warlike Argives may breathe, from their woes. Small the reſpite, that helps not in war. With eaſe your freſh troops will repel—the foe, already fainting in fight. With eaſe, they will drive them hence; from the tents, from the navy of Argos."

Thus ſpoke the aged chief. He moved the hero's ſoul, in his breaſt. He haſtened along the fleet,—to the ſhip of the great ſon of Peleus. But when he came to the place oppoſed, to the dark ſhips of Ulyſſes divine: To the place, where the aſſembly convened,—where juſtice was dealt to the hoſt: He met the warlike Eurypylus,—the noble ſon of great Euæmon. Limping, he came from the fight. In his thigh ſtill rankled the ſhaft. The ſweat wandered along his face. The blood iſſued dark from the wound: But firm remained the ſoul of the chief. The ſon of Menætius beheld—and pitied the king, as he moved. Mournful he ſtopt his ſteps; and, thus, with winged words began:

"Ah! hapleſs leaders of Greece! Chiefs of Argos loſt in woes! Muſt you, thus, fall, remote from your friends? From your country diſtant far? Muſt you, thus, become a prey—to beaſts and to birds, in Troy? But thou, Eurypylus, unfold,—tell me, hero deſcended from Jove! Still ſuſtain the Argives the furious Hector? Or, muſt they periſh, ſubdued by his ſpear?"

To him Eurypylus replied: "No hopes remain, divine Patroclus: No reſource is left to the Argives. In their dark ſhips they muſt fall; and ſtain this wide ſhore with their blood.

blood. The braveſt have been forced to retire. They lie, in grief, within their ſhips: Or wounded from afar by the ſhaft,—or, hand to hand, by the ſpear. By the hands of the Trojans, they lie. Apace ſwells the force of the foe. But thou, lend thine aid to me. Lead me to my hollow ſhip. Cut the keen ſhaft from my thigh. Waſh the blood, with tepid water, away. Spread ſome ſoft liniment o'er the wound. Uſe the art which Achilles taught: The art, which HE learnt of Chiron,—the moſt juſt among the Centaurs. Abſent are the ſkilled in healing arts, Podalirius and great Machaon. This lies, in his tents, with his wounds; and needs the art he knows. The other, in the field of blood, ſuſtains the weight of the Trojan war."

To him, in his turn, replied—the gallant ſon of warlike Menætius: "What courſe ſhall I now purſue? To what, O hero, turn my ſoul? I haſten to the great Achilles; to bear a meſſage to his ear: The meſſage of the aged Neſtor,—the bulwark of Achaia in arms. But thee, I thus, cannot leave. I ſhall not paſs o'er thy diſtreſs."

HE ſpoke: And, in his arms, he bore,—the ſhepherd of his people, along. To his tent he bore the chief. A ſlave placed rough hides, on the ground. On theſe Eurypylus

pylus he laid. He cut the keen ſhaft from his thigh. With tepid water he waſhed the blood away. A bitter root he preſſed in his hands. The juice falling deep in the place,—blunted the pain with its power,—and ſettled the pangs, o'er the thigh. The wound began to dry apace: And the dark blood ceaſed to flow.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XII.

THUS, in the tent of the chief,—the warlike race of great Menætius,—dreſſed the wound of the ſon of Euæmon. Mixed in crowds fought, with rage, the foes: The ſons of Argos and the warriors of Troy. Nor, now, the foſs ſuſtains the charge: Nor lofty wall protects the Argives. The defence of the navy fails: The wide trench, which around was drawn. When the huge bulwark aroſe from their hands,—no perfect offerings they paid to the gods: To ſave the ſwift ſhips from the foe; to ſave the mighty ſpoil within. Againſt the will of the deathleſs powers,—the wall was reared: Nor long the time it ſtood whole to the view. While Hector lived, while raged Achilles,—while the lofty city of aged Priam remained: So long ſtood the

wall of the Argives,—the lofty bulwark, which their navy incloſed.

But when the Trojans failed in arms,—when their braveſt lay dead on the plain: When many of the Argives had fallen; when ſome had the battle ſurvived: When levelled with earth was the city of Priam,—in the tenth year of the tedious war: When the Argives returned in their ſhips, to the loved ſhore of their native land: Then Neptune joined in counſel with Phœbus,—to raze, from ſight, the lofty wall. On the bulwark, they turned the whole ſtrength—of all the rivers, that ruſh to the main,—from the ſtorm-covered ſummits of ſtreamy Ida. There roared amain the rapid Rheſus, the Heptaporus, the ſwift Carëſus; the Rhodius, the Granicus, the deep Æsëpus,—the ſacred ſtream of the wide Scamander: With the waters of far-famed Simois: On whoſe fatal ſands fell in blood,—many ſhields and many helms,—and many heroes, deſcended from gods.

The wide mouths of all the rivers are turned, by Phœbus Apollo, to Troy. Nine days, he ſent their courſe on the wall. Jove, wrapt in darkneſs, rained from high. The huge ocean, o'er the bulwark, heaves. Neptune ſtrides, before, in his ſtrength. He graſps the trident in his hands; and lays bare, to his waves, the wall,—the lofty ſtakes, the maſſy ſtones,—the mighty work of the Argive powers.

The god levelled all to a plain,—along the rapid courſe of the Helleſpont. The wall diſappeared before him. The wide ſhore he covered with ſand. He bade the roaring ſtreams to retire. Each river to its own deep channel returned: And poured its waters, as before, to the main.

This hereafter were the gods to perform: Mighty Neptune and far-ſhooting Phœbus. But now, around the firm-built wall,—fierce battle, and clamour aroſe. The high towers, ſtruck aloft, reſound. The Greeks, ſubdued by the ſcourge of Jove;—are held incloſed, to their hollow ſhips. Mighty Hector they dread, from their ſouls,—the fierce awaker of flight to the foe! Nor abates his fury in blood. He fights, with a whirlwind's rage. As when, ſurrounded in the chace,—by hunters and by all their hounds,—a mountain-boar or a lion roars. Dreadful roll his glaring eyes, in his ſtrength. They thicken their doubled lines around. Forward, on the ſavage they ruſh. The frequent darts fly, in ſhowers, from their hands. But his generous heart is a ſtranger to fear. He never thinks of ſhameful flight. Him his courage only ſlays. Often he turns him around. He tempts the thickeſt ranks of men. Wherever he aſſails, they yield.

Thus Hector moved through the crowd. Loud ſwelled the lofty voice of the king. He bade his friends to paſs the foſs. Nor durſt his ſteeds attempt the trench. Loud-neighing, they ſtood on its brink: Or ſtarted back from the foſs profound. Nor eaſy was the depth to paſs. Abrupt ſunk the banks on each ſide. Sharp-pointed roſe aloft the ſtakes: The paliſades, which, thick and large,—the Argives had reared to repel the foe. Nor there with eaſe, the bounding ſteeds,—could bear forward the flying car. Much the rouzed ſouls of the foot wiſhed to paſs. But full of peril and hard was the taſk. Then Polydamas, ruſhing near,—thus to daring Hector began:

"O Hector!" the warrior ſaid, "Other leaders and friends of Troy! In folly, in raſhneſs, we urge—the bounding ſteeds o'er the trench profound. Sharp aſcend the ſtakes within. Behind, is the wall of the Argives. Thither we cannot drive the war: At leaſt, not engage from our cars. Narrow is the ſpace between. Confuſion and death will reign. But if, from his hoſtile mind, high-thundering Jove has doomed the Argives to fall, beneath our ſpears in fight. If he means to aid Ilium in all; it is, ſurely, the wiſh of my ſoul,—that now his high reſolves were performed: That inglorious here they may periſh,—far from Argos, their native land. But ſhould Fortune forſake our ſide.

ſide. Should the foe, returning from flight,—repel us, from the ſhips, with their ſpears,—incumbered in this trench profound: Not, thereafter, I deem, would eſcape,—one man, to bear the news to Troy. But haſten. Attend to my voice. Let all give ear and obey. Let the drivers, here, the ſteeds reſtrain. On the brink of the foſs, let them form. While we ourſelves, on foot, in arms,—deep-formed follow Hector divine. Then the Argives will not the charge ſuſtain; If o'er them hovers deſtructive Fate."

Thus ſpoke the wiſe Polydamas. The prudent counſel pleaſed Hector's ſoul. Straight he bounded to earth from his car,—in all the ſound of all his arms. Nor remained the other chiefs, in their cars. With force they deſcended to earth,—when firſt they ſaw Hector divine. Each to his driver gives command: Without, to reſtrain the ſteeds;—on the brink of the foſs profound. They all fell, at once, into ranks: Forming themſelves with ſpeed, to charge. Into five troops the warriors divide. Before each ſtrode its leader in arms. The moſt, the braveſt, fierceſt youths,—thoſe, who longed moſt to engage: To ariſe, o'er the walls, in aſſault,—to ſlay, before their ſhips, the foe,—formed behind Hector divine,—behind Polydamas blameleſs in ſoul. Cebriones followed, third in command. A warrior more feeble was left, at the car. The ſecond band was led by

Paris,—by Alcathöus, by noble Agënor. The next by the prudent Helenus, by Deïphobus, in form like the gods; The two ſons of the aged Priam. The third was the hero Aſius: Aſius, the ſon of Hyrtacus,—whom his ſteeds, from Ariſbè bore;—his white high-pacing ſteeds,—from Selle's reſounding ſtream. The fourth was led by Æneas,—the dauntleſs ſon of great Anchiſes. By the ſide of the hero aroſe, the two ſons of the prudent Antënor: Archilochus and Acamas bold,—ſkilled both, in each motion of war. The renowned allies were led, by Sarpëdon: By Glaucus, by great Aſteropæus. Theſe to the godlike Sarpëdon ſeemed,—of all others, the braveſt and beſt: Next to the hero himſelf: For all the chiefs, he, in all, excelled.

These, covered o'er with their arms,—raiſing, aloft, the ſolid orbs of their ſhields,—ruſhed ſtraight, on the Greeks, in their valour. Nor long, they deemed, the foe would ſtand. They, already, ſaw them ſlain, at their ſhips. The other warriors of Ilium: The allies, who came from afar,—obeyed, in all, the prudent Polydamas, blameleſs in ſoul. But the ſon of Hyrtacus refuſed,—Aſius the leader of heroes! He refuſed to leave his poliſhed car—his warlike driver, before the foſs. His bounding ſteeds he urged to the ſhips. Fool that he was! Nor deſtined was he,—eſcaping the dark hand of death,—exulting, on his car, to return,

return,—to Ilium, expoſed to the winds. Unhappy fate involves him around. The cloud of death is hovering near; By the ſpear of the great Idomeneus,—the undaunted ſon of Deucalion.

On the left wing of the camp he drove: Where the Greeks, with their cars and their ſteeds,—fled amain, from the urging foe. Here, forward, he drove his car. Nor ſhut was the ample gate: Nor paſſed, behind, the long, thick bar. The heroes held it open to view: To receive their friends, flying from war. To this, with ſoul elate, he drove. Shrilly ſhouting crowd his warriors behind. Nor long they deemed the foe would ſtand. They, already, ſaw them ſlain, at their ſhips. Imprudent men! Two chiefs they found, in the gate: Two heroes, unequalled in arms: The gallant race of the warlike Lapithæ. The firſt, the ſon of Perithöus,—Polypætes, undaunted in ſoul: The next, the great Leonteus,—equal to Mars, the deſtroyer of armies. Theſe ſtood, tall before the gates: Like two oaks, on their native hills,—which, for ages ſuſtain the winds—and the ruſhing courſe of the driving rains. Firm they ſtand, on their mountain: Spreading their huge roots, around.

Thus ſtood the heroes, in ſteel,—confiding in the ſtrength of their arms. They waited the coming of mighty Aſius.

No thoughts had the warriors of flight. Right to the wall preſſed the foe: Holding, aloft, their wide ſhields. With mighty ſhouts, they urge forward their line;—round Aſius their leader and king: Round the ſpear of Iamenus, of Oreſtes, of Acamas bold: Beneath the command of Thöon,—of Oenomäus, in battle renowned. The two chiefs rouzed the Argives to fight: To ſave their hollow ſhips, from fire. Still within the wall were the troops: But, when they ſaw the Trojans ruſhing amain: Flight and clamour aroſe around. The Argives fled back from the wall. Iſſuing forth, the two heroes, alone,—before the gate, ſuſtain the war.

As when two mountain-boars—in the wild paths of their hilly groves, wait the ruſhing tumult of men,—the ſhrill clamour of all their hounds. Side-long they ruſh on the foe. Around, they break the lofty wood. Sheer from the roots, fall the trees. Dreadful ſwells the craſh of their teeth: Till ſome hunter the javelin ſhall launch,—and lay them, breathleſs, along the ground. Thus ſounded the bright ſteel, on their breaſts: As, o'er their mails, redouble the blows. Bold above mankind, they fought: Truſting to their friends, on the wall,—but more to the ſtrength of their arms. The Argives ſtood, aloft, in the well-built towers. Huge ſtones fly, in ſhowers, from their hands: For themſelves,

ſelves, for tents they fought;—for the ſhips, which ſhould bear them away.

As falls the ſnow, on the ground;—borne along, by the boiſterous winds: When the blaſt burſts the laden clouds, and pours the thick-flying flakes, on the world. So thick flew the darts, from each ſide; from the hands of the Argives,—from the Trojans renowned in arms. Hoarſely ſound the ſtruck helms to the ſky,—the breaſt-plates, the boſſy ſhields,—as pour, on all, the flying ſtones. Then Aſius groaned, from his ſoul: He ſtruck, in wrath, his thighs, and began:

"O FATHER Jove!" he ſaid, "Doſt THOU alſo deceive all my hopes? Nor thus I deemed, would the heroes of Argos,—ſuſtain our force, our invincible arms. But THEY are like the varied waſps,—like bees, which form aloft their hives,—by the rocky ſide of the narrow path. Nor they their hollow houſe forſake. The hunter's approach they await: And fight, with rage, for their feeble young. Thus, fight theſe chiefs, at the gate;—though, only two, they ſtand in arms. Thus, they diſdain to retreat,—till ſlain or taken by this arm."

He ſpoke: But bent not the mind of Jove. To Hector only was turned his ſoul: Him only he would cover with fame.

fame. Others, at other gates, engaged,—ſuſtained the fight, with furious force. But hard for me is the taſk,—to ſpeak all, like a deathleſs god. On every ſide, o'er all the wall, —the battle flamed, like devouring fire. Wide flew the heavy ſhower of ſtones. The Argives, though ſad o'er their martial ſouls,—through neceſſity fight for their fleet. Grief covered, with darkneſs, the gods: All who favoured, in battle, the Greeks!

But the Lapithæ ſuſtained the fight. The two heroes ſtill ſtood, in their arms. A foe fell by the ſon of Perithöus,—by Polypætes, undaunted in war. He ſtruck Damaſus, on the head with his ſpear. The brazen helm yields to the point. Through the ſkull ruſhed the deadly lance. All the brain is, within, diſcompoſed. Subdued, from his fury, he fell. Pylon, next the hero ſlew: And Ormenus, valiant in fight. The ſon of warlike Antimachus fell,—by Leonteus, equal to Mars. The chief ſtruck the warrior Hippomachus. By the belt ruſhed the point of the ſpear. His deadly ſword he drew, then, from his ſide. He bounded forward, on the line of the foe. Antiphates, hand to hand, he ſlew. Supine, in the duſt, lay the chief. Menon next the hero pierced,—Iamenus and warlike Oreſtes. Heaps on heaps, they lay in blood, beneath the hands of the godlike chiefs.

While the chiefs ſpoiled the ſlain of their arms: Around great Polydamas, around Hector beloved of Jove,—the moſt, the braveſt youths advanced: Thoſe who longed moſt—to engage: To ariſe, o'er the walls, in aſſault,—to burn the navy on the ſhore of the main. While yet anxious they ſtood, by the foſs. While much they wiſhed to paſs to the foe: A prodigy ruſhed o'er their heads;—the high-flying eagle of Jove. To the left he divided the hoſt. In his talons, a hideous ſerpent he bore: Stained with blood, wounded, quivering, alive. Nor forgetful was he yet of the fight. He ſtruck the bird on the breaſt, near the neck: Twining his ſcaly body, around. The eagle, tormented with pain,—dropt the monſter, in the midſt of the troop. Herſelf, clanging on her wings,—roſe, large, on the blaſts of the wind. The Trojans ſhuddered o'er all their lines,—when the ſpotted ſnake they beheld. When they ſaw him rolling large, in the midſt,—the portent of Ægis-bearing Jove.

Polydamas, ſtraight, approached,—and thus, the daring Hector addreſſed: "Hector," the warrior ſaid: "Me thou, ever, in council upbraid'ſt. Thou reject'ſt what of good I advance. Nor becomes it an inferior in rank,—to adviſe aught, that ſuits not the ſtate: Whether, in council he ſpeaks,—or in the troubled front of war. To adviſe

the beſt is HIS part;—ever to add to thy power. Now, again, my mind I will ſpeak;—and explain what ſeems beſt to my ſoul. Let us not preſs the foe; nor contend, with the Greeks, for the ſhips: For this will happen, I deem: If, in truth, came the omen from Jove. If from heaven the prodigy came,—which, now, paſſed o'er the Trojan lines: The high-flying eagle of Jove,—dividing the hoſt to the leſt. In her talons, bearing a ſerpent,—hideous, bloody, and ſtill alive. But the monſter ſhe dropt, in her flight,—ere ſhe bore him, afar, to her neſt. In her purpoſe ſhe failed, on her wings: Nor gave ſhe the prey to her young. So WE, though the gates we ſhould force;—and break through this wall, in our ſtrength: Though the Greeks ſhould give way, in the fight: Not victorious ſhall WE return;—or tread back the ſame path to our friends. Many Trojans we ſhall leave in their blood: Many ſhall fall by the ſpears of the foe;—when, in fury, they fight for their ſhips. Thus, the augurs will explain, the portent. Thus the ſkilled in each omen divine. Let THEM ſpeak and the hoſt will obey."

TURNING ſternly, on the chief,—the various-helmed Hector replied: "Polydamas," the hero began, "not grateful are thy words to mine ear. Well thou know'ſt ſome better counſel to give: Some advice more happy to form. But

But if, in truth, thou mean'ſt what thou ſpeak'ſt: If thy words bear the thoughts of thy mind;—the gods, themſelves, have diſtracted thy ſoul. Would'ſt thou bid me to forget father Jove?—The high-thunderer's promiſe confirmed? Would'ſt thou bid me the god to forget;—to follow birds, that wander on winds? Theſe nor ſway MY thoughts nor MY deeds. I care not to what quarter they fly. Whether they ſail to the right,—to the ſun, to riſing morn: Or ſpread their broad wings to the leſt,—to the weſt, all in darkneſs involved. Let us follow what great Jove decrees: He who reigns o'er mortal men,—who all the deathleſs gods commands. One augury is ever the beſt: It is,—for our country to fight! Why dread'ſt thou to mix in the war? What makes thee ſhrink back from the fight? Though we, the others, ſhould fall by the foe; though, in blood, we ſhould lie, at the ſhips: What cauſe of terror haſt THOU? Nor thy heart bears to wait for a foe: Nor urges thee forward to fame. But ſhould'ſt thou abſtain from the fight;—ſhould thy words avert others from war: By this arm, thou ſhalt fall, in thy blood: And pour thy ſoul round the ſteel of my ſpear."

THUS ſaying, the hero advanced. With loud clamour, they followed amain. Darkly came forth from above,—the thunder-delighted Jove. On the ſummits of ſtreamy Ida,—

he waked a guſt of ſqually wind. It bore forward the duſt, on the ſhips. He broke the yielding ſouls of the Argives: He gave glory to Hector and Troy. Confiding in the omens of Jove;—and much confiding in their ſtrength: They ſtrove to burſt the wall of the Argives;—they ſtrove to break into the camp. The high towers they ſtruck aloft, with their hands: The battlements they tore away. They ſapped with bars the projecting piles;—which the Argives had driven in the earth: The ſtable ſtays of their lofty towers. Theſe they wrenched, with force, in their hands. They hoped to draw, in ruins, the wall. Nor yet did the Argives give way. The battlements they lined, with their ſhields: And poured death, on the foe, from above.

Then ſtrode amain the warlike Ajaces. From tower to tower, they encouraged the hoſt: And breathed valour in the ſouls of their friends. Some they rouzed with ſoothing ſpeech: Others with harſh words upbraid: When they beheld them remiſs, in the fight:—"O friends of Argos!" they ſaid, "Whether valiant or timid in ſoul: For all men are not equal in arms. Advance, O friends! to the fight. Great the need is there now of us all. Our dreadful ſtate to yourſelves are known. Let none turn his face to the ſhips: None regard the loud threats of the foe. Advance, farther

farther advance, O friends! Encourage each other. Engage. Jove may grant us ſucceſs. The high thunderer may give to our arms;—to turn the battle, on the Trojans,—to purſue the foe to their town."

Thus exclaiming along the wall,—the heroes rouzed the ſtrength of the Argives. As on a winter's ſurly day,—fall frequent the flakes of ſnow: When preſcient Jove comes forth, aloft,—to pour his ſnow, on mankind: Diſplaying his own darts above. The winds are aſleep in their ſkies. Silent, the white deluge deſcends. The mountains lofty brows are concealed: The vales are covered,—the cultured fields of mankind. O'er the hoary main fall the flakes;—o'er the ports and the winding ſhores. The waves ſwallow all as they come. The face of Nature is clothed around: While thickens the tempeſt of Jove. Thus fell the thick ſtones, from each ſide. Thus flew the mutual darts from the foes. Loud tumult prevails below. Fierce clamour moves, above, o'er the wall.

Nor had the Trojans broke open the gates: Nor great Hector burſt aſunder the bars: If preſcient Jove had not rouzed, on the Argives,—his ſon beloved, the mighty Sarpëdon. Like a lion the hero ruſhed forth. He held aloft the wide orb of his ſhield: Beauteous, brazen, plated o'er;

o'er;—which the artiſt had finiſhed with care;—and placed thick hides between its plates. Golden circles are bent round the orb. This, before him, the hero held. Two ſpears ſhine aloft, in his hands. Forward, he ſtrides, in his ſtrength: as a lion, bred, aloft, in his hills,—long deprived of his wonted prey. Him his mighty ſoul urges abroad,—to tempt the ſheep, to o'erleap the fold. Though THERE he the ſhepherds ſhould find,—with all their dogs and their pointed ſpears: Not bloodleſs is he driven from the fold. Or the prey he ſeizes or falls,—deep-wounded, by the darts of the ſwains. Thus, his ſoul urged forward Sarpëdon;—to the wall, to the bulwarks of Argos. Straight he ſpoke to the blameleſs Glaucus;—to the valiant ſon of Hippolochus:

"GLAUCUS!" the hero began: "Why are WE the moſt honoured, by all? Why, with the chief ſeat at the feaſt? With the fleſh? With the flowing bowl? Why, in Lycia, look all, on our ſteps, as on the tread of deſcended gods? Why poſſeſs we ſacred portions of land,—on the banks of the gulphy Xanthus? Beauteous fields that bear the vine?—O'er which, waves the golden grain? It becomes us, for this, O Glaucus!—amid our Lycians, conſpicuous to ſtand. To be the firſt to urge the fight:—To equal our honours with deeds. Then will ſome warrior ſay;—ſome Lycian,

Lycian, bright-covered with mail: Not inglorious, o'er Lycia, preſide our kings. Not undeſerving they feed,—on the choiceſt of all our flocks: Or quaff, the firſt, the generous wine. Their valour, equal to their honours, aſcends: As, firſt in place, they are foremoſt in fight.—But if, eſcaping this bloody war,—O friend! we could age eſcape: If, free from the decline of years,—we might ever immortal remain: Nor I, among the firſt, would fight,—nor urge thee forward to glorious war. But now, —As many are the paths to the grave,—as none of mankind can death eſcape;—let us advance: Or glory give;—or cover ourſelves with renown."

He ſpoke: Nor turned Glaucus away;—nor diſobeyed his friend beloved. Right forward they ruſhed, on the wall: Leading the mighty nation of Lycians to blood. The ſon of Peteus beheld their courſe: Great Meneſtheus ſhook deep in his ſoul. Straight onward, they bore on his towers: Rolling death and battle along. O'er the line looked the hero around;—to find ſome leaders, to break the ſtorm: To turn the evil away, from his friends. The two Ajaces the chief perceived: Thoſe inſatiable lovers of war! Near, they ſtood; and, by their ſide,—roſe Teucer, juſt returned from his tent. Vain were it to raiſe his voice: Certain

of not being heard. Wild ſwelled the horrid clamour around. The craſhing ſounds aſcend the ſky: Of battered ſhields, of rattling helms,—of gates that harſhly grate to blows. To all had now advanced the foe: To all applied their utmoſt force: To burſt the bars,—to enter the camp of the Argives. To Ajax, the hero ſent,—the herald divine, Thoötes:

"Go, noble Thoötes!" he ſaid: "Call the Ajaces, with ſpeed. Both the heroes call; for here—this place needs their aid the moſt. Here dreadful battle will ſoon ariſe. Here blood will quickly flow amain. Hither bend with all their force,—the leaders of the warlike Lycians: Hither, with their headlong rage,—with their wonted fury in fight. But if, with them, the labour grows: If, on their ſtation ſwells the ſtrife: At leaſt, let Ajax come alone;—the ſon of the warlike Telamon. Let Teucer his brother's ſteps attend: So much ſkilled to bend the bow."

He ſpoke: And the herald obeyed. Along the wall, he ruſhed, with ſpeed: And, approaching, addreſſed the Ajaces:—"O Ajaces!" he ſaid. "Leaders of the mail-bearing Argives! The ſon of Peteus calls you, with ſpeed: Meneſtheus beloved of Jove. He bids thi-

ther both to bend: To ſhare, with him, the riſing toil. Both the chiefs he calls:—That place needs your aid the moſt. There dreadful fight will ſoon ariſe. There blood will quickly flow amain. Thither bend, with all their force,—the leaders of the warlike Lycians: Thither, with their headlong rage,—with their wonted fury in fight. But if, with you, the labour grows: If, on your ſtation ſwells the ſtrife: At leaſt, let Ajax come alone;—the ſon of the warlike Telamon. Let Teucer his brother's ſteps attend: So much ſkilled in bending the bow."

He ſpoke. The great ſon of Telamon—liſtened to the herald's voice. Straight he addreſſed the ſon of Oïleus,—with winged words like theſe:—" Ajax, here repel the foe: Thou and the brave Lycomedes. Rouze the Argives, with valour, to fight. Thither, my ſteps I will bend: And preſent myſelf, in the ſtrife. Soon I will return, my friends! When well I have aided their arms."—He ſaid: And ſtrode large along. His brother, Teucer, attended his ſteps. Pandion followed behind—and bore the hero's crooked bow. When to the tower they came, —to the ſtation of the mighty Meneſtheus: Moving tall, within the wall,—they brought aid to their toiling friends.

Now, on the wall roſe the foe;—like a dark whirlwind in rage: The valiant monarchs of the Lycians;—the leaders, with their people, behind. From both ſides, plunges forward the fight. Wild clamour aſcends to the ſky. Then, the great ſon of Telamon,—was the firſt, who a warrior ſlew: The companion of godlike Sarpëdon,—Epicles undaunted in ſoul. He ſtruck the hero, with a ſtone,—which lay, large, on the top of the wall. Nor, with eaſe, could a man raiſe the weight,—though ſtrong in the prime of his years,—ſuch as earth, now, produces mankind. This, great Ajax, whirling high, threw amain. He broke the creſted helm,—cruſhed the head. Like a diver, he fell from the tower: And left his flitting ſoul, in the winds.

Teucer, with an arrow, wounds Glaucus,—the gallant ſon of the great Hippolochus. He ſtruck him from the wall, as he came: Where his arm appeared bare to the view: And forced him to ceaſe from the fight. From the wall, he, in ſecret, leapt back: Leſt ſome Greek ſhould perceive his wound,—and inſult him, with bitter words. Sorrow roſe, on the ſoul of Sarpëdon;—when he ſaw his retiring friend. But the hero forgets not the fight. He wounds Alcmäon, the ſon of Theſtor;—and draws back, from

from his body, the ſpear. The ſlain follows the lance, from the wall. Prone he ſinks down to the duſt: And, o'er his corſe, all his armour reſounds.

The battlement is ſeized, by Sarpëdon. He wrenched it, with his hand robuſt. It followed his force: Down it fell. Bare is the wall above. Wide open is the way for the foe. Ajax, Teucer, all aſſail the chief,—with their pointed ſteel. This, with the barbed arrow;—that, with the beamy ſpear. On the ſplendid thong, which hung his broad ſhield,—fell, with force the eager ſhaft. Jove turned the fates from his ſon: And prevented his fall at the ſhips. Ajax ſtruck his ſhield, in his might. Through and through paſſed the point; And harſhly drove him back, in his courſe. A ſmall ſpace, from the wall, he retreats: Nor yet wholly retreats the chief. He is urged by his own great ſoul;—by his ardent deſire of renown. Loud ſwelled the voice of the king,—as he turned to his Lycians divine:

"O sons of Lycia!" he ſaid. "Why abates the wonted force of my friends? Hard is the taſk for your king,—though dauntleſs is his ſoul in arms: Hard it is for me, alone,—though the wall is broken down, by my hand, —to open wide a path to the ſhips. Advance. Follow me

all in arms. The work demands the hands of all."—He ſpoke. They revered the voice of the king. Round their great leader, they crowd;—and bear forward, on the foe, with their might. The Argives, on the other ſide,—ſtrengthen their lines, within the wall. Within its huge ſhade they form: For great the ſafety they derived from their works! Nor could the illuſtrious Lycians,—burſt the wall, and force their way to the ſhips: Nor yet could the warrior Argives drive—the fierce foe, from the lofty wall.

But as for their limits, contend,—two eager hinds in their common field: Holding each the meaſures in hand. Small the ſpot for which they ſtrive: Yet neither departs from his right. Thus the battlements the Lycians reſtrained. O'er the wall, death paſſes, from ſide to ſide. The broad ſhields are torn on each breaſt. Through and through, the light bucklers are pierced. Many are the mutual wounds. Wild ruſhes the ſteel from the foes. Dark Fate in every form appears. The flying, the ſtanding are ſlain. The firſt, through their backs, are pierced. The latter receive death, through their ſhields. The towers are all diſtained with gore. The battlements are drenched in blood. On each ſide horrid ſlaughter is ſeen.

The

The Argives fall, the Trojans are ſlain. Nor could the foe force the Greeks to flight. In equal ſcales, the battle hung.

As a woman, ſtrict in juſtice, though poor,—who derives her ſcanty living from teazing the wool,—holds the poiſed balance with care,—and weighs, with caution, her work,—to gain, for her infants, the wretched hire: So equally poiſed was the war. Thus, inclined battle to neither ſide. Till Jove, with ſuperior renown,—had crowned Hector, the great ſon of Priam: For he, the firſt, broke the wall of the Argives. Loud ſwelled the dreadful voice of the king, as he urged his Trojans to fight:—"Aſſail, with fury, the foe. Car-ruling Trojans advance. Burſt the falling wall of the Argives. On the ſhips throw devouring flame."

Thus, inciting his troops, ſpoke the chief. All heard the loud voice of the king. Right forward, they ruſhed on the wall. The battlements they ſeized in their hands: Stretching, before them, their pointed ſpears. Great Hector raiſed, from the ground, a ſtone: Which lay before the ſpacious gate: Heavy, vaſt, rugged, pointed above. Two men, and they the firſt in ſtrength,—could ſcarce raiſe it to the cart, from the ſand,—ſuch as earth, now,

produces mankind. But this, great Hector ſuſtained alone. The ſon of Saturn made it light, in his arms. As when the ſwain bears, with eaſe in his hand,—the white fleece of a ram, from the fold. Light, he treads the winding path: For ſmall the weight, which urges his arm.

Thus, Hector bore, forward, the ſtone;—and whirled it, aloft, with eaſe. He bore it, forward, in all his ſtrength;—to the well-compacted gate. Double-leafed and high was the gate. Behind, were paſſed, two ſolid bars;—which ſtretched their ſtrength, from ſide to ſide: Fitted, both, with a lock within. Near this gate, ſtood the dreadful chief. Firmly ſpreading wide his limbs,—he urged forward the ſtone, with all his force. In the center, he ſtruck the wide gate: Nor feebly flew the weight from his hand. Both the hinges he broke in twain. Within, fell the ſtone, with horrid craſh. Shrilly creaks the burſting gate. The bars, the boards give way at once: And wide fly the ſplinters, through air.

Great Hector bounded, forward, with rage. Dark as Night ſeemed the ruſhing chief. Dreadful, blazed o'er his body, his arms. Two ſpears he graſpt, firm, in his hands. None, then, but the gods could oppoſe—the dreadful king, as he burſts through the gate. Awful flaſhed the living flame,

flame, from his eyes. Loud ſwelled to his people, his voice. He bade the Trojans to ruſh, to follow his ſteps: And, they, with eager ſpeed, obeyed. Some clamber o'er the lofty wall. Others crowd in arms through the gate. The Argives fly amain to the ſhips. Horrid tumult reſounds, o'er the ſhore.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

